

# Quincy Monitor.

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### THE MAGICAL DOOR.

There's a door in the wall of the ages—  
A door that no man sees;  
For the Angel who writes in the Book of Time

Is the keeper of the keys.  
Once in the year it opens,  
At the solemn midnight hour,  
When the children sleep, and the old clocks keep

Awake in the tall church tower.  
And then, as it swings on its hinges,  
Whispering the names of the centuries  
Would catch a glimpse of the centuries

That behind in the silence hide.  
Egypt and Rome and Tyre,  
And all that mythical places  
Where the old years rest that were once pos-  
sessed.

By the wonderful human race.  
The shadowy door swings open,  
And a pilgrim enters in,  
Bowed with a twelve-month's struggle  
In this world of strife and sin.

Wait him a farewell greeting;  
He will pass no more this way—  
This weary year who must disappear  
In the haven of Yesterday.

The door still swings open,  
And onward another comes,  
With a stir of banners and lances  
And the beat of friendly drums;  
His hands are full of beauty—  
The cluster, the song, the sheaf,  
The snow-flake's wing, and the budding spring.

And the foam on the cresting reef.  
This is the New Year, darlings,  
Oh! haste to give him cheer.  
Only the Father knoweth  
The whole of his errand here.

This is the New Year, darlings;  
A year for work and play,  
For doing our best, and for trusting the rest  
To the Maker of night and day.

—M. E. Sangster in Harper's Young People.

**"STRANGER THAN FICTION"**

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

MR. TUCKER set down the milking-pail with an emphasis that made the pearly fluid spatter up into her face.

"There," said she, "didn't I always tell you so?"

Gideon Tucker stood stolidly on plucking a fine, fat duck for market.

"You're 'most always tellin' of me something," said he. "It would be kind of 'quer if some of your say-soes didn't come true."

"Things couldn't help happenin'."

Said Mr. Tucker, "with that old sunken well right in the middle of the meadow. You had your best cow lamed there the first year we bought the place, and Dr. Dupont's hired man liked to broke his neck there."

"Just come short of it," said Gideon. "Anyhow, he had no business short-cutting it across my pasture lots. But there, Fanny, tain't no use your scoldin'."

I always calculated to fill up that well when I got time. And I'm sorry as you be that the schoolma'am sprained her ankle there. She's a nice girl, and she helps to support that old aunt o' hers out West, an'—"

"It was all my own fault, Mr. Tucker," broke in a sweet, cheery voice. "It's just as you said about Dr. Dupont's hired man. I hadn't any business crossing your lot, but I was in such a hurry, and it's an eighth of a mile shorter than to go around by the main road."

Miss Ritchie, the village schoolmistress, stood there in the doorway, leaning on the head of the cedar stairs with a summoned to her life for the occasion.

"La, me, Miss Kitty!" said the farmer's wife, hastening to bring a rush-bottomed kitchen chair. "You do look clean peaked out. Gideon, go down suler an' bring up a glass of cold root beer right away."

"I can't do it, Mrs. Tucker," said Kitty, sinking into the chair. "It's no use tryin'."

"Can't do what, Miss Kitty?"

"I walked to the schoolhouse this mornin'." Miss Ritchie answered, "leanin' on my crutch and resting by turns. And I've walked so far on my way back. But I feel sick and faint, and I can go no further."

"There!" said Mrs. Tucker, tragically apostrophizing her husband as he stood at the head of the cedar stairs with a summoned to her life for the occasion.

"Twarn't me!" stammered poor Gideon. "Miss Kitty 'll hev to give up her school," added his wife, "and all through you!"

Kitty could not but smile, even through the pain of her stinging limb at Gideon Tucker's rueful face.

"Oh, it isn't so bad as that!" said she. "At least I hope not. I mean to keep my school if I possibly can. And I'll tell you what my plans are. You know that old house under the locusts?"

"Kitty winced a little.

"Yes," said she, "I suppose it is a ruin. The grass is growing up through the kitchen floor, and the shingles have all rotted away on the north side, and I don't suppose there's a pane of glass left in any of the windows. But the doors are sound, and the roof doesn't leak to signify. Henry Wait says it could be made quite comfortable with a few pine boards and a pound or so of nails, so long as the weather don't turn cold; and if Mr. Tucker would allow me to live there this fall—"

"Tain't fit for even foxes to live in!" cried Mrs. Tucker, hurriedly.

"Why," more slowly spoke her spouse,

"I was calculatin' to store my pumpkins an' cabbages there; but of course if you've took a notion to the place—"

"I was born there, Mr. Tucker," said Kitty, in a low voice. "Long before father and mother were obliged to sell the old place. Long before poor old Aunt Rubamah wandered away and went to her relations out West."

"Yes," observed Mr. Tucker, nervously scratching his head; "and until I get your Aunt Rucy's signature to my title deeds, they won't be with more'n a so much waste paper. At least so Lawyer Goodrich says. For she had some sort of a share in the property, sane or crazy."

Miss Ritchie colored.

"Father sold the farm to you, Mr. Tucker," said she, "and it's my business to see that the transaction is legal. Aunt Rucy is coming back."

"Eh!" cried the farmer and his wife, in chorus.

"I had a letter from her yesterday," said Kitty. "That's one reason I am here to-day. The cousins in Ohio won't have her any longer. She is getting older and more eccentric every day, and they say—what is quite true—that it is my business to care for her. And the poor thing expects to come back to the old Ritchie farmhouse just as if she had left it yesterday! So if Mrs. Tucker will lend me a few articles of furniture, I'll try to make the place habitable for her."

"And you're kindly welcome to 'em, my dear," said the farmer's wife. "There's plenty of solid old furniture up in the garret, that we can rub up with a little oil and make decent. And it's our business to help you all we can, seein' it's Gideon's fault—"

"It's nobody's fault!" quickly interrupted Kitty Ritchie. "And if the trustees raise my salary, as they talk of doing, if that extra class in mathematics is started, I shall soon be able to pay a little rent for the place."

"I guess we shan't do you much for no rent, Miss Ritchie," chuckled Tucker. "An' you're welcome to the milk of the red cow if you an' the old aunty want it. A cow's a dreadful help in house-keepin'."

Miss Ritchie thanked them and went on her way, limping slowly along.

"I'd a' latched up old Jack and took her the rest of the way home," observed Tucker, as he stretched his neck to look after the departing figure. "If I hadn't a' seen Harry Wait's carpenter wagon round that favor."

"I guess Kitty's worth it!" declared Tucker.

"She is a good girl!" said his wife. "And there was one time folks s'posed she was goin' to be an heiress—when the old sea captain under came home with the prize money that he gained in the war."

"I don't believe there ever was any prize money!" said Mr. Tucker, resuming his task of denuding the plump duck of its feathers. "There!"

"I know there was!" nodded his wife. "Mrs. Ritchie showed it to me herself. All gold eagles; tied up in a shabby bag, with a leather shoe string. The old captain gave it to her for nursin' him through that favor."

"What's the reason you never said nothin' about it before?" questioned Tucker.

"Mrs. Ritchie made me promise not to tell. She was afeared o' bein' robbed."

"And what ever came of it?"

"That's what nobody knows. Jest like a not old Eben Ritchie put it into that iron-minin' consarn that honey-combed Blue Mountain and never done no good. Or p'raps he invested it in lottery tickets. He never had no judgin' about this, Gid Tucker. Mind, I'm under a promise to the poor old creature that's dead and buried."

"Some promises is better broken than kept," said Gideon.

But Mrs. Tucker knew that the secret was safe with her uncommunicative spouse.

Meanwhile, the builder's wagon had stopped before the old, one-storied ruin of the Ritchie house, strongly silhouetted by the red smolder of the September sunset.

"Kitty," said young Wait, stealing his arm cooingly around her waist, "you can't live in an old shell like this! Give up your false pride, love! Let me make a home for you."

"I'll pay you, Kitty."

"And have it said," said she, "that Henry Wait was the only one of the Wait family that made a bad match!"

"I don't care what people say."

"I do."

"Kitty, let's go to the person to-night! Let's be married!"

Kitty shook her head.

"Not until I've saved up enough to buy a decent outfit," said she. "Not until I've paid the last debt that poor father owed."

"I'll pay 'em, Kitty."

"No, Harry, you won't. I can be as unselfish as you are!" cried the girl. "Oh, hush! Who is that?"

A board in the old floor had creaked softly, a shadowy little figure had come forward with a sliding motion, into the light.

"Be you Kitty?" asked a soft, high-pitched little voice. "Is this home? I've come a good ways, and I'm sort o' tired out."

"Why, how came she here? And all by herself?"

"It's a good ways," repeated the old woman, shifting her flat traveling basket, "and I'm sort o' tired out. But I followed sister Sarah all the way. She went before, an' she beckoned. I followed her here. And she's gone out to the old well. I'm sort o' feared to follow her into the high, wet grass, but she keeps a-beckonin', and I guess I'll have to go!"

"She started for the door, passing her hand in a confused fashion over her forehead."

"Why," more slowly spoke her spouse,

"What does she mean?" asked Harry Wait.

"She means mother," said Kitty. "Mother that has been dead and buried these fifteen years."

"Don't you see her a-beckonin'?" piped the little old woman—"just there by the old well! We never could get Eben to put up a curb there, an' sister Sarah was always afeared somethin' would happen."

"I see the tall grass waving," said Kitty, "and a cloud coming over the surface of the rising moon, and that is all."

"It's sister Sarah," said Aunt Rucy, pushing resolutely ahead; "and she wants me. Why, Kitty, do you mean to tell me that you don't know your own mother?"

Kitty sent for Harry Wait the next day.

"Harry," said she, "do you want to do somethin' for me?"

"I want to do everything for you, Kitty."

"That's nonsense!" (But she laughed and colored nevertheless.) "I want you to put a curb around that old sunken well. Aunt Rucy keeps wanderin' out there. She declares that mother stands beckonin' her and leanin' over to look in. And it's as near to bringin' out water from there as to go to Lemlock Springs."

"I thought the old well was dried up long ago," said young Wait.

"There's water there. I see it shine and sparkle. And Mr. Tucker says he will dig it out anew and stone it up if you'll build a curb. It will be handy for the cattle, too."

"Very well," nodded Wait. "Any time Gid Tucker's ready, I am."

Mrs. Tucker came a few days later to the first lookin' bee of the season, full of excitement.

"Hey ye heard!" said she.

And Mrs. Bradley, the barren hostess, made answer:

"We ain't heard nothin' new."

"If I hadn't heard it with my own ears an' seen it with my own eyes," said Mrs. Tucker, "I never should 'a' believed it. But it's true!"

"What's true?" breathlessly demanded Mrs. Bradley.

"Miss Ritchie's come into her fortune," said Mrs. Tucker.

"What?" cried all the company.

"In gold," said Mrs. Tucker. "The old captain's prize money. I knowed it must be somewhere. And it was there all the time!"

"Where?" questioned the company, with one accord.

"Wedged behind the big half-way stone in the old sunken well, where they used to lower the cream-pail to keep it cool," eagerly spoke Mrs. Tucker. "In an old tin box rusted clean through, and tied up in the same identical shabby bag that Mrs. Ritchie once showed me years 'n' years ago. She must 'a' put it there herself, to keep it out of her husband's hands, that time he had such a notion o' puttin' everything into minin' shares an' lottery tickets, an' died afore she had a chance to tell anybody where it was. Gideon he discovered it, fakin' up the new straw wall."

Mrs. Bradley gave a start.

"Don't ye know," said she, "poor old Aunt Rucy always stood to it that her sister Sarah was standin' there by the well, beckonin' to her? She declared that sister Sarah went afore her all the way from Ohio."

"Yes," said Mrs. Tucker, in a low voice. "There was when Gideon got to the house, there was Aunt Rubamah settin' by the fire, with her knittingwork in her hands, jest for all the world like she was asleep, but stone dead. And wasn't it lucky she signed them title papers o' Gideon's last week? And Kitty's cryin' it to break her heart. Kitty can be married now whenever she pleases. There ain't nothin' more to wait for. And who knows," she added, looking timidly over her shoulder at the gray shadows of the gloamin', "but that Aunt Rubamah saw clearer than we do, and sister Sarah, Kitty's mother, was really beckonin' on the edge o' the old well?"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Bradley, "who knows?"—Saturday Night.

### The New Year in Japan.

The Japanese New Year comes at the same time as ours, but instead of celebrating but one day, the Japanese observe the first three days of January. Indeed, in certain localities even six days are observed. During the holidays, public offices are closed, and very little business is transacted, all classes of people devoting themselves to enjoyment, and spending much time in making and receiving New Year's calls.

Arrayed in gay holiday attire, the people go from house to house wishing one another "Shim new o-a-detto gozaimasu," which means, "May you have a happy New Year." The callers are often attended by one or more servants who carry bamboo baskets loaded with gifts, for it is the custom to lavishly present with one's friendly greetings. The presents are usually inexpensive articles for everyday use. It is customary to bestow more costly gifts upon one's relatives and intimate friends during the closing days of the old year.

During the holidays the streets present a most festive appearance, for houses are elaborately decorated and everybody looks gay and happy. The decorations remain for fifteen days, and consist in many cases of evergreen arches over the doors. Red berries and yellow chrysanthemums are interwoven into these arches, and purple cabbages are also used. The Japanese think the cabbage highly ornamental, and it is as a house-plant and at funerals. The cabbages are said to look like large purple rosettes in the decorations.

Straw ropes are twisted into fanciful shapes and interspersed with ferns, and lanterns and Japanese flags are also much used in decorating. The flag of the Sunrise Kingdom is a large red sun on a background of white—forward.

The laws of heredity are curious in their workings.











**A Race For Life.**  
A gun is heard at the dead of night,  
"Lifeboat ready!"  
And every man to the signal true  
Fights for place in the eager crew:  
"Now, lads, steady!"  
First a glance at the shuddering foam,  
Now a look at the living home,  
Then together, with bated breath,  
They launch their boat in the gulf of death.  
Over the breakers wild,  
Little they seek of weather,  
But tear their way  
Through blinding spray,  
Hear the skipper cheer, and say,  
"Up with her, lads, and lift her  
All together!"  
They see the ship in a sudden flash,  
Sinking ever;  
And grip their oars with a deeper breath:  
Now it's come to a fight with death,  
Now or never!  
Fifty strokes and they're at her side,  
If they live in the boiling tide,  
If they last through the awful strife;  
Ah, no, lads, it's a race for life!  
Over the breakers wild,  
Little they seek of weather,  
But tear their way  
Through blinding spray,  
Hear the skipper cheer, and say,  
"Up with her, lads, and lift her  
All together!"  
And loving hearts are on the shore  
Hoping, fearing,  
Till over the sea there comes a cheer,  
Then the click of the oars you hear  
Homeward steering,  
Ne'er a thought of the danger past  
Now the lads are on land at last,  
What a storm to a gallant crew  
Who race for life, and who win it too!  
Over the breakers wild,  
Little they seek of weather,  
But tear their way  
Through blinding spray,  
Hear the skipper cheer, and say,  
"Up with her, lads, and lift her  
All together!"  
—J. L. Mulloy, in Temple Bar.

## The Hero of High Bridge.

BY FORESTER GRIFFIN.  
"How came that man here?"  
"But tell you, and what's more,  
Neither can the superintendent nor any  
of the officers," replied the remainder  
of one of the extreme southern lines,  
as we shook hands with the keeper of  
the High Bridge, and swung on to the  
rear platform of the officer's special car.  
"All my body knows about him,"  
continued the roadmaster, "is, that just  
as the company had about given up get-  
ting a good, responsible man to take  
the place of the former keeper, who  
had been mysteriously shot, this man  
walked into the superintendent's office  
and applied for the place. I was in the  
office at the time, and I never saw  
the superintendent so taken back in my life.  
He just looked at the fellow in blank  
astonishment for a minute, and then  
burst out: 'Why, man alive! you don't  
want that job; High Bridge is the  
hottest place on God's earth.'  
"All the better," said the fellow, in  
a cold-blooded way.  
"Very well, then, the place is  
yours," said the superintendent, and  
that's the beginning and the end of all  
this company knows about Argus Steele."

Let me explain. I had just been ap-  
pointed superintendent of bridges, on  
this line, and the general superintend-  
ent and road-master were showing me  
"over the road," introducing me to my  
future duties and subordinates.  
The latter were uniformly ignorant  
and faithful, and discharged their  
monotonous tasks with a dogged per-  
severance which even the most en-  
gaged trackman acquires sooner or  
later. But the keeper of High Bridge  
was a startling exception to the rule.  
So strong was the impression he  
made upon me, that on entering the  
car, I scarcely exchanged a  
dozen words with my companions  
over the next fifty miles of our journey.  
Probably I would have given him only  
a passing thought had I met him in  
some select circle of Boston or Balti-  
more, but to meet a man of his true  
presence doing a watchman's duty at a  
solitary station in the southern end of  
semi-civilization; that was the wonder  
of it. On the shelf in his little "look-  
out," at the southern end of the bridge,  
were several old Greek and Latin class-  
ics and a curious work on occult science,  
in rich bindings, which only a man of  
rare learning and fine mind would have  
been able to read, let alone enjoy.  
The man had those clear, steady blue eyes  
that I fancy are the special property of  
heroes and poets, or of those who would  
become such if the right opportunities  
are presented.

Another thing I noticed in his room  
which seemed even more out of place  
in his perch on the edge of a precipice  
between two rock-ribbed mountains  
than did his classics, was the most  
modern make of a wheel. I had laughed  
outright when I saw it leaning against  
the wall and told him that "Big Horn"  
or "Mountain Goat" was the only  
breed of bicycle that could operate in  
his territory. His only reply to my  
launting was a sort of half-hearted  
smile, good-natured enough, but far too  
sad to be an expression of amusement.  
From that time on for three years  
and over, I saw Steele every month;  
but the first impression which he made  
on me always remained, and the better  
I came to know him the stronger was  
my conviction that the man had some  
hidden mystery in his life that would  
some time come to the surface again.  
But I never thought of this without also  
thinking with a good deal of enthusiasm,  
too, that the man had the right kind of  
stuff in him, that, whatever came, he  
would come out all right in the end.  
Of course we got to know each other  
pretty well, in a way. Occasionally he

would make some statement of facts,  
and when pressed for his authority,  
would cite his experience in different  
countries which showed a wide range of  
travel. Once I remember, after I had  
made an unusually close inspection of  
the bridge, I made the remark that it  
seemed as though an earthquake  
couldn't dislodge that bridge.

"Think so?" was his laconic answer.  
"Well, of course I don't know," I an-  
swered, "as I never witnessed one.  
But you don't seem to share my faith,  
perhaps you have felt one, and know  
more about it?"

"Yes, I have been in one," he re-  
plied, at the same time turning his face  
from me, and choking audibly.  
Of course I changed the subject, and  
never referred to it again in his pres-  
ence until the morning of April 24th  
last, just after the severest earthquake  
shock which has been experienced in  
the southwest since 1868. And well  
might I refer to it then, even in Steele's  
presence, for it shook that bridge, just  
as the early morning express was due,  
so that the addition of 500 pounds to its  
weight would have plunged it into the  
bottom of the ravine below.

This is how it happened, and I give  
it in his words, as he gave it to the  
officers of the road.  
"Gentlemen, as you will not be able  
to understand all the circumstances with-  
out it, I will explain to you that I was  
stopping in Naples with my young wife  
and little girl at the time when the great  
earthquake of Casamicciola occurred,  
in 1883. We were buried in the falling  
buildings, and when, weeks after, con-  
sciousness returned, I was lying in a  
hospital. Those who had rescued me  
from the ruins stated that the dead body  
of my wife was found beside me, but  
not the slightest clue could be found of  
my child, dead or alive. From that  
time to the day which I applied for the  
position as keeper of High Bridge I did  
nothing but search for some knowledge  
of my child, but without any tangible  
clue, and only enough of that which  
was intangible to form the basis for a  
hope or an impression that she was living.  
Under that impression I have not  
only scoured Italy but every country in  
which I had hopes of finding a clue."

Much of my search pilgrimage has  
been made on the wheel which some of  
you have noticed in the "look-out" at  
the bridge. On the day which I ap-  
plied for the position as keeper, the last  
of my fortune had been spent and I had  
only a few books and my wheel. I  
could part with neither of these. My  
resources were exhausted and must be  
replenished. More than this I was led  
to seek this position from the very fact  
that it was solitary and isolated. The  
impression was so strong upon me that,  
as I had exhausted several years and  
thousands of dollars in search of my  
child among the people, without re-  
sults, there might be a paradoxical  
providence in pursuing an opposite  
course of retirement, seclusion and rest  
from pursuit.

"I obeyed that impulse, whether wis-  
ely or not I was in doubt, until the mo-  
ment when on the morning of the re-  
cent accident I took down my lantern  
preparatory to making my beat over  
the bridge, before the evening train  
should cross. As I stepped on to the  
track, in front of the "look-out," I re-  
membered that I had felt strangely de-  
pressed all the preceding day, and that  
my mental state was not unlike that in  
which one recalls the impressions of a  
bad dream. Before I had taken six  
steps the whole sickening recollections  
of the moment in which the earthquake  
began to rock the walls of Naples crept  
over me, because the first of those  
sensations was being repeated. I knew  
what was coming, and I must confess,  
gentlemen, that the motive of stopping the  
train, which that instant I heard whistling  
around the mountain side, before it  
should reach the trembling bridge was  
intensified by the feeling that upon my  
success in saving that train hung that  
for which I have spent the best of my  
manhood, the discovery of my child.  
To signal from the look-out end of the  
bridge was, as you know hopeless, be-  
cause of the curve at the other approach.  
It was equally hopeless to attempt to  
run the length of the bridge before the  
train would be upon me. That mo-  
ment my eye chanced to see the flash of  
my lantern light upon the nickel of my  
wheel, which I had taken outside to oil.  
It was my only hope! To make it tread  
the centre of the track, across the bridge  
in four minutes, meant life to that train  
load of human beings and perhaps to  
my child—who could say? Anything  
less meant—well, you know."

"I caught my lantern on to the han-  
dlebar and sprang into the saddle.  
With nearly my whole weight thrown  
into every stroke, she responded to my  
will like a part of my body. I could  
feel the vibrations of the bridge increase  
with each second as the rear of the  
swiftly approaching train grew louder  
and louder. Could I save it? A mo-  
ment more would tell. As I flew over  
that last span the rocking was tremen-  
dous! But, gentlemen, if the span had  
sagged when I was within a rod of the  
moment, I believe that machine would  
have made a leap and carried me over,  
at the speed she was under. Well, you  
know the rest; that wheel saved the  
day, and, gentlemen," said the hero of  
High Bridge, in a broken voice, "that  
train carried a messenger of the Italian  
government who brings me certain  
proof that my child has been discovered  
and will soon come to me."

If the carpets and furniture of the di-  
rector's room had never felt the touch  
of tears before, they did that day.  
If you should happen into the vice-  
president's room of this railroad you  
would notice the wheel which made  
painless time that night over the rock-  
ing bridge. At the desk you will see a  
man of middle age, who never looks up  
at the wheel without a brighter gleam  
in his clear, blue eyes; a gleam whose  
warmth and tenderness is exceeded only  
when a tall and beautiful young woman  
enters, and resting her arm on his  
shoulder, says with a slight foreign ac-  
cent: "Father, dear, aren't you 'most  
ready to go home with me?"—(Wheel-  
men's Gazette.)

## Help From a Strange Quarter.

With two other lads (all of us being  
about 15 years of age) I went to skate  
on the ice covering a ballast-pit, about  
half a mile from the St. Ives Station  
of the Great Eastern Railway, writes  
B. Clements of Shettisham, England.  
I broke in. Fortunately I came up  
again in the hole I had made instead  
of getting under the ice.

Both my companions hurried to the  
station for assistance, leaving me in  
the water up to my hips, with a high  
railway embankment on one hand, an  
osier holt on another and a high hedge  
on the other two. But it soon proved  
that my proximity to the railway was  
to be the means of my rescue. After  
I had been in my uncomfortable predic-  
ament about half an hour the 2.13  
p.m. Midland passenger train from  
Cambridge to Kettering passed, and,  
luckily for me, the driver, G. Turner,  
happened to be looking out on the  
same side of the engine toward the  
pit. I waved my hand to him, and, to  
my great joy, he waved his in return,  
and opened the steam whistle to en-  
courage me. Then, putting on full  
steam, he took his train rapidly into  
the station, telling the railway officials  
of my position.

The station-master kindly dispatched  
a light engine and a rope to my as-  
sistance. I was almost exhausted  
with my protracted struggle in the icy  
water when the welcome sight of the  
light engine met my gaze, and friends  
sprang off with the rope. When it  
was thrown to me I found my hands  
were too swollen to have any power  
of feeling, so, placing it crosswise in  
my mouth, I dug my teeth into the  
hempen strands, and was thus pulled  
on shore. No sooner did I feel my-  
self in safety than I fainted away,  
and did not regain consciousness for  
three hours, when I found my father  
bending over me as I lay in bed.—  
[Philadelphia Record.]

**Colonial Money.**  
Mrs. Anne Burkhardt of this city  
called at the Leader office last Monday  
for the purpose of exhibiting to us a  
financial relic of "eye olden time." It  
was a 15-shilling piece of money,  
printed on white paper 2x3 1/2 and  
brownish considerably with age. In-  
scribed on the face, within a border,  
was the following:  
"This bill, by ordinance of the Pro-  
vincial Congress, shall pass current in  
all payment within the Colony of New  
Jersey for 15 shillings. Proclamation  
money. Dated the 20th day of Febru-  
ary, 1776." On the reverse side is  
the design of a leaf and the following  
words: "Fifteen shillings. Burlington  
in New Jersey. Printed by Isaac Col-  
lins, 1776."

Mrs. Burkhardt will send this inter-  
esting relic of Colonial days to the  
World's Fair with the Morgan County  
exhibit.—[Versailles (Mo.) Leader.]

## Indian Use of Adjectives.

Major Peter Roman, agent of the  
Flathead Indians in Western Montana,  
recently purchased a fine-blooded and  
ugly-faced bull-dog, not to guard his  
pleasant quarters at the Flathead  
agency, but to give his Indian wards  
a new subject for study in the animal  
kingdom. The appearance of this  
strange quadruped caused as much  
excitement among these untutored  
sons of the forest as a behemoth of  
the Paleozoic age would arouse by a  
sudden appearance on Main street.  
The chiefs held a long consultation  
over the characteristics of the animal,  
and finally decided to call him "a  
good, bad dog." The first adjective  
is doubtless caused by a certain Indian  
sense of diplomacy to be exercised in  
addressing the animal, while the latter  
is evidence of the red man's regard  
for truth at all times. At all events  
the name is worth studying.—[Helena  
(Montana) Independent.]

## Who She Should Comprehend.

A small sister and brother, aged ten  
and eight, were fond of holding long  
arguments when they should be get-  
ting dressed in the morning.  
"Hurry, hurry, children!" Mamma  
would call.  
"Oh, yes!" Alice would answer  
abstractedly, and then continue her  
talk.  
"Make haste, dears!" Mamma called  
again.  
"Oh, yes, mamma." But the talk  
was unabated.  
One day, after a heated discussion,  
Alice's voice rose, decidedly.  
"Now, Oswald, I don't comprehend that!"  
"Well," replied Oswald, scamp-  
ering, flinding himself getting cornered.  
"I think you'd better comprehend that  
it's time you were getting dressed!"  
—[New York World.]

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

## THE SPICE BALL IN FAVOR.

The spice ball has come into favor  
again and has a place on the writing  
table of some fashionable young wo-  
men. For the edification of the girls  
the make-up of the ball is given. Se-  
lect a perfectly round, well-shaped ap-  
ple and stick it full of cloves, put it  
on a pretty dish or plate and keep it  
on your desk until it ceases to be a  
delight. The spice preserves the fruit  
and emits a fragrance that is very  
agreeable to some people.—[Detroit  
Free Press.]

## THE SHOULDER-WATCH.

"Where do you think the swagger  
young woman is wearing her watch just  
now," asks Helen Watterson. "On her  
shoulder, not on the top of it, to be  
sure, but just in front of the arm.  
The chateleine attachment which used  
to fasten to her belt is gone and the  
watch is held in place by a brooch  
made for that purpose in the form of  
a true lovers' knot or the fleur-de-lis,  
and pinned up conspicuously in her  
shoulder. Inside her wraps on her  
gown? Not a bit of it, outside, where  
any passer-by can see the time of day  
and where it must be excellent prey  
for the skillful fingers of thieves."—  
[Chicago News.]

## NOT OUT OF STYLE.

Have you an old gown? Probably  
you have a great many. Perhaps you  
regard all your costumes belonging to  
that stage known as "old." Now,  
you know that age, while it makes an  
old woman, does not make an old  
dress. The only thing that really  
makes an old dress is having it get  
out of style, and then, be it ever so  
recently bought, and ever so lately  
finished, it is old, because it isn't in  
the style. Now, the pretty, little  
round waists which you wore last  
year, and which looked very nice,  
are old, because they are too short in  
the back. But you can remedy all  
this if you desire by piecing down the  
length with a deep and abundant  
fringe. Chenille or silk or tasseled  
fringe may be sewed on and let hang  
in perfectly straight lines around the  
waist, producing the fashionable effect  
of the long basque so much desired.—  
[St. Louis Republic.]

## WHAT STOUT WOMEN SHOULD KNOW.

That they have no business to wear  
tailor made dresses. Such close fitting  
costumes bring out prominence every  
pound of superfluous flesh they have.  
That their arms must never be un-  
covered above the elbow, no matter  
what the fashion be. It is no reason  
because one has a pair of hams for  
shoulders that all the world should  
know it.  
That ruckling about the neck or  
flowers and ribbons at the waist in-  
crease a diameter where it is already  
too large; therefore such things are  
not wanted.

That necklaces, particularly big  
pearls, and heavy earrings should be  
dispensed with, no matter how fine  
their quality, and only a few rings be  
worn in the way of jewels.

That a pair of fat hands do not look  
any the better for being squeezed into  
gloves which are too small. On the  
contrary.

That short basques make them  
ridiculous.

That the best thing they can do  
with their hair is to dress it on the  
top of the head, because a low coif-  
ure is invariably unbecoming.

In short, that there is no sense in a  
jellyfish trying to wear what is be-  
coming to a lean and hungry mackerel.  
—[New York Herald.]

## THE GIRLS MUST WORK.

Franklin Helene Lange of Berlin  
has broached a novel plan, which, it  
is said, is to be laid before the Ger-  
man Government for adoption and  
enforcement. It is that all girls be-  
tween the ages of 18 and 22 years shall  
be compelled to serve one year as  
nurses in the hospital, attendants in  
the people's kitchens, the kinder-  
gartens and servants, in order to in-  
crease the number of capable nurses  
and attendants necessary in war times,  
and to employ usefully the leisure  
hours of young women which are  
now spent in idleness. It is thought  
that there is 40 per cent. of the  
female pupils who remain un-  
married. Strict, disciplined, edu-  
cation in all those walks of life will  
raise the position, character, and self-  
reliance of those female classes who  
spend their lives in comparative idle-  
ness, while seamstresses and shop  
girls and servants are overworked.  
Such young ladies are as inclined, in  
the calling of nurses, teachers, superin-  
tendents of people's kitchens, and  
other charitable institutions, can be-  
come seniors in their turns and  
teach others. The object in view is  
the education of nurses for the sick  
and wounded, and of thorough house-  
wives who disdain the useless luxury  
and idleness of living in flats, and the  
novel reading and emptiness of draw-  
ing-room life.—[New Orleans Picay-  
une.]

## WORTH \$20,000,000.

Fancy a woman about thirty-eight  
years of age, quite stout and of me-  
dium height, dressed in rich but som-  
ber clothing, a pale face, blue eyes  
and gold-rimmed spectacles, and you

will have a fairly good idea of Miss  
Mary Garrett of Baltimore, daughter  
of the great railroad king and sister  
of the present head of the Baltimore  
& Ohio Railroad system. Miss Gar-  
rett makes her home in Baltimore, but  
she spends much of her time in New  
York, and every summer she journeys  
to Europe with her maid and quite in-  
dependently she travels from one place  
to another. She is a woman of gentle  
breeding and possessed of great  
knowledge, not only of affairs in this  
country, but in Europe. She speaks  
half a dozen languages fluently and is  
said to be a walking Poor's Manual on  
railroad affairs. She inherited her  
father's love for the railroad business  
and is acquainted with every detail of  
the great company which her father  
founded.

She is well posted, too, on what  
other railroads are doing, and she is  
so keen in her judgment of railroad  
securities that she has made a great  
fortune for herself by judicious invest-  
ment. Miss Garrett is a most enter-  
taining talker. Her voice is soft and  
low. She has not one mannish charac-  
teristic, and this is quite surprising,  
too, for she has been such a constant  
traveler the world over and has been  
brought so closely in contact with  
men in a business way. She spends  
her time systematically. To business  
she devotes a large share, to society  
very little, but to charitable work she  
is ever ready to turn. Her fortune is  
very large—a good many millions,  
perhaps \$20,000,000—and increasing  
yearly. She will soon be one of the  
richest women in the world. To see  
her on the street no one would be-  
lieve she was worth \$1000.—[New  
York Mail and Express.]

## FASHION NOTES.

We hear that the spring hats are to  
have "clouds of ribbon" on them.

Back more ribbon promises to be  
taken up by the fashionable modistes  
as a dress trimming.

A shot green and yellow gauze is  
beautifully combined with a train of  
green velvet lined with yellow satin.

There are many rumors in the air  
that skirts are to be less clinging in  
effect, but there is no doubt that slender-  
ness of outline will be preserved for  
some time to come.

The boat-shaped hat in black felt  
trimmed with a black velvet bow and  
jet buckle in the front and with three  
ostrich tips at the back, is a popular  
style for young ladies.

Sleeves are less high at the  
shoulders, but are made wider; some  
sleeves have the fulness drawn down  
in pleats to the elbow, from thence to  
the wrist, being very close-fitting.

The richness and elegance of the  
new dress material tends to make the  
plain styles still preferable, as they  
show the material to better advantage  
than a more elaborate style would do.

Every variety of cloth, plain  
checked and plaid, is used for girls'  
jackets as well as cloaks, and Bedford  
cord in navy blue, in a grayish white  
as well as ivory, tan and gray, is  
much made use of.

To a beautiful figure nothing is more  
becoming than a close, perfectly fitted  
bodice, with the drapery of the skirt  
applied to it just a few inches below  
the waist and finished with passement-  
erie or other flat trimming.

Corduroy and velveteen, the silky,  
faced kind known as gamekeeper's vel-  
veteen which stands any amount of hard  
wear and rough usage, is employed  
by tailors for skating costumes, shop-  
ping suits, storm coats and reefer.

Some of the very new and elegant  
evening toilets are cut in extremely  
old-fashioned style, with low bodices  
and long sleeves quite to the wrists.  
The effect upon the rising generation,  
who have never beheld any such  
waists outside of antiquated fashion  
magazines, is not pleasing.

## A Prince Who Works Involuntarily.

To strangers, at any rate, the "prince"  
of the Prince of Wales is somewhat  
disconcerting. About once in every  
minute and a half the lid of the right  
eye drops completely over the ball.  
The eye remains closed for the space  
of about a second, and then suddenly  
opens again to its fullest extent, no  
other feature of the face having  
moved meanwhile. People who see  
the Prince for the first time are  
tempted to believe that he is delib-  
erately winking at them, an impression  
which is strengthened by the Prince's  
reputation of geniality toward men  
and gallantry toward women. Of  
course, however, there is no such in-  
tention on the part of the Prince, and  
the wink is altogether involuntary, the  
result of a "tic nerveux." It, how-  
ever, sometimes has the effect of caus-  
ing the persons who are either talking  
to him or listening to his conversation  
to start off blinking in response, es-  
pecially when they happen to be peo-  
ple of nervous temperament; and the  
spectacle of the two gravely winking  
at one another every minute or two is  
not without its humorous features.—  
[New York Tribune.]

## Liked Music.

Chief Marshal—Lookee here! You  
said this horse liked music. The very  
moment the band began to play he  
sprang ten feet into the air and has  
acted like a cyclone ever since.  
Liverly Man—Yes, sir. He's tryin'  
to dance.—[New York Weekly.]

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do do \$5.00 do do, now	3.50
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## LIFE'S BORDER-LANDS.

A babe is born, and its sabbled breath Has touched the shores of life and death. Rocking to rest in a mother's arms, The world swings by with its lurking harms. Sweet border-land of her love be his— What more have kings' and their dynasties?

Youth comes apace as a day in June— The song in his heart has love's low tune.

He feels the tatter of passing wings, While he sings toils and tolling sings.

Love beckons afar to flowery stands— He dreams in the light of his border-lands.

Now the man delves deep in mines of thought 'Till Ambition's sword with flame is wrought.

On the border-land mirages loom, And his heart goes down in waves of gloom.

O, temple of love and tender youth, Awake your altar with lips of truth.

Return with lilies so white and rare To twine on the ferever-lure of care.

Re give the charm of your lotus leaves; While peace rekindles her glory sheaves.

And hope with justice be interwoven 'Till the race shall know the joy of heaven.

Whose border-land and its halo be The life and love of eternity.

—Mary Baird Finch.

## HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"OT here, have you?" said my mother-in-law, in a deep voice, as she stood on the threshold, grimly surveying me with eyes that shone like hard, greenish-blue gooseberries behind her spectacles. For such modern trifles as eye-glasses were as usual to my mother-in-law's fine Roman nose as a point-lace collar would be to the Venus of Milo. I could feel her glances penetrate to the very marrow of my bones; and yet I contrived to keep a bold front, as I stood facing her.

It was rather a curious complication. My mother-in-law had not the least idea who I was. I had cheerfully intended to take her by surprise; but now that the eventful moment had arrived, my courage, like that of Bob Acres, as Jefferson shows him, was coming out at the ends of my fingers.

My name is Richard Dalton. I was then just twenty-one, with a face that was not absolutely ugly, a sublime audacity and pockets not particularly well lined, and I had just distinguished myself by running away with a pretty girl from boarding school.

"But, Dick," she had remonstrated, "we've nothing to live on."

"Don't be a goose, darling," had been my reply. "What do people need to live on? All the wants of this world, more or less, are futilities. A crust of bread and a glass of water three times a day, and now and then a suit of clothes—we must be poor, indeed, if we can't manage to compass that."

Nettie had looked admiringly upon me, and acquiesced in my argument. We had taken board at the Angel Hill Hotel, and began our honeymoon royally. At the end of a month, mine host had become a little importunate on the subject of his bill, and Nettie's mother had written a letter to her, signifying that she wanted nothing whatever to do with us. We had made our own bed, she signified, and now we might lie on it.

"Oh, Dick," cried Nettie, clasping her hands, "what are we to do?"

"Hanged if I know!" was my rather blank response. "But don't cry, darling, I'll go and see her myself."

"You, Dick?"

"I, myself."

"She'll have nothing to say to you," asserted she herself.

"She'll turn you out of doors."

"We'll see about that."

"But, Dick, you don't know—you can't have any idea—how terrible she is," sighed Nettie.

"Sunt George conquered the dragon, my love," I asserted, cheerfully, "and I mean to conquer your mother! So pack my valise, there's a darling, and I'll be off before the landlord comes back from Boston!"

"But Dick, if he's troublesome, what can I say to him?" appealed poor little frightened Nettie.

"Tell him I've gone out of town, and shall be back in a few days," said I, confidently.

But, valiantly as I spoke, my mental sensations by no means corresponded with this bold part. I was beginning dimly to realize what a very unwise step I had taken, and also persuaded poor Nettie to take. And I was secretly making up my mind that if Nettie's mother refused to receive us, I would ship myself off as second mate or third purser, or something of that sort, send my advance wages to my poor little wife, and commence the world over again in this irregular fashion.

But when I walked resolutely up to my mother-in-law's door, she greeted me as if I had been expected for the last week or so.

"You've come, have you?" was the salutation.

"Well, yes," I admitted, "I've come."

"What on earth detained you?" said she.

In my mind I cast about what to say, and settled down on the first convenient excuse that came into my head.

"The train was delayed at Bogletown," said I.

"Well, come in, now that you're here," said she, "and get warm. It's awful cold weather for this time of year, isn't it?"

"Kinder," said I, with an assenting nod.

"Let me see," said my mother-in-law, as she took a steaming platter of ham and eggs out of the oven and lifted a shining coffee-pot from the stove. How old are you?"

"One-and-twenty," said I.

"Do you think," said she, pensively feeling of her chin, "that you are able to take care of the place? There's a deal to do, you know, on a farm like this. Do you think you're up to the work?"

"Of course I think so," said I, wondering what on earth my mother-in-law meant.

"You are married, I suppose?" said she.

"Oh, yes," said I, swallowing the hot coffee and winking my eyes very hard. "I'm married."

"Can your wife make herself generally useful about the place?" sharply demanded the old lady.

"Certainly she can," said I, beginning vaguely to see my way through the mists of perplexity that had heretofore obscured my brain.

"How old is she?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Eighteen," I answered.

"Mrs. Martin, forgive me!"

"What does sixteen girls to get married nowadays," said she, before they've left off dolls and patchwork?"

I looked thoughtfully down at the pattern of my plate—a plink Chinaman crossing a burning bridge, with two very red willows drooping at the far end of it, and some impossible streaks of water below—and made no direct answer. My mother-in-law was doubtlessly laboring under a misapprehension, but I did not exactly see that it was my business to set her right. She had evidently engaged a hired man, and took it for granted that I was the personage in question.

"What can you do?" she asked, abruptly. And with equal earnestness I responded:

"Anything."

"Come, I like that," said my mother-in-law, rubbing her hands. "At least you are not afraid of work. Do you understand cows and horses?"

"Well—sort of," I owned. "There were no cattle on my last place." (Which was very true, for I had been a clerk in a bank at three hundred dollars a year.)

"But I have not the least doubt that I could soon learn, if you would kindly show me what is expected of me," I said.

"You can cut wood," she asked.

"Certainly," said I, reflecting to myself that any fool might do that.

She asked one or two questions more, which I answered with the blind faith which attends youth and confidence. She seemed pleased with my willingness to undertake anything and everything.

"And now about wages," said she, briskly. "What will you ask—for your own services and those of your wife—by the month?"

I fidgeted the tips of my fingers reflectively together.

"As we are both rather inexperienced," said I, "we'll agree to work the first month for our board. After that we shall pay you what you think we are both worth."

"Hum—hum!" said my mother-in-law. "That's a sensible proposition—a very sensible one, indeed. Well, send for the young woman at once. In the meantime I'll show you over the place, and explain to you the nature of your duties."

So I hired myself out to my mother-in-law as farm hand without further ceremony, and immediately wrote and posted a letter to Nettie. On my return from the postoffice I met a burly young man meitating at a spot where four roads met.

"Can you tell me, sir," said he, "where Mrs. Abel Martin lives?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I can tell you," I responded, affably. "But if you're looking for the situation of hired man I may as well tell you that she's died."

The burly young man made some remarks, indicative in a general way of his opinion of the fickleness of womankind and departed, whilst I returned rejoicing to the old farmhouse.

"Here's a very nice beginning," said I to myself. "It's new my business to give as much satisfaction as possible."

Fortune favored me, in more ways than one. My mother-in-law sprained her ankle on the second day, and I played cock as well as man-of-all-work with distinguished success, and I had the satisfaction of hearing her say to old Miss Priscilla Perkins that "she didn't know when she'd taken such a notion to anyone as she had to the new hired man!"

"He's too young and good-looking to suit me," observed Miss Priscilla pursuing up her steel trap of a mouth.

"He's good-looking, ain't he?" said my mother-in-law. "But he's dreadful handy about the house, and he ain't one bit afraid of work. And you'd ought to have seen the oysters he stewed for my supper last night, and the cup of tea he made. Why, I don't miss Jimmie Stiles one bit. If only Nettie could have stayed single till she met such a man as this!"

I smiled to myself as I laid out the kindling for the breakfast fire. My accomplishments as "Jack-of-all-trades" had never done me much good before. But now they were certainly winning me some credit in the world.

At the end of the third day she had told me the whole story of her daughter's runaway match with "a good-for-nothing young city chap." On the fourth day she had consulted with me as to whether it was better to put the forty-acre lot into oats or rye, and I had won her heart by taking to pieces the old hat-clock, which had not gone for ten years, and restoring it to running order once again.

And on the evening of the same day Nettie arrived, all blushing and trembling.

"Oh, Dick," said she, "is she very angry?"

"My dear," said I, "she hasn't an idea who I am."

"But, Dick—"

"No 'buts,' my darling," said I, cheerfully. "Let us be Julius Caesar over again. We come; we see; we conquer."

And I dragged my unwilling little wife into the back-room, where my mother-in-law lay on a sofa, nursing her ankle.

"Here's my wife, ma'am," said I, "and I hope she'll give satisfaction."

## Mrs. Martin jumped up, spite of the wounded ankle.

"Nettie!" she cried, in blank amazement.

"Oh, mother, mother!" faltered Nettie, throwing both hands around the old lady's neck, "please forgive me this time, and I'll never, never love again."

"Please, ma'am, we'll be good, adored!"

And my mother-in-law, related on the spot. How could she do otherwise?

"Henrietta," said she, "you've been a naughty girl—there's no denying that. But your husband seems a lovely man about the house, and I'm tired of living here alone. So take off your things and go to work getting supper. As for you, Richard—"

"Yes, ma'am, I know," said I. "I've been playing a double part and deceived you all along. But I wanted you to like me—and you know," I added, "it's fair in love and war!"

"Well, I like you—a little," admitted my mother-in-law. "And now that I have seen you, Dick, I don't so much wonder at the way Nettie behaved."

After that, she never scolded us any more. And I honestly believe that this is the only case on record in which a mother-in-law was conquered in so brief a campaign. Nettie says she doesn't know how I did it. In fact, I don't quite know, myself.—New York Ledger.

## A Tramp's Good Fortune.

Seven years ago Harry Schrader lived in Indiana. He is the son of Adam Schrader, of Water street, and is not yet thirty years of age. He entered the bakery of C. U. Giesler, and after a year's work there he went to Philadelphia and completed his trade. Then he took a notion there was room for him in the far West and started there to make his fortune. But fortune is fickle, and often those who woo it never so hard are doomed to disappointment. In his journeyings toward the sunset one misfortune after another overtook and sometimes nearly overwhelmed our Harry, until one day he thought he had gotten to the bottom rung of misery's ladder. This eventful day was some seven years ago, when, as the shades of night were falling fast, he entered the city of Durango, Col., barefooted, hungry, unkempt and sorely disheartened, and with only a few hoarded dollars in his clothes. He hunted up a bakery and was promptly given employment.

At the end of the tenth day his boss took the silver fever and sold out to Harry, and he found himself in the possession of an oven, a long handled feel, half a dozen pans, two sacks of flour and enough yeast to set one batch. In a month he was fairly prospering, and at the end of a year he was looking around for something to invest his surplus capital in. This materialized in the shape of a tract of fifty-five acres of land just outside the then city limits, and was not considered particularly valuable. He bought it and waited. Silver mining became a great pursuit in the surrounding mountains. Durango grew, and became the seat of supplies for the thousands of prospectors hunting for silver lodes. The growth of the town was phenomenal, and grew over Harry's fifty-five acres, and the chopped farm increased in value. He built a half dozen brick houses, and a fine three-story brick for his bakery business, and for a wife he took about the time of the boom. He now controls the entire bakery trade of the city and handles vast quantities of flour and mercantile business. Fifty thousand dollars would not induce him to part with his possession; to-day, and the barefooted tramp who entered Durango seven years ago is now recognized as one of the city's most substantial and progressive citizens.—Indiana (Penn.) Messenger.

## Mine Hero Meers.

One of the most remarkable acts of bravery ever shown in a mine, anywhere else was that of H. P. Meers at the Alleghany mine, thirteen miles from Cumberland, Md., August 31, 1889. On that day forty-five men went down into the mines to their work as usual. Everything went well for a few hours, but suddenly a thin mist which separated the Alleghany from an old mine, long disused, and full of water, collapsed. The flood rushed into the passages of the Alleghany with a great roar that told those above it what had happened. It was ascertained that there was a possibility that the miners had climbed to places of safety and escaped the flood, but hour after passed and no tidings came from them to the frantic crowd of relatives and friends above. No one could suggest a way of reaching the entombed men until H. P. Meers volunteered to find them or die. Many protested against his decision, but he insisted upon being lowered into the mine.

At the bottom of the shaft the water was as high as his neck; but, undaunted, he struck out, swimming toward the place where he knew the miners were. The water was full of debris. Once or twice the lonely swimmer came suddenly on the floating body of a dead mule in the darkness, and his fingers, as he heavily struck out, constantly felt the wriggling, slimy bodies of the rats in the water. But he never faltered. At last he reached the chamber where the miners had been at work, and found them—every one alive. They were perched on ledges projecting from the side of the mine. Their lamps had gone out and they were hopelessly waiting for death.

In the excitement which followed Mr. Meers' arrival a boy fell from his perch into the water. Meers felt about until he found him, placed him on his shoulders, and shouted to the men to follow him, started back toward the bottom of the shaft. Those who could not swim were helped by those who could, and, at last, piloted by this brave man, they reached safety. Not a man was seriously injured.—New York Press.

The tramp has reached the hay-day of his prosperity when he is allowed to sleep in the barn.—Texas Sittings.











**A Winter Song**  
The soft snow which like a ring-dove's  
feather  
That is tossed and blown by the breath of  
May,  
An icy hand holds the brook in tether,  
The sad wind dries the passing day;  
But you, too, and I, too, happy together,  
Lough though the skies be gray.  
Mirth and joy are the draughts we mingle,  
And pledge King Winter a lusty roger;  
We pile the logs on the roaring log,  
And tune the lute to a lover's strain,  
And merry song to the strains that tingle  
With never a note of pain.  
They say that May is the month for  
mating—  
When the leaves break bud and the songs  
begin;  
We wish all well in their weary waiting  
For the pied-green meads and the arching  
blue,  
But there's life and love in these airs chiding,  
And this is the time for love!  
—[Quincy Southerland, in Frank Leslie's.]

## A TRAMP'S STORY.

"Yes, boss, I've been tramping  
many a year now. I ain't been able  
to stay quiet more'n a day at a time.  
Mebbe you won't believe it, but I'd  
give up a fortune rather than leave the  
road and wear good co's and go to  
church and be a respectable citizen."  
The speaker was a picturesque old  
clap, with an intelligent face, white,  
clouded hair, bright, searching eyes,  
a slouching gait and a general air of  
devil-may-care contentment that  
went a long way to prove a famous  
philosopher's assertion that the vagabond's  
life is the happiest. I had met him on a lonely road in West-  
chester County and, struck by his ap-  
pearance, had given him some small  
change and asked a few questions  
about his mode of life.  
"You see, sir, it was in this way,"  
he continued, "noticing my lack of in-  
terest and seeing him look at a stone  
wall by the roadside. 'I'd been com-  
ing East from Ohio with an old pard  
of mine, steamin' rides on bumpers  
and workin' the co's for grub. It  
was summer, and we'd had a pretty  
easy kind of time till we struck this  
part of the country. They don't seem  
to like our kind of cattle here, and  
things went hard with us.  
"One day 'bout seven my pard and  
I was s'vin under a tree playin' cards.  
We hadn't had nothin' to eat all day  
and was tryin' to keep our minds off  
our stomachs. Pretty soon Foxy—  
what all us tramps called my pard—  
threw down his cards and said:  
"Look here, Nossy—a pet name he  
had given me—I ain't goin' to stand  
this no longer. See? Money's too  
tight. I'm going to do the crooked.  
See?  
"What do you mean?" says I.  
"I'm goin' to tap a fat crib tonight  
and you are goin' to help me."  
"I can't," says I, "because beyond  
bein' a beggar and a tramp, I ain't no  
lawbreaker."  
"Yes, you are," says my pard,  
"lookin' at an ugly kide. There's a  
rich old duffer over yonder who ain't  
got nobody in his house but a cook  
and his little girl. See? I want to  
do the kitchen this mornin', but the old  
man was there, so I didn't get nothin',  
but I see how easy it was to get into  
the house at night. There's a big dog  
on the place, but we can fix him easy  
enough. Now, I bet you, pard, there's  
a pile of swag in that house, and you  
and me's goin' to have some of it.  
See?  
"I didn't like the job, but I was  
hungry and des'p't, and Foxy always  
had a stronger will'n mine. And so I  
gave in and agreed to do the trick.  
"We waited till long towards mid-  
night and then crept towards the  
house. It was dark and silent as a  
dead man. Suddenly the dog began  
to bark. We halted awhile till the  
bark got quiet. Then Foxy, who  
always carries a piece of poisoned  
meat with him—he wasn't no dog  
fancier—crawled into the yard and  
drew the stuff to the porch. It was  
easy salin' after that. Foxy had a  
long knife with him and had no  
trouble in pryin' open the kitchen  
door.  
"The first thing we did was to make  
for the closet—Foxy knew where it  
was—and eat what we could. There  
was cheese and crackers and bread,  
and I began to feel glad I'd followed  
Foxy's lead. Then we opened the  
door into the dinin'-room. We hadn't  
no lantern and can't get a chair and  
made an awful racket.  
"Stop that, you fool!" whispered  
Foxy. "Stand still."  
"We waited full twenty minutes,  
but there was no stirrin' overhead.  
While we were standin' the moon had  
come up, and by its light we could  
look about us. There wasn't much  
worth takin' in the room 'ceptin' the  
furniture, and we didn't have no van.  
"He's an old miser," whispered  
Foxy. "He's got all the swag up-  
stairs."  
"We stole into the hall and began  
to climb up to the second story. The  
stairs creaked and every instant I  
feared we'd get a hail from the old  
man's gun. But Foxy went ahead  
without turnin' a hair, and I followed  
with my heart and a lump of the  
cheese in my throat.  
"When we reached the landin' we  
didn't know where to turn. All the  
doors leadin' into the upper hall were  
shut, and we were in the dark. Grop-  
in' around, Foxy finally found a knob.  
Softly turnin' it, he entered a bed-  
chamber. The moonlight poured in

through an open window, and there,  
"littin' upright in bed, with a look of  
fear on her pretty face, was a little  
girl.  
"She'll yell if I don't stop her  
old," whispered Foxy, stepping  
quickly towards the child. I could  
see his knife gleam in the moonbeams.  
"Springin' forward, I placed one  
hand around his wrist and another on  
his throat. Trippin' him backward,  
I threw him to the floor. On the in-  
stant the little girl found her voice  
and screamed out for help. Her fa-  
ther rushed in and found me on top  
of my pard and the child in a dead  
faint on the bed.  
"What's all this?" he asked, as  
calm as a lay-rick.  
"This man's a burglar," I said,  
and he tried to knife the child."  
"You lie," cried Foxy; "I ain't no  
burglar, and I wouldn't kill a fly."  
"By this time the cook had brought  
a lamp, and the youngster had regained  
her senses.  
"Take his knife away and let him  
up," said the farmer.  
"I did as he directed, and Foxy  
stood up, the toughest lookin' burglar  
you ever see.  
"I'll kill you," he said to me, and  
I knew the varmint meant it.  
"Well, my story's gettin' too long.  
The old man shook my hand, and the  
little 'un, lookin' like a picture in her  
night dress, ran up to me and asked  
for a kiss. But I didn't kiss her. I  
felt too mean.  
"They put up Foxy in the crib for  
three years, but the old man wouldn't  
enter a charge agin me. Far from it.  
He begged me to stay and do chores  
around the house, and little Maggie  
said I musn't go away or she'd cry.  
And so I stayed on for a while till the  
old man, who'd been awful shocked by  
Foxy's attempt, took sick and be-  
gan to go down fast.  
"Callin' me to him one night, he  
said: 'Look here, you saved Maggie's  
life. Now I'm a-goin' to quit, and I  
want you to look arter her. I'm worth  
more money'n anybody knows, and  
I'll give you a good round sum to be-  
come the decent citizen you had  
ought to be, and sick by Maggie when  
I'm gone. This ain't no bluff. I'll  
put a corsik—or some such thing—in  
my will and give you \$10,000. Are  
you with me or agin me?  
"I didn't know what to say at first,  
but after thinkin' the matter over for  
a while, I said:  
"No, I'm a tramp, and that's all  
there is in it. I don't like workin'  
and don't want no money. I like  
Maggie, but she'll be a long sight bet-  
ter off without me than with me. I'm  
sorry you're goin' to die, but leave all  
you swag to the kid and let me go my  
way."  
"Then I said good-by to the old man,  
took a last look at Maggie and started  
agin' on the road. Oh, I tell you,  
boss, if you have one's been a tramp  
there ain't nothin' in Jay Gould's safe  
as could tempt you. Good-day, sir,  
and may heaven bless you for what  
you've done for me."  
Then the old fellow shouldered his  
bundle, took up his staff and trudged  
on towards Pellham.—[Albany (N-  
Y.) Press.]

## Land Transformed by Ants.

A traveler in Central Australia has  
discovered that the surface of the  
country has been greatly changed by  
what may appear at first thought a  
ridiculous agency—the white ants.  
On plain and in thickets their nests  
are so numerous that it is difficult to  
drive among them. The clay with  
which the nests are built is, when  
cemented with resinous matter, as  
hard as brick, and when the nests fall  
to pieces they form clay flats, almost  
impervious to water and not easily cut  
up by traffic.  
The work of these creatures can be  
studied in allages; first in the thickets,  
where they are commencing work;  
then in the more open country, where  
they have crowded out the timber;  
next on the plains, where half the  
hills will be found deserted; and lastly  
on the clay flats, where they have  
almost entirely disappeared and the  
scrub has begun to grow again.—[Democrat.]

## Frozen Eggs.

The Poultry World says: In the  
winter season quantities of eggs are  
frozen, and it is generally considered  
that such eggs are worth but little, or,  
to say the least, are much injured for  
cooking purposes. This, however, is  
not strictly true, for if properly treat-  
ed they are but little injured. Instead  
of (as was the custom) putting them  
into cold water to take out the frost  
and waiting several hours for the  
thawing to take place, and then find-  
ing the yolks in such a solid state that  
they can be used with no satisfaction  
in cooking, try the following method:  
Place them in boiling water and leave  
them there for from five to 20 min-  
utes, according to the amount of frost  
in them, when, upon their being  
opened, the yolks will be found soft  
and in such a state that they can be  
used for almost any culinary purpose.

## Versed in Rings.

Gwendolin—Have you the ring?  
Harold—Yes, but I'm afraid it is  
too large for your dainty finger.  
Gwendolin—Never fear. That's  
what Billy Knowles and Horace Fas-  
sett said.—[Jewelers' Circular]

## SEA TURTLES.

Useful Qualities of the Great  
Marine Tortoises.The Heavy Loggerhead and  
Toothsome Green Turtle.

Speaking of measuring turtles, a  
Washington dealer said to a Star re-  
porter: "You take a thousand-pound  
loggerhead and he will measure seven  
or eight feet in length and nine feet  
across the back, including the flippers.  
He is a very fast and strong swimmer,  
so that you must catch him asleep on  
the water if you expect to bag him.  
Specimens are often seen many miles  
from land, floating on the wave. Un-  
like the other great sea turtles, which  
prefer a vegetable diet, the logger-  
head is carnivorous. It has very  
powerful jaws and with them it easily  
cracks the shells of large conchs, eat-  
ing the meat. The young ones are  
said to be pretty good in a stew or  
soup, but those which are full grown  
are leathery and musky in flavor.  
Sometimes the oil from the fat is  
smeared on the sides of vessels to keep  
worms from eating the wood.  
"In the spring the female logger-  
head comes ashore and scoops out a  
pit with her hind legs in the sand on  
the south side of a shoal. Then she  
lays from 150 to 200 eggs in the hole  
and covers them up again with sand,  
leaving them to be hatched by the heat  
of the sun. Bears are ever so fond of  
turtle eggs of all sorts and they dig  
up the nests wherever they can find  
them, gobbling amazing quantities. I  
have known as many as thirteen nests  
to be robbed by a single bear in one  
night. As soon as they are hatched  
the young ones scuttle into the water.  
Crabs, fishes and shellfish of all sorts  
contribute to the diet of these torto-  
ises.  
"Turtle eggs are an acquired taste  
with most people, although they are  
not so with bears. They have a  
round, yellow yolk and a white like  
any other eggs, but you can cook them  
for a year and the white part will  
remain liquid. We sell them mostly  
to colored folks. Notice the curious  
limp in the side of each one. If  
you squeeze it out the dimple appears  
on the other side, and you can never  
get hold of a turtle's egg which hasn't  
got a dimple in.  
"Most of the green turtles that  
reach the northern market come from  
southern Florida, but there is another  
species on the Pacific coast. They  
grow bigger as you go farther south.  
In this latitude they aren't often  
found larger than eight pounds, but  
at Cedar Keys they reach a thousand  
pounds in weight. They live in deep  
water and feed on sea plants, mostly  
the kind called 'turtle grass,' which  
they cut off near the roots, eating the  
lower parts and leaving the tops float-  
ing, so that it collects in great fields,  
and marks the spots where the ani-  
mals are to be hunted for by the fish-  
ermen.  
"After browsing on such ocean pas-  
tures the green turtles go to the mouths  
of rivers for baths in fresh water,  
which they seem to need from time to  
time. The Florida fishermen say the  
reptiles enter the creeks and roll to-  
gether masses of grass, cementing them  
into balls with clay. When the turn  
of the tide takes the balls out to sea  
they follow them. The fishermen  
watch for such balls floating down  
the creeks, and when they see them  
they stretch nets across the mouths of  
the streams and always catch true  
turtles.  
"In the springtime the female green  
turtle seeks the shore of a barren is-  
land or the bank of a lonely river to  
lay her eggs. Being very shy, she  
makes a landing at night cautiously  
and crawls to a point above high-  
water mark, where she digs a hole  
one or two feet deep with her flippers.  
In this hole she lays from 100 to 200  
eggs, arranging them very carefully.  
Finally she scoops the loose sand over  
the eggs, leveling and smoothing it so  
that it is hardly possible to tell that  
there is a nest there. The Tortugas  
Islands are a favorite haunt for green  
turtles. Pelicans and other big birds  
frequent the breeding grounds and  
snap up the young ones as they make  
for the water. I dare say you know  
that the green flesh attached to the  
upper shell is called 'scallop,' while  
the yellow flesh attached to the lower  
shell is called 'calipee.' From the eggs  
an oil is obtained, but what is called  
'turtle oil' soap is really made from  
beef fat.  
"Sometimes the flesh of the tor-  
toise-shell turtle is eaten, but it is not  
good for much. There are two spe-  
cies—the 'tortoise shell' and the  
'chankshell'—with not much difference  
between them. Although their diet  
is a vegetable one, they are much more  
ferocious than the carnivorous logger-  
head. They bite very severely, and  
those who catch them sometimes re-  
ceive painful wounds. I have under-  
stood that the finest tortoise shell comes  
from the Indian archipelago and is  
shipped from Singapore, but much of  
it is obtained on the Florida coast.  
There are three rows of plates on the  
back, called 'blades' by the fishermen.  
In the centre row are five plates, and  
in each of the others four plates, the  
latter containing the best material.  
Besides these there are twenty-five

small plates around the edge of the  
shell, known as 'feet' or 'noses.' The  
biggest turtle does not furnish more  
than sixteen pounds of tortoise shell.  
Formerly the under shell was thrown  
away, being considered worthless,  
but at present it is very highly valued  
for its delicacy of coloring. Nova-  
days a very beautiful imitation of  
tortoise shell is made of our cows'  
horns. Hunting for the great sea tor-  
toises affords a good living to many  
thousands of fishermen in the world."

## The Brown Shark of Florida.

The common brown shark, which  
attains a length of nine or ten feet, is  
one of the most abundant species off  
Florida, except the dog-fish, or sea-  
hound, which seems to be omnipres-  
ent in all brackish water in the state  
during the summer. The dogfish must  
live on the pignies of the finny race,  
judging from the familiarity with  
which it is treated by mangrove snap-  
pers and mullet, for I have yet to see  
these species flee from it or display  
the least sign of fear. I have, in fact,  
seen shoals of mullet playing around a  
group of dogfish as unconcernedly as  
if they were so many chubs, and small  
sheephead nibble at their tails. These  
incidents occurred in a river not a mile  
from the Gulf of Mexico. The brown  
shark, on the contrary, a terror to the  
smaller fish, and the presence of one  
is sufficient to send every mullet and  
trout rushing precipitately to dis-  
tant and safer quarters. The brown  
shark moves in large shoals during the  
spawning season, and devours enor-  
mous quantities of fish, its appetite  
seemingly insatiable. It is also more  
quarrelsome than usual when ready  
to resent any objection to its tearing  
open the scales of fishermen and  
liberating all of the catch it cannot de-  
vour. It may be seen in company of  
the shovel-nose and hammerhead  
sharks, crowding all the inlets that  
connect the Indian River with the At-  
lantic Ocean during the ebb and flow  
of the tide in summer, and feasting  
on the fish that throng these narrow  
passages at such times. I think that  
these sharks can be seen at a glance in  
Jupiter Inlet and its neighborhood at  
half flood any time during the summer  
than in any other place on this con-  
tinent, and of this number I should  
estimate half to be the brown shark,  
the others including nearly every  
species in the sea.—[New York Post.]

## A Man Who Ate \$750,000.

A certain Gloucester (England)  
squire called Rogers, who received his  
education at one of the universities,  
made the "grand tour" after the fash-  
ion of his day, and then concentrated  
all his attention upon the gastronomi-  
cal art.  
His father's death placed a large  
fortune in his possession, and he de-  
voted it to the palate, keeping no one  
in his house who was not an accom-  
plished cook; butler, footman, house-  
keeper, coachman, all were cooks;  
while for cooks proper he had three  
whom he brought from Italy—each a  
famous one—one who came from  
Florence, another from Siena and a  
third from Viterbo, whose duty was  
confined to the preparing of one  
special dish, the dolce piccante of  
Florence.  
He had a messenger constantly on  
the road between Brittany and London  
to bring him eggs of a certain  
kind of plover found near St. Malo.  
It is recorded that one dinner which  
was prepared exclusively for himself,  
and consisted of but two dishes, cost  
\$290.  
In nine years he dissipated his for-  
tune of \$750,000 and was found starv-  
ing by one of his friends, who gave  
him a guinea, and going soon after to  
the wretched garret in which the  
ruined epicure had found refuge, dis-  
covered him roasting an ortolan. A  
few days afterward he shot himself.  
—[London Answers.]

## What the Sleeve Indicates.

The great French authority upon  
artistic dress, Charles Blanc, laid great  
stress upon the sleeve as indicating  
the tendency of the wearer's mind,  
and saw in the various fashions that  
have been in vogue a distinct inten-  
tion. For instance, the long open  
sleeves, he says, were distinctive of  
the page's dress, and illustrate the  
freedom of arms they needed in wait-  
ing upon the noblesse; while pagoda  
sleeves originally came from China  
and were intended to make the hands  
appear small; and epanlet sleeves gave  
a width to deficient breadth of shoulders.  
Perhaps he is right, but if so,  
it only shows that we are not so sen-  
sible as our ancestors, for all that any-  
one cares for nowadays is change—  
something that was not worn last  
year; or, if it was, has been modified  
out of all resemblance.—[Domestic  
Monthly.]

## Tall Corn.

A man recent from Iowa says that  
he saw a farmer standing at the foot  
of an enormous cornstalk.  
"How big is your corn," asked the  
stranger.  
"I don't know," answered the  
farmer. "I sent one of my boys up  
to see a little while ago and my boy  
died to death about him."  
"How so? Can't he get back?"  
"No; that's the trouble. The corn-  
stalk's growin' up faster than he can  
climb down."—[Washington Star.]

## FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

## SOILED WALL PAPER MADE NEW.

The most satisfactory way to clean  
wall paper is with bread about a day  
old, with enough to crumble  
badly, nor fresh enough to be doughy  
when used. If the paper is not very  
much soiled it may be dusted and  
rubbed down with a soft hand mop  
made of cotton yarn.—[New York  
Journal.]

## HANGING BASKETS.

Whether in the greenhouse or ordi-  
nary room these will be found to take  
a liberal supply of water where a good  
growth has been made. Non-atten-  
tion to this is a frequent source of  
failure, the plants, whatever they may  
be, soon assuming a sickly appearance  
if not attended to. In the case of any  
which are found to dry up rapidly it  
is good plan to water them in the  
evening and then again in the morn-  
ing. If the soil has been partly  
washed away a slight top-dressing  
would be a considerable assistance.  
All decaying foliage and flowers  
should be kept removed, the position  
occupied by the plants being one where  
such things are brought into promi-  
nent notice.—[New York World.]

## TESTING FLOUR.

Although flour is in daily use in  
nearly every family in the United  
States, comparatively few cooks or  
housekeepers know anything about the  
quality of different brands of flour, or  
can tell whether they are using flour  
of a choice or of an inferior grade.  
There are various methods of test-  
ing flour, but this is one of the sim-  
plest: Take some flour in the left  
hand, add a little water, and with the  
right forefinger mix a rather stiff  
dough in the hand. Let it stand a few  
minutes, then knead and work in the  
hand. If the flour is good the dough  
will become stiffer and dryer with  
working, and have an elastic, rubbery  
feeling. If it is of inferior quality  
the dough will become soft and sticky  
under protracted working. Flour that  
is of a chalky or bluish white shade,  
or that feels soft and silky, and when  
balled together in the hand remains in  
a lump, should be avoided.—[The  
Chautauquan.]

## A SUPPLY OF SCISSORS.

Too many people fail to keep a  
proper supply of scissors in the house-  
hold. It is false economy to allow  
one pair to do all the work. The  
work-basket should be furnished with  
long, slender shears for general cut-  
ting, short button-hole scissors to do  
their own work and a pair of small  
scissors for general use. There should  
be a special pair of scissors to clip  
papers, if any of the family keep a  
scrap-book, as nothing injures scissors  
so quickly as using them to cut paper  
and cloth indiscriminately. In the  
country you want scissors to cut flow-  
ers. There should always be a pair of  
scissors in the kitchen for trimming  
lamps and for various other uses there.  
Neither scissors, knives, nor any  
other steel instruments should be heat-  
ed, because in doing so you run the  
risk of taking the "temper" out of  
the instrument, and if once out, it  
can never be restored. The fact that  
the "temper" is gone is shown by the  
steel turning blue. An experienced  
cutter can sharpen an instrument  
which has lost its "temper," but it  
will not remain sharp for any length  
of time, and the process of sharpening  
needs to be repeated indefinitely and  
frequently, until it becomes burden-  
some.—[St. Louis Republic.]

## RECIPES.

Cottage Pudding—One-half cup but-  
ter, one cup sugar, one egg, one cup  
milk, two cups flour, one-half tea-  
spoon soda, one teaspoon cream tartar,  
one teaspoon lemon. Mix in the order  
given and bake in small tin cups, or  
make in a cake pan and cut in squares.  
Serve with liquid sauce.

Squash Pie—One pint of squash,  
three eggs, one and one-half table-  
spoons of vanilla and a little nut-  
meg. Pass the squash through a  
sieve, mix with a scant tablespoonful  
of cornstarch and milk enough to  
make it soft. Add the other ingre-  
dients. This makes one large pie.

Soft Gingerbread—Two eggs, well  
beaten, one coffee-cupful of butter and  
lard mixed, two teaspoonfuls of gin-  
ger, one teaspoonful of cream of tar-  
tar, one teaspoonful of soda, dis-  
solved in one-half teaspoonful of milk  
or water, one-half teaspoonful of salt,  
flour enough to make the dough as  
stiff as a cup-cake. Bake in a slow  
oven for half an hour.

Beef Stewed with Onions—Cut  
some tender beef in small pieces, and  
season it with pepper and salt, slice  
some onions and add to it, with water  
enough in the stew pan to make a  
gravy; let it stew slowly till the beef  
is thoroughly done, then add some  
pieces of butter rolled in flour to make  
a rich gravy. Cold beef may be done  
in the same way, only the onions must  
be stewed first and the meat added. If  
the water should stew away too much  
put in a little more.

## The Secret of It.

City Sportsman (with \$60 outfit)—  
Well, boy, you seem to catch more fish  
than I do.  
Country Boy (who uses angle worms)  
—You bet. There ain't no flies on my  
hook.—[Good News.]

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PROBLEMS.  
Years come and go.  
We know not the beginning nor the end;  
Eyes cannot see the wind, yet branches bend;  
Mind governs matter, none can show the cause;  
Man cannotathom even Nature's laws.  
Why is it so?

Why are we, whence, or how, that we exist?  
How long will it be ere the solemn change,  
Which we call death, that transmutation strange,  
Shall wrap us in impenetrable mist  
We do not know.

But this we feel—  
Yea, in each human heart there dwells a thought,  
A hope, a knowing, that life cannot cease;  
That death's the signal of a soul's release.  
From matter, and What Power these wonders wrought,  
It will reveal.

—T. Tracy Walsh, in Boston Transcript.

## Louise Bouvier's Repentance.

BY MCKENBEE BAKER.

THE interview between her landlord and herself ended Madame Bouvier became very angry. Had the landlord remained to see how her black eyes swelled and to note her appearance and manner he might well have thought that she meant to do harm of some sort to him or his interests.

And indeed Madame Bouvier had good cause to be angry. She had struggled hard and long for success and now just as she had attained it it seemed to her that its fruits were to be gathered by another. It was all too cruel. Her husband, Paul, had established the business many years before and she had been the good and kind and helpful to him in those days, which, now, as she looked back upon, through the intervening years, seemed to her to have been such happy ones. It may be that her memory glorified them; but she herself was very certain. Even then it was a hard struggle, though Paul was skilful and hard-working. Perhaps the struggle was the harder because Paul was so skilful and knew so well when the feathers were properly curled and as smoothly and evenly dyed as they should be. He worked so carefully and neither his own nor that of the young girls he employed to help him was permitted ever to go out unless it met his own approval. And there were others with, may be, larger establishments, who could sell for much less than Paul could; but whose work, although it was not so good as his, was not yet so well done as Paul's.

Yet they struggled on and slowly their market grew. Then Paul fell ill and things looked very dark for them; but Louise, his wife, found somehow time to carry on the business and to take good care of her two. However, notwithstanding her good care and her prayers, he died and the poor little widow was very lonely; but she had never given up courage or lost hope. And she had worked on with the business, and had paid the debts Paul's long sickness and death had forced upon her, and she had done so well that she could not only be sure of her livelihood, but could even look forward, old though she already was, to the possession of a competency for that time which was certain and soon to come when she would be no longer active or able to measure up to the requirements of the business as she had. And now it was all brought to an end, she thought.

"We shall see," she said aloud threateningly to the landlord, "You can not turn me out; you cannot, you cannot, I will not go." But you will go," he had responded angrily, for the interview had made him impatient. "I can turn you out. Your lease has expired and I will not renew it. And out you will go." He had not been a good landlord or a kind one. He had declined to do almost anything Madame Bouvier had asked him, and he had been exacting and unyielding toward her, no matter how circumstances were with her; but in this case he had tried to be fair. He had spoken calmly enough at first and had explained that the building was old and no longer profitable and that he intended to tear it down and build a large fine one in place of it and the two or three similar and neighboring houses; but she had not believed him. No, it could not be that he had spoken the truth, she thought. It was here that she had lived and worked. And it did not seem possible to her that she might move and true as well elsewhere. It was here that the work was done; it was here that the business was established; it was here that her customers came and made their purchases. The place was known and now some one else was to be brought in to reap the reward of Paul's knowledge and of both their work and patience, some man maybe, or some younger, prettier woman. Besides, it was here that she had lived and suffered and been happy with Paul; it was here that he had died. She was determined that no one else should live there.

As the door closed upon the landlord, she did not cry or make useless lamentation. She looked upon the closing door with her snapping bright eyes; she clenched her hands tight, and it was through her teeth, tight closed, that she said to herself, "Yes, we shall see, we shall see. It shall not be. No one else—no one shall have this place."

Throughout the afternoon matters went on as usual in the establishment. The work of the girls was brought to Mrs. Bouvier for her inspection, and criticism. She examined it as carefully as ever. There was no manifestation of indifference, no neglect. When the finished work was brought to her, some of the glossy feathers were approved of and put away to be afterward boxed, while some were sent back to be improved.

Customers called and with them Madame Bouvier dealt as shrewdly as ever; goods were shipped, and Madame superintended the packing and delivery as was her custom. There was in her appearance or manner no sign of the rage and anger within her, and no indication of what it was she meant to do. But she had determined upon a plan almost before her landlord had left his building. All through the afternoon, no matter how busy she was, no matter how occupied she appeared to be with the affairs of her daily life, her indignation and resentment at the injustice which was about to be done her grew, and she nursed her wrath until it was far mightier than she was. Her plan developed and all its details were worked out in her quick and active brain. She longed for the time to come when she might execute it.

Slowly the day wore on, and at length the last of her work-girls put on her street clothes and said "Good night" to her. Madame Bouvier was alone. Then with quick steps she went to her bureau, where it had stood for so long, she took Paul's picture and kissed it passionately and put it within the bosom of her dress. She put on her bonnet, and carrying her cloak down placed it within easy reach near the locked front door of her house. She went to the work-rooms and gathered great armfuls of the light tissue paper in which the finished glossy black and white plumes were packed. Without hesitation she hurried with these down stairs again and under the stairs she made a great pile and on it she threw little pieces of boards and broken boxes. She took no time to seek an oil can; but she seized the large lamp, by the light of which she made up her accounts at night, and lifting it high above her head, threw it with all her force upon the pile she had made. The glass chamber broke and the oil was scattered all about. She was very thorough. Then she stooped in the darkness and carefully lit a match and snuffed it with her burning end and the paper. A little flame sprang up and then died away. She lighted another match and then tried again. This time she was more successful, and the flames ran among the papers, the light shining upon her face which had become hard and determined, brightening and coloring it.

Madame stood and watched the flames awhile. A smile played upon her mouth. "We shall see," she said again to herself. "We shall see."

Presently the crackling of the wood assured her that there was no need to fear that her plans would fail. But yet she watched the fire glow, and pushed the paper together with her foot or placed the out-lying sticks of wood where the blaze could reach them. The flames rose and fell and rose again. All the far corners of the hall which had been so dark, were all now lighted. As Madame Bouvier stood still and only watched, she cast a gigantic shadow on the opposite wall; but when she moved, her shadow ran hither and thither, grew larger or diminished, or danced about in queer fantastic manner. Quickly the fire caught up all the paper she had gathered; it played with the small pieces of wood and consumed them, and then, seeking more to burn, darted upward toward the wood-work of the stair-case. Then, at last, Madame Bouvier moved away. She was well satisfied. The heat and smoke were already almost stifling, but she went very slowly toward the front-door, looking backward as she did so toward the spreading fire as though, at any risk, she would be certain.

"I will do," she said to herself grimly, and then she moved more quickly. She picked up her cloak from the floor where she had thrown it; she unlocked the door and opened it and was about to go out into present safety, at least. But, suddenly, she stopped. With a quick, sharp scream of terror, she closed the door violently.

"I had forgotten," she moaned, "I had forgotten!"

She hurried toward the stairs and began to ascend them. She was sorry now that she was so old, for she was forced to go but slowly it seemed to her. The flames were climbing upward, too. They reached out and over the front of the stairway, they coiled about the uprights of the banisters and licked the woodwork they were about to consume. They sprang at Madame Bouvier as she passed on as open-mouthed serpents might have done. But she gave no heed to them, nor to the thick smoke which surrounded her and made breathing hard, and threatened to overcome her. On she went, along the hall and up the second and last flight of stairs. She breathed in gasps now; but still she did not pause. But as she climbed she muttered a prayer that she might not be too late.

At last she came to a closed door upon the top floor. Upon this she knocked violently, and immediately it was opened to her. A young woman stood facing Madame Bouvier, while a little boy with sootily curling light hair clung to her skirts.

"Come," said Madame quickly. "There is fire. Come!"

"Oh!" shrieked the young woman, and taking her boy's hand in hers, she would have rushed out into the hallway and to the stairs, but Madame Bouvier stopped her.

"No," said, "not that way. The stairs will be gone." And she forced the young woman, who was so frightened that she utterly lost her wits, back into the room again and closed the door; but, quick as she was, before this was done snuck enough to come in to make it difficult to see or breathe. The crackling of the flames could be heard without, and Madame Bouvier knew well enough how imminent was the danger.

"Come," she said again. "Come—this way. Where is your husband? He is out? Good!"

She hurried the others toward a dark closet where were stairs, she knew, leading to an opening to the roof. The door was unlocked; and Madame Bouvier went first up the stairs and unbolted the scuttle-fastening and threw the cover back.

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The little breath of fresh air was good to her and grateful; but turning without hesitation she went down the narrow stairs again. The younger woman was faint with fright. She was barely able to stand erect; but Madame Bouvier pushed her on and up the stairs. The fresh air revived her, and Madame hastened back for the little boy who was crying pitifully. Louise Bouvier lifted him tenderly and carried him up the stairs and placed him in his mother's arms. Then, unmindful of her father, or, indeed in the excitement, unconscious of it, she returned again to the rooms below. From room to room she ran, from hanging hook to hook. "They must not lose anything," she said aloud to herself.

But by this time there was a great noise in the street below, for alarm had been given and the firemen with their apparatus had already come. Some were breaking in the door the better to find and meet and fight the fire. Others ran through neighboring houses to the roofs and on the roof of the burning building they found faint but safe a woman with a child holding fast to her. The firemen raised tall ladders to the upper stories of the burning house, and up these climbed men who broke in the windows, and bravely entered and groped about in the thick smoke to find if by any chance there might yet be a living person there. On the floor near the steep narrow stairs leading to the roof they found Louise Bouvier. She was dead. The flames had not reached her and she had not suffered much, in her arms was a great bundle of clothing.—The Epoch.

## Cultivating and Cooking Cassava.

The cultivation of cassava gives very little trouble. A heap of earth is scraped together, and three or four cuttings are pushed into the loose dirt. About two months afterward the weeds are hoed out and the earth is gathered about the roots. Nothing more is necessary. In the country of the Balos, near the equator, it is always summer, so that it is a matter of little or no consequence what time of year crops are planted. In the same field both cassava and Indian corn may be seen at all seasons, and in all stages of growth.

The cassava root, when full grown, is often as large and stout as a man's arm. The tubers are dug up and boiled, or they are peeled and dried in the sun, or smoked in the house or on a framework of poles in the forest. Then they will keep for any length of time, and when cooked for a few minutes they become very palatable to hungry people. The luxuriance of growth that one sees in an African cassava field would surprise a Floridian or even a dweller in tropical Brazil.

The favorite method of cooking the cassava root is to make it into bacombas, a kind of pudding or moist, solid bread. The roots are first soaked in running water for a few days. When the water is deep the cassava is put into a basket which is tied to a stake. After soaking for several days the roots become quite soft; the bark-like skin is then rubbed off, and the roots are pounded in wooden mortars. The pestles are sometimes made of a hard wood-like oak, but a piece of elephant's tusk is preferred. When a woman pounds cassava she sits on the ground with the mortar between her knees and holds the pestle with both hands. The mashed cassava is wrapped up in plantain leaves, tied with string made from the tough, fibrous root of a vine, and goes into the family pot. When ready for the table it appears of about the same consistency as porridge, and is rather solid food, but very nourishing. The taste is rather sour, but not at all unpleasant even to a civilized palate.—New York Independent.

## A Dead Man's Eyes.

"It was a strange and dreadfully realistic presentation that the fireman on the engine which killed Rip had last night," went on Beckwith after a painful pause.

"Since the death of Rice the fireman, try as hard as he may, he cannot drive the accident out of his mind. It appears vividly before him at all times—and of old duty."

"Last night, after firing up, the fireman remarked to the engineer, 'Danny, I see the eyes of Fat Rice on the track.'"

"The engineer tried to allay the fears of the fireman.

"Danny, it is no use for you to say that," he replied. "I see Fat Rice on the track, and I believe that it bodes evil—another accident. I am going up the track."

"Saying this the fireman jumped from the cab.

"Walking up the track about twenty-five feet he made the dreadful discovery that his presentiment presaging accident was too true. There, with his head resting on the rail, was the body of the prostrate man."

"He was lying in exactly the same way as James Murphy, who was found yesterday afternoon crushed by a flat-car, and which was 'shot out' by the same engine."

"This man seemed to be a stupor, and was removed to a position of safety."—Sacramento (Cal.) News.

## Beware of Damp Beds.

The idea of placing a watch between the sheets of a strange bed and watching for moisture on the glass to see if there is any dampness is a good one, says a drummer, but moisture can be more readily detected by the use of a small piece of gelatine, and many nervous travelers carry a little of this around with them and always test the sheets with it before going to bed. If a thin piece of gelatine is laid between the sheets after five or ten minutes is found to be hard and flat, there is no possible danger; but if it appears sticky after the trial, or if the edges curl up, the traveler had better sleep in his clothes with a rug around him than undress and get into bed which he can be certain is sufficiently damp to create pneumonia or one of a dozen similar ailments.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



## Quincy Monitor.

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## Lent.

Though the observance of Lent goes back to the Apostolic times, yet its length and relative severity was not always the same. The Catholic Church of the East begins this season much earlier than we of the Western Church, owing to their custom of never fasting on Saturdays or Thursdays. They are consequently obliged to make up the time by beginning the season on Septuagesima Sunday. In the Latin or Western Church, up to the sixteenth century, Lent contained only 36 fasting days, beginning Lent, as it did, with the first Sunday. To make up the 40 days, therefore, she added, in the sixteenth century, the four days which precede the first Sunday, and thus began the season, as now, with Ash Wednesday. It must be remembered that Sunday is never a fast day in the church.

It has often been subject for wonder why the Church has chosen herself so lenient in the matter of fasting, of late. In the first place it must be remembered, according to Catholic doctrine, that although fasting in general is sometimes commanded by Our Lord, yet He has never laid down the precept that the faithful should fast on any stated days or seasons. The power of giving or recalling such command is, however, contained in the general authority which he gave to his Church and to his representative on earth, the Sovereign Pontiff. The latter therefore is to determine when a fast is to be imposed or when a long standing custom or precept of fasting is to be revoked. It is always to be understood, however, that there is sufficient reason for such a revocation, nor does the Pope ever grant dispensation from such universal discipline without giving his reasons. The fast of Lent, therefore, being a disciplinary precept of the Church, the Sovereign Pontiff has full power to dispense with it. He has done so on two special occasions in the past three years and he states his reason—the prevalence of sickness among the people. We might note, too, a reason not mentioned, in the fact of terrible famines at present troubling Europe. Our Lenten fast, even in its utmost severity, is but slight when compared to the rigor of primitive fasting. Up to a very late period fast meant to eat absolutely nothing in the day before sunset. Men could then perform the work more easily than now, both on account of their extraordinary faith and also because the multiplication of luxuries, the greater comfort, and the lessening of physical labor have enervated the modern race generally, causing thereby a difficulty of fasting that sometimes amounts to a moral impossibility. These and a hundred other cogent reasons are carefully considered by the authority of the Church before so important an action as a Lenten dispensation is determined upon. While we applaud therefore the Holy Father's solicitude, we ought at the same time to remember that this dispensation is voluntary, and like all dispensations may be accepted or not. To accept it, brings with it the obligation of making up in other ways what we lose by not fasting. This the Holy Father inculcates in the notes of dispensation. The means of compensating for it are provided abundantly by the Church. The first of these are the stations of the cross. A greater attendance on such evenings as they are given must naturally be expected as a mark of gratitude, even if not of duty. Then there are the morning masses every day, and the vesper service every Sunday. All these and a hundred other announcements in public, especially dancing and light (public) entertainments are interdicted as heretofore.

## The Water Question.

One of the correspondents in last month's MONITOR took rather a dubious view of the proposed purchase of the water company's plant and franchise. To my mind the company and the city can never agree as to a price for the plant. It seems, then, that the only course is to leave the matter to arbitration. Surely we must have confidence in somebody, and if three disinterested and capable men be appointed by the supreme court the city will have a right to present its case and its objections, if any, to the price asked by the company. There has been so much talk about watering stock, inflated values, poor pipes, lead water, etc., that those who think this way will have plenty of chance to make their complaints before the arbitrators who will certainly give them proper consideration and investigation. If any or many of these charges be found true, the price of the works will be reduced in proportion. I feel that no injustice will be done the city by commissioners who must value their reputation for honor and integrity far beyond the total value of the water works, and by whom bribery or any attempt at it would be rejected with scorn and indignation.

QUINCY, Mass., Jan. 17, 1892.

At a meeting of the St. John's C. L. & A. of Quincy, held at their hall, Jan. 7, 1892, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That in his death the Almighty God in His infinite mercy and wisdom, to remove from our midst by death an esteemed associate, Jeremiah Lincoln.

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of Divine Providence, yet we cannot but regret the demise of one of our members.

Resolved, That in his death the Association has lost a worthy member, his parents, a loving and devoted son, and his sister, a devoted daughter.

Resolved, That we tender to his parents and his sister our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of bereavement, and while they mourn their loss we would remind them that they will find consolation in Him who dwells all times for the best.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered in the records of the Association, a copy be sent to his parents and one to his sister, and one be published in the Quincy Monitor.

Resolved, That E. Foy, Peter Cahill, P. Driscoll, F. Davenport, Wm. Sullivan, E. Foy, C. Moran, C. H. Higgins, F. Gillespie, Committee on Resolutions.

## St. Patrick's Day.

The recurrence of this festival so dear to every Irish heart brings a feeling of especial gladness to such a heart as it is more-over Catholic. There shone most brightly in this saint that gift of the Apostolate which Christ has left to His church, and which is precious in her eyes to the end of time. The ambassadors, or missionaries, sent by Our Lord to preach his gospel, are of two kinds. There are some who have been entrusted with a small tract of the Gentile world; they had to sow the divine seed there and it yielded fruit, more or less according to the dispositions of the people who received it; then others, again, whose mission is like a rapid conquest that subdues a whole nation and brings it into subjection to the gospel. St. Patrick belongs to this second class, and in him we recognize one of the most successful instruments of God's mercy to mankind. In the fifth century, when Britain was almost wholly buried in Paganism; when the name of the true God; when Germany had no knowledge of Christ's having come on earth; when the country of northern Europe deeply slumbered in infidelity; before these several nations awakened to the Gospel Ireland was converted. The faith, brought by her glorious apostle, took deep root and flourished and fructified in this island more lovingly even to this day than in any other. Her saints are scarcely to be numbered, and went about doing good in almost every corner of Europe; her children gave, and are still giving, in that direction, what should be done to unite the High School with the Adams Academy, which was originally intended to be a school of the grade which the High School ought to be. Between the Adams Academy, which is now in existence, and the Woodward School, which is to be built immediately, there is very little room for any High School, nor will there be in the near future any such grade worthy of the name. To erect a building, costing some \$100,000, for such a purpose would be money thrown away.

This agitation seems to us to be started in order to prevent the erection of the new school house on the plain. Already the tactics that proved successful last year are beginning to crop out. The first side of opposition this year came from an unexpected quarter in the person of the councilman from Ward 2, who raised the question of empty desks in some of the schools, to prove that if the scholars were more evenly distributed there would be room enough for all. The absurdity of this proposition can be seen at a single glance. If there were vacant seats in the Willard or Adams schools, would it be just to send children from Wollaston or Atlantic to fill them?

This plan is brought forward to prove that there is no need of a schoolhouse on the plain by those who are opposed to the school, and this class will do their utmost to defeat the project. We will have to incorporate plans, the merits of which, round and square buildings will be discussed many nights in succession, the new city solicitor will be obliged to consult Blackstone many times on the legal questions which will be propounded by the son of the council, who will sit his loquacity several times at every meeting on the philosophy of school architecture.

## A New High School.

Some folks are advocating the erection of a new High School building. In the present circumstances of the city of Quincy the project seems to us to be extremely silly. If any changes needed in that direction, what should be done is to unite the High School with the Adams Academy, which was originally intended to be a school of the grade which the High School ought to be. Between the Adams Academy, which is now in existence, and the Woodward School, which is to be built immediately, there is very little room for any High School, nor will there be in the near future any such grade worthy of the name. To erect a building, costing some \$100,000, for such a purpose would be money thrown away.

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At last, this beautiful section of Quincy has taken a start that bids fair to be highly beneficial to the community. Several large tracts of land have been opened for sale, and splendid land it is. Adorned by its natural advantages, it is destined to be the most portion of the city, in fact it is a pity that it is not a separate town conducting its own affairs and freed from the bigotry and jealousy of other remote parts of Quincy that have no interests in common with it. Wollaston and Atlantic united would make a magnificent township and would be a suburban delight second to none in the state.

## Atlantic Booms.

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## The New School House.

Councilman Warner is entitled to a vast amount of credit for his bulldog pertinacity in adhering to the proposition for a new school building in Ward 3. His efforts have been crowned with success. Last Monday evening the city council passed to be ordained the order appropriating \$30,000 for the erection of this edifice. In all probability this long-suffering section of the city will have a model school house before next winter.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court in Michigan in respect to the grounds on which a will can be properly contested ought to aid the New York courts materially in determining a knotty case which has come before them. The will in the case is contested on the ground that the testator was in the habit of making execrable puns, especially on the names of friends and acquaintances. Under the spirit of the Michigan decision this habit is not conclusive proof that the capacity to make a will is wanting; and we believe the New York courts will so hold. The relatives of a man so afflicted ought to be contented with the knowledge that he has abandoned it, and let his will stand.

Ask a girl of 14 who a young man is you see on the street, and she will say, "That is Miss 'so' fellow." A girl of that age always classifies a young man in her mind as either a girl's fellow. She may not know his name, or anything else about him, but she knows whose fellow he is all right enough.

## LOCALS.

This is the holy season of Lent. Services are held in St. John's and St. Mary's churches every Wednesday and Friday evenings, and in the Sacred Heart Church, Atlantic, on Thursday evenings. Strive to attend them as often as possible.

Miss Annie Berry has wholly recovered from her recent illness.

The Norfolk Granite Co., in company with Mr. John J. Barry, have opened a quarry of red granite in Braintree.

Mr. Patrick Carey's new double house on Bates avenue is nearly completed.

Druggist J. J. Baker is about to leave the city.

Mr. John Cashman has received the contract to furnish grout for breakwater at Nantasket Beach. He has purchased the Granite Railway Company's grout pile, and in order to facilitate the work he has made a contract with the O. C. R. R. Co. and had a branch track built from the dump to the main track.

The Willard School has finally been supplied with curtains.

The Foresters' hall was a grand financial and social success under the wise management of Grand Marshal James Fennessy and Director Michael Dailey.

Fr. McCarthy and other Jesuit fathers will give a mission in Quincy parish, commencing April 24.

The St. John's C. L. & A. A. netted a goodly sum from their recent entertainment, "Among the Breakers." They propose having a variety entertainment and grand ball on Easter Tuesday.

Judge Humphrey has issued a verdict that no person connected with the O. C. R. R. Co. was in any way to blame for the recent death of Mary E. Finley near the Atlantic depot.

At a recent meeting of the school board, upon motion of Fr. Roche, it was voted to supply the schools with several copies of the magazine, "Our Dumb Animals," each month and have the children taught to care for and treat kindly all animals.

Miss Mary E. Tanner died at her home on Marsh street, on Ash Wednesday, at the early age of 22 years.

Mr. Eugene W. O'Connor of Quincy has gone to New Mexico.

The G. A. R. intend to hold a cake walk soon.

Messrs. Nellie Coffey, Quincy's actress, has been engaged to play the part of Naomi in the "Black Flag" at the Palace Theatre, Boston, commencing March 14.

Messrs. E. F. Young & Co., electrical engineers and contractors, have taken the rooms in the Peter block, recently occupied by Mr. W. E. Brown.

Fr. Francis recovers rapidly and we hope to soon see him out.

On Tuesday, March 1, Mr. John O'Connell of West Quincy and Miss Mary Haley of Milton were married at St. Gregory's Church, Milton. The bride wore a traveling dress of brown Bedford cord, and was attended by her cousin, Miss Mary Craig. Mr. Daniel O'Connell was best man.

Letter Carrier Farrell resumed his duties on Monday, March 7, having recovered from a sick spell.

Miss Elder of Portland, Me., assumed her duties as teacher in the Willard School on Monday, March 7. She is Mr. Suckling's assistant in the A. grammar room.

The Quincy branch of the Land League met Sunday evening, March 6. Resolutions were passed on the death of Mr. Thomas J. Flaherty of Boston. A debate on the water question followed. Those who spoke were: Messrs. George Cahill, John Cavanagh, Cornelius Moylan, George Field, James Sullivan, Arthur Austin, Thomas Carroll, James Collins and others.

Mr. James Desmond is building an addition to the barn near his house, and will have a new floor laid. He also intends building a fence at the rear of his yard, facing T. recent street.

Parents' day will be observed at the Willard school on Friday, March 18. The children will send written invitations to their parents and friends.

Mr. Cornelius Duggan's house on Hancock street, Atlantic, is nearly completed.

The Clark family, recently residing in Atlantic, have moved to Neponset.

Fr. Butler from Washington University was at St. John's Church, Quincy, Sunday, March 6.

Archbishop Williams will ordain some young men to the priesthood about the middle of May.

The evening school at this Willard will be continued through this month. The attendance is excellent.

Wollaston is to have a new postoffice. A large tract of land in Atlantic, consisting of about 35 acres, is to be sold in house lots. It is situated between Squantum and Granite Branch railroad, and will be known as "Mountaineer." A new depot will be established there.

March not only came in like a lion, but brought with it one of the severest storms which has visited this district in many years. The huge snow banks which were piled up in every part of the city required the services of the shovel brigade to clear the roads for travel, especially in Ward 2.

The many friends of Thomas F. Hogan will be pleased to learn that he has returned from Connecticut, where he has been for his health, greatly improved.

Superintendent Weeks of the O. C. R. R. is to be congratulated on his success in handling the late storm. Owing to the heavy drifts on the Point and Atlantic divisions travel on those lines was out of the question during the storm, but the West Quincy division was kept in running order with the exception of a few hours.

Wm. J. Welsh, the popular tailor, has removed his establishment to the postoffice building in the square and is better prepared than ever to attend to the wants of his many customers.

Work was suspended in all the quarries and nearly all the sheds the greater part of last week owing to the storm.

Rev. Fr. Lockney, pastor of a large parish at Henry, Ill., will celebrate mass in Quincy, Sunday, March 13th and 20th. Fr. Lockney was for many years a resident of Quincy and his many friends will be delighted to welcome him. He is here on a short visit to his relatives.

The testimonial to Miss Ellenore Carroll, which was to be held on the evening of March 1 at Hancock Hall, has been postponed on account of the storm to March 9, at the same place.

The local division of the A. O. H. will observe St. Patrick's day by a lecture and entertainment to be given at the Coliseum.

Miss Minnie Tanner died at her home on Marsh street, March 2, after a long sickness. Deceased had been employed as book-keeper by the O. C. R. R. since it started, and had a large circle of friends. The funeral occurred at St. John's Church on the morning of March 4. This family has been sorely afflicted, a father, son and daughter passing away in a short space of time, and the remaining members, the mother and son, have the sympathy of the community.

The St. John's C. L. & A. A. will hold their annual Easter entertainment and ball at the Coliseum, and are preparing to make the affair the event of the season. Particulars next month.

Decorated chairs make nice presents. An old rocking chair may have the rockers removed, and castors placed in the back legs. Let the front ones be placed on blocks or the back ones made shorter to allow for the castors. Pad the back and arms very thickly, and fasten a roll of the padding across the top. Tack a full ruff of silkoline around the bottom, letting it just reach the castors. Cover the back and arms with it, tacking it on plain. Tack it under the roll, in front, or fasten it under with invisible stitches. Make a good-sized cushion for the seat, and on the outside of each arm place a big shirred pocket, tacking the bottom to the seat of the chair. Cover a small hassock in the same material, and a nicer present you cannot find for any old person who sits a good deal. The pockets will prove a treasure to them to hold papers, knitting, or spectacles. —[New Orleans Picayune.

THE CLEANING OF CURTAINS. The cleaning of curtains is often a laborious task. So many stones, sticks and refuse matter of various kinds are found in curtains that many good housekeepers refuse to use them. It is very difficult, if it is possible, to find anything that will give the same flavor to a pudding or cake as curtains. This fruit has a certain acid richness which is very different from the sweet flavor of a good raisin. The little acid, seedless sultana raisin does not approach a currant in flavor; it has a crude acid because it is cured when the grape is in an immature state, before the seed has formed, and consequently it has no richness and fruitfulness of flavor. The best way to clean curtains is to rub a cup of flour into every pound of curtains.

The flour must be rubbed into the curtains thoroughly so as to separate the individual curtains. The curtains must then be rubbed through a coarse sieve. This last sifting will carry with it most of the fine stems. Pick out any stones or larger stems and immerse the curtains in the colander in plenty of cold water, rubbing them well under the water. This will cause any small stems to float. Take out the currants, handful by handful, dry them in a dry towel, spread them on boards or in the bottom of large dripping pans and set them in the closet of the stove under the oven to dry. There are many old-fashioned fruit cakes that owe their whole character to currants, no raisins being used. —[New York Tribune.

HINTS FOR THE SICKROOM. There should be in every house a pair of small porcelain-lined kettles, one kept for sickroom cookery. While a broth might be made in the gruel kettle, a delicate porridge would take to itself the slightest of meat flavors and odors. The "burning down" of food and the "chipping" of the lining, accidents which sooner or later befall kettles in constant use, make them wholly unfit for sickroom service. A fresh rinsing with boiling water immediately at the moment of using should always be given. The rims, balls and ears of these kettles should receive the closest of scrutiny; the brush should be vigorously applied at every washing, and the drying cloth be immaculate. In a fine house, where the crystal and silver shone like sunshine, I once saw a gray shred of dishcloth clinging about the ear of a sauceman in which sage was cooking for a fastidious invalid.

A Delicate Broth.—Use half a gallon of cold water to a pound of meat, which should have the bone crushed but not removed. Bring it to a quick boil in order to throw up the scum. Skin very clean; then set where it will only barely bubble for three hours. Then strain the broth away from the meat, which should be found "cooked to rags." Wash the kettle and return the broth to it, and add salt delicately, as the taste of a person in illness is usually far more sensitive to seasonings than when in health. Let it come to the boiling point and strain again. If the condition of the patient demands it, take on the fine particles of fat by laying a fresh blotting paper or a folded napkin upon the surface for two or three seconds. Serve in a warm bowl.

A Delicate Gruel.—For gruel bring a pint of water to a sharp boil. Meanwhile be stirring two tablespoonsful of either oat or yellow corn meal vigorously in half a pint of cold water. Let this settle for half a minute, then dip off the liquid and add it to the boiling water, stirring well as you do it. Take care that none of the solid particles go in. Add a very little salt. Boil for ten minutes and serve hot. —[Chicago News.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE. WATERING HOUSE PLANTS. Amateurs, as a rule, are not judicious when it comes to watering house plants. In point of fact, this is an important matter, one that controls to a great extent the thrift of the plant. A good plan with most plants is to wait until the soil is quite dry and then water sufficiently to moisten the soil down to the very bottom of the flower pot. Foliage plants ought to be often sponged or syringed so as to keep the leaves free from dust. —[New York World.

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McNARNEY,

and Counsellor-at-Law,

Burgin & Merrill's Block.

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Mrs. W. R. Francis  
is the wife of one of the best known phar-  
maceuticals in New Haven, doing business at  
101 Wall Street, and ex-President of the  
Connecticut Pharmaceutical Association.  
Her husband was for several years in  
charge of the New Haven Dispensary, and  
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**It Did Make Me Better**  
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**Ode to Spring.**

I wakened to the singing of a bird;  
I heard the bird of spring.  
And lo! the green world heard  
At his sweet note  
The flowers began to grow,  
Grass, leaves and everything,  
As if the green world heard  
The trumpet of his tiny throat  
From end to end, and winter and despair  
Fled at his melody, and passed in air.  
I heard at dawn the music of a voice,  
O my beloved, then I said, the spring  
Can visit only once the waiting year;  
The bird can bring  
Only the season's song, nor his the choice  
To waken smiles or the remembering tear!  
But thou dost bring  
Springtime to every day, and at thy call  
The flowers of life unfold, though leaves of  
autumn fall.  
—Mrs. James T. Fields, in the Century.

**A BOX OF DIAMONDS.**

In the year 1867 I found myself at  
Rio Janeiro, Brazil, just out of hospi-  
tal, not a dollar in my pocket, and  
ready to ask the American Consul to  
send me to the United States in the  
name of charity. I had been out with  
an American whaler, and had been  
left there so broken in health that no  
one supposed that I could live two  
weeks. As the ship had taken no oil  
there was nothing coming to me. In-  
deed, I was in debt to her, and but for  
the few dollars raised among the men  
I should have been a pauper on land-  
ing.

One afternoon, while I was on my  
way to the Consul to see what help  
I could obtain, I encountered an Eng-  
lishman, whom I at once identified as  
a sailor—captain or mate. He stopped  
and inquired my name, nativity  
and occupation and when I had given  
him the information he slapped me on  
the back and exclaimed:

"It's a bit of luck that I met you!  
I've got a place for you, and we'll  
drop in somewhere and have a talk."

He was a blunt-spoken man, but a  
cautious one. He did not unfold his  
plans until he had pumped me pretty  
dry and apparently satisfied himself  
that I was a man he wanted. Even  
then I only got a part of the story,  
and am still in the dark as to many  
particulars. The stranger's name was  
Captain Roberts, and he had given  
up the command of an English brig  
on purpose to enter upon a hunt for  
treasure. Two years before, as he  
informed me, a coasting schooner,  
which was carrying half a million  
dollars' worth of diamonds, besides a  
large sum in rough gold, between Rio  
and Montevideo, had been wrecked  
about seventy miles below Porto Ale-  
gre. Why this treasure had been in-  
trusted to a sailing vessel and whether  
it belonged to church or state or  
some individual I never learned. The  
captain had nothing to say about that,  
and I bound myself to secrecy regard-  
ing the whole affair.

How Captain Roberts had located  
the wreck was a matter I did not ask  
about, but I did hear it said that all  
the crew were lost. I was a sailor and  
a diver and he offered to stand all the  
expense of the search and give me  
\$10,000 in gold if I recovered the  
diamonds only. If we got the gold as  
well I was to have a larger share. He  
had chartered a coasting schooner for  
three months, and was then getting  
about whatever he thought would be  
needed. I signed with him that after-  
noon as mate, and three days later  
we had picked up all our crew. For-  
tunately for us a ship came in with  
twelve seamen rescued from a burn-  
ing bark at sea, and we took eight of  
them and a cook. This gave us eleven  
hands all told on the little craft, but  
wrecking is a thing demanding plenty  
of muscle at the cranks, windlasses  
and tail ropes. The crew proper were  
not let into the secret, but signed for  
a voyage to Buenos Ayres and return.

There was a Rio banker behind the  
expedition, as I accidentally discovered,  
but he did not come near the schooner,  
and Captain Roberts visited him only  
by night. We were so well provided  
and provided that it must have  
taken a snug sum of money to fit us  
out. This the banker no doubt ad-  
vanced and took his chances. At the  
Custom House we cleared for the La  
Plata in ballast, but some of that bal-  
last had been taken aboard under  
cover of darkness. We had a diver's  
outfit, timbers, planks, spare casks,  
extra ropes and chains, and about the  
last package received contained a  
dozen muskets and a lot of fixed am-  
munition. We slipped out quietly one  
night with the tide, and before day-  
light came we were far away.

Captain Roberts had a pretty  
fair chart of the neighborhood  
of the wreck, and after a  
string of foreign coins closely re-  
sembling ours at first glance. But the  
law is so inconvenient and unreason-  
able that it will more than likely be  
repealed.

A New Use for Gas.  
A field in which gas is likely to  
play an important part is to heat bot-  
tles and raise steam. The system has  
been at work in a large establishment  
in London, England, and the results  
obtained are simply astounding.  
Burning about 300 cubic feet of gas  
per hour under a 30-foot boiler, steam  
is said to have been raised to 50  
pounds pressure in 40 minutes. Gas  
and air are supplied under pressure to  
pipes that run parallel with and un-  
der the boiler, and furnaces and chim-  
neys are dispensed with.—(Gas  
World.)

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**Possibly the Explanation.**

He—Do you think I—aw—shall  
have a good beard?  
Barber (after close inspection)—I'm  
afraid not, sir.  
He—Aw weally. My father has  
aw very fine beard, you know.  
Barber—Maybe you take after your  
mamma, sir.

**Best of All**

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly  
beneficial manner, when the Springtime  
comes, use the true and perfect remedy,  
Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all  
the family and costs only 50 cents; the large  
size \$1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured  
by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

**Chicago in 1840** had only 4740 inhabitants.  
The city now has a population of 1,200,000.

**Sugar beets** were successfully produced in  
Iowa last season.

**There is more catarrh** in this section of the  
country than all other diseases put together,  
and until the catarrh is cured, no other  
remedy will be of any use. For a great many years  
doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed  
local remedies, but by constantly failing to  
cure with local treatment, pronounced it a  
constitutional disease, and therefore requires  
constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Remedy  
is the only constitutional cure on the  
market. It is taken internally in doses from  
one to two teaspoonsful. It acts directly upon  
the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.  
This offers a cure for any case it fails to cure.  
Send for circulars and testimonials. Address:  
J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, etc.

**"I HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED** with an affection of  
the Throat from childhood, caused by  
lymphatic and have used various remedies,  
but have never found anything equal to  
Hall's Catarrh Remedy. It has cured me of  
my Throat, and I feel better than I have  
for many years. J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
N. E. Ten.

**BECHAM'S PILLS** will cure wind and pain  
in the stomach, indigestion, flatulency,  
dyspepsia, colic and all kinds of ailments.

**At all times, in all places, on all occasions,**  
under all circumstances, for all head-  
aches, use Becham's Pills. Fifty cents.

**IT'S STOPPED HERE** BY DR. KLINE'S GREAT  
NERVE RESTORER. No matter how long you  
have suffered from Nervous Prostration, or  
any other form of Nervous Debility, or  
any other form of Nervous Disease, or  
any other form of Nervous Affliction, or  
any other form of Nervous Trouble, or  
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**Only a Woman.**  
Only a woman, shivering and old.  
The prey of the winds and gray of the cold;  
Clocks that are shrunken,  
Eyes that are sunken,  
Lips that were never o'er laid,  
Only a woman, forsaken and poor,  
Asking for alms at the bronze church door.  
Hark to the organ—roll upon roll  
The waves of its music go over the soul,  
Silks rustle past her,  
Faster and faster,  
The great bell ceases its toll,  
Fain would she enter, but not for the poor  
Swingeth wide open the bronze church door.  
Only a woman, waiting alone,  
Folly cold on an ice-cold stone.  
What do they care for her,  
Murmuring a prayer for her,  
Giving not bread, but a stone?  
Under rich lace their haughty hearts beat,  
Mocking the woes of their kin in the street.  
Only a woman! In the old days  
Hope creoled to her the happiest days,  
Somebody missed her,  
Somebody crowned her with praise,  
Somebody faced out the battle of life,  
Strung for her sake who was mother and wife.  
Somebody lies with a tress of her hair  
Light on his heart where the death shadows  
are,  
Somebody waits for her,  
Opening the gates for her,  
Giving delight for despair.  
Only a woman—never more!  
She is dead in snow at the bronze church door.  
—[Christian Intelligencer.]

## MIRZA.

Marcellus, the young photographer, had established himself in an out of the way corner of the city, and it was not long before he discovered that he had made a mistake. In spite of his alluring placards and his show case full of specimen portraits, his clients became more and more scarce until business came to standstill, the savings left him by his mother were all spent and the photographer was on the point of being turned out by his landlord. He had not tasted food for twenty-four hours and so giving himself up to despair he had resolved to die.

Accordingly, he went down stairs and into a neighboring shop to buy a bushel of charcoal on credit. Old Barabazange, the proprietor of the place was out, but his daughter came forward to wait upon the photographer. Louise was a pretty girl in spite of the coal-dust specks upon her face and Marcellus had had many an opportunity of admiring her; for she was one of his few customers. This time, however, he made no response to her smiles and his manner was constrained and cold. The poor fellow was not thinking of pretty girls at that moment. As he took the charcoal from her he said sadly:

"I will pay for it next time I pass—before I go away," and she exclaimed in surprise.  
"You are going away, Mr. Marcellus?"  
"Yes, I am going on a long journey. I cannot make a living here—there is no use trying any longer," and he left her.

Louise is a bright girl; she had read despair in the young man's eyes, when he spoke of a long journey, and her little heart began beating wildly. He was about to kill himself with charcoal fumes, and how could she prevent it? What should she do? Tell her father? He was not at home; and besides, he always sneered at Marcellus and called him a fop. Should she report to the police? She did not dare, for how could she prove her suspicions? Yet she must save him, and there was no time to lose, perhaps at that moment he was preparing—an inspiration came to her as she stood there.

Upstairs in the second apartment lived an old lady, very rich and very benevolent, who had often taken an interest in Louise. Madame Versey lived all alone with only her pet dog Mirza for company, and without a moment's hesitation the girl hurried to her, leaving the shop to a neighbor's care.

"Oh, Madame!" she cried as the old lady opened the door, "you are so good and so rich, you can prevent a great calamity!"  
"What do you mean, child? you are all out of breath!"

"One of our neighbors, a young man, a very good man, is going to suffocate himself!"

"For love of you, perhaps," said Madame Versey.

"No, indeed!" replied Louise blushing hotly, "it is not love, but starvation."

"Where is he?" asked the lady.

"Next door—the photographer," said Louise, and her listener said slowly:

"But how can I prevent it, my dear?"

"Why you could go and have your picture taken," cried the girl, "that would encourage him, and give him some dinner for today at least. Orders are paid for in advance, you know. Oh, Madame, I beg of you, come with me at once or you will be too late. He may be dying at this moment!"

"I cannot let a human being die of want if there is any way of preventing it," said Madame Versey. "I will go with you, and the young man shall photograph my dear little Mirza."

Five minutes later there was a violent ringing at the door of Marcellus' apartment, but it was not until Louise had nearly pulled out the wire in her agitation that the door was opened. When at last the photographer ap-

peared he was pale, and seemed to stagger, and as the new comers entered, they perceived a heavy odor of charcoal smoke.

"I have come to have my pet dog photographed," said the old lady in a calm tone, and the young man stammered:

"But, but, Ma—dame—"

"You are the photographer, are you not?" she interrupted brusquely.

"Yes, Madame, but, but—"

"But you have not many customers, I suppose you mean to say. They will soon come, you must have patience. Several of my friends wish to have their pictures taken, and I will send them here. But now, open your windows, the room is very unpleasant. Come here, Mirza, my pet!"

The young man obeyed her in wonder, and while he was preparing the plates, Louise whispered tearfully:

"Oh, how could you? It was very wrong."

"You knew then?" he said in amazement. But Mirza was waiting to be photographed. She was a fat, shapeless creature of several different breeds, low-legged, bald in spots, and nearly blind.

Twenty times she posed, full face, profile, standing, sitting, lying down, now on her mistress' lap, now on a cushion, now in the arms of Louise, until the artist felt his spirits rising, and the look of hopelessness left his eyes.

Madame Versey was as good as her word, and the very next day many of the tradespeople of the neighborhood came to the photographer and had their pictures taken, and the wine merchant having just married off his daughter, brought the whole of the bridal party to Marcellus' studio.

One day the old lady died, and in her will she left Louise a legacy of three thousand francs as a marriage dower, on condition of her wedding the young photographer. The girl's father gave his consent, although he held all artists in contempt, and the happy pair adopted Mirza.

They have been married two years now and have a little son. The neighborhood is more thickly populated than it was, business is good, and pretty Louise assists her husband in taking photographs, which occupation she evidently likes better than selling charcoal. —[From the French, in Epoch.]

## How Jewish Meat is Killed.

From "The Jews in New York," in the Century, we quote as follows: One of the largest abattoirs in the city, covering an ample block, owned and operated by men of Jewish race and faith, is remarkable for its smooth and effective working, and admirable distribution of parts. An average of eight hundred cattle, between three and five years old, pass through it in each of the business days of the year. Arriving from the West at the river-front, they ascend one by one to the fateful enclosure, where an adept employ fastens a chain around the hind leg of each. Hoisted by machinery, the bovine falls gently on one shoulder, and in most instances without a cry. Occasionally, however, some brute, maddened by sight and smell of blood, breaks out into the slaughter-house, and creates disturbance that is speedily quelled by its own despatch. Submissive companions, with neck twisted to expose the throat, quickly feel the shochet's long and shining knife. The shochet himself is a stalwart fellow, cool and wary withal, who rarely makes a useless motion. He is a religious man and of good moral character, as his license from Rabbi Jacob, chief of certain orthodox congregations in the metropolis, avouches. The livestream in torrents follows the movements of the blade. This is "shechita," the killing. It ensures complete effusion of blood, in which may be germs of disease which otherwise might find entrance into human bodies. Next follows "bedipah," the examination of instrument and victim. If a nick appear on the keen edge of the knife, that by extremists is held to imply unnecessary suffering, injurious chemical change, and consequent unfitness of the carcass for market. If there be none, lungs, liver and heart, the entire body indeed, are minutely inspected.

## Practice Makes Perfect.

Cats are often accused of being cruel animals, because of the habit they have of teasing and torturing the prey they catch before killing it. "As a cat plays with a mouse" is a phrase that has passed into a proverb. St. George Mirart has published his theory to this effect, that, inasmuch as pussy always secures her game by pouncing, this playing with the victim after she has caught it, letting it go a little way and pouncing upon it again, is done for the sake of practice in what is necessarily a difficult exercise requiring much expertness. The instinctive fear which cats have of dogs is illustrated very amusingly by stroking a dog and then caressing a blind and new-born kitten with the same hand that has touched the dog. At once the kitten will spit and fluff itself up in the most absurd way, distinguishing the smell of the beast which experience for thousands of generations has taught it most to dread. —[Washington Star.]

## BIGGEST OF CANALS.

America Possesses the Greatest Artificial Waterway.

Immense Tonnage Passing Through the Sault Ste. Marie.

The greatest ship canal in the world, measured by the tonnage passing through it, is on American soil. Few Americans realize this, as few of us at any time or on any subject realize so far as mere material expansion goes we lead the world. No nation approaches us save England in iron and coal. In any one of the world's great staple products a third or more of the world's product will generally be found to be produced by the United States. The Sault Ste. Marie Canal 1891 passed, according to a report just made, 9744 registered craft, or registered or unregistered together, 10,191. The former carried 8,888,759 tons.

But for the low stage of water, the late opening of navigation and the sinking of a steamer in the canal, the tonnage would have reached 10,500,000 tons. The actual figures are already, and have been for several years past, in advance of those of the Suez Canal. The Sault Ste. Marie has now for two years handled over 700,000 more tons yearly. Its increase for some years on the Suez Canal has been small, and the excess of tonnage handled by the Sault Canal in 1891 was probably at least 1,000,000 tons.

In the value of its freight the Suez Canal is undoubtedly far in advance of the Sault. A careful calculation in 1882, when the Suez Canal was passing only 5,074,809 tons, showed that out of \$710,000,000 of merchandise passing between the United Kingdom and India, Ceylon, the Straits, China and Australia, \$450,000,000 went through the Suez Canal. As England furnishes about three-fourths of the trade through the canal, it is safe to assume that ten years ago \$600,000,000 of freight were passing through the Suez Canal.

The tonnage since then has increased over one-third, and while prices have fallen heavily on all the commodities carried, the value of its transit trade last year was at a fair estimate at least \$700,000,000. The Sault carried in 1891 merchandise valued at \$128,178,208, or barely one-fifth of the value on the Suez Canal. In seven years, 1885 to 1891, the Sault tonnage has more than doubled, rising in value from \$63,413,472. In the previous four years it nearly doubled, being \$28,965,613 in 1881.

The difference between the two canals in the value of their tonnage is, of course, due to the widely different character of freights. One-half of the Sault freight is iron ore. Of 13,235,357 net tons of iron ore produced in this country in 1890 the Sault Canal carried 4,774,768. The rest of its freight was grain, lumber and copper. The Suez Canal carries the silks, spices, teas and coffees of the East. The growth of the Sault has, as will be seen, been far more rapid than that of the Suez Canal. Up to 1881 the Sault was a state canal, and in that year the new United States lock was opened. The tonnage in 1880 was 1,750,000 tons. In five years it had nearly doubled, and in five years more it has again nearly doubled. The Suez carried 435,911 tons in 1870, its first year; it tripled its tonnage by 1872, reaching 1,439,169 tons. In 1875 its tonnage had doubled; by 1880 it had doubled again, and the advance in ten years since has been about one-third.

The most remarkable advantages which the Sault Ste. Marie Canal has, however, is that it is toll-free. The Suez Canal being a private corporation and enjoying a monopoly, advances its revenue with its business. The tolls which it levied in 1889 were \$13,800,000. One-half of this, or \$6,800,000, was profit. The annual profits are about three times the cost of the present Sault Ste. Marie Canal. It is, it is true, only a mile long, while the Suez Canal is ninety-nine miles and cost \$100,000,000. On the other hand, the Suez Canal has no locks, while the Sault has the largest lock in the world, 515 by 80 feet, with an 18-foot lift. The new lock now under construction is to be even larger—800 by 100, with 18-foot lift—and is to cost \$4,738,865. The Suez Canal passes a vessel in sixteen hours, say six miles an hour. The Sault Ste. Marie slips a vessel through in fifteen minutes, or eighty-four vessels in twenty-four hours. The enlargement of the Suez Canal now under way is to cost \$41,000,000; meanwhile it pays eleven per cent. on ordinary and seventeen per cent. on preferred shares. The Sault, a Government enterprise—which we are often assured is more expensive than private—charges nothing. The rapid growth of traffic on the Sault Ste. Marie Canal is itself only a part of the great increase of traffic on the lakes. The freight tonnage passing through the Detroit River in 1889 was 19,717,860 tons, or nearly four times that of the Suez Canal. The vessels on the Great Lakes at the close of the same year were 2784 in number; their gross tonnage was 924,479, and their valuation \$20,805,750. While these vessels cost only half of 1 per cent. as much as the rail-

roads of the United States, they carried 22 per cent. as many ton-miles. This tonnage was carried for about \$23,000,000, or one-seventh what it would have cost at the average rail rate.—[Philadelphia Press.]

## A Moving Tail.

Some one is acquainted with a very fascinating and wonderfully intelligent dog named Lion, who shows plainly that he knows just what is said to him, and also what is said about him to others. He manages to do considerable talking himself with his tail, and a conversation took place one day, when a lady called on his mistress, that amused the visitor very much. During her call, Lion walked into the parlor with an air of being the right dog in the right place, laid himself comfortably down on the soft carpet, and closed his eyes in great content.

"What a handsome dog you have!" said the lady, as her eyes rested on the noble-looking animal.  
Lion opened one eye at this.

"Yes," replied his mistress; "and what is still better, he is a very good dog, and takes excellent care of the children."

The other eye was opened now, and Lion waved his tail to and fro along the carpet.

"When the baby goes out," continued his mistress, "he always goes with her, and I feel sure then that no harm can come to her."

Lion's tail thumped violently up and down on the floor.

"And he is so gentle to them all, and such a nice playmate and companion, that we would not take a thousand dollars for him."

The tail seemed in danger of being thumped and shaken off; it went up and down, to and fro, round and round, in such uproarious glee.

There was something different, however, to come. "But Lion has one fault," added the speaker.

The tail was now perfectly quiet, as though it had been turned into stone, and if ever a dog's face expressed disappointment and uneasiness, Lion's did at that moment.

"Again and again I told him that he must not come into the parlor with dirty feet and lie down on the carpet, and again and again does he disobey me."

Poor Lion! The visitor really pitied him, his expression was so utterly wretched and crestfallen. He packed up, as it were, his eloquent tail, and slunk mournfully out of the room in the deepest humiliation.—[Harper's Young People.]

## A Double-Edged Joke.

A young man who is now well established in his profession told a reporter a story of an experience he had when a student in a Chicago medical college. In this college there was an irascible old janitor upon whom the young medics were always playing tricks. In the basement of the college were two "pickling vats," and one day the boys decided that one of their number should slip down and conceal himself between the tanks, and when the janitor made his tour of that portion of the building to appear before the old man wrapped in a sheet. In due course of time the janitor put in an appearance, making his final round of inspection of the building for the night.

As the janitor approached the tanks the young man came out from his hiding place and said, in a sepulchral voice: "I want to get out of here." The janitor was unmoved for an instant only; then, taking in the true situation, he seized the student by the nape of the neck and around the waist, and saying, "You will not get out of here; go back where you belong," lifted him up bodily and threw him into one of the vats, which contained several subjects. The young man was extricated from his horrible position by his companions, who were close at hand to enjoy the janitor's scare, but it was several weeks before he could forget his experience sufficiently to enjoy his meals.—[Washington Post.]

## Columbian Fair Memorial Building.

Mr. Baker proposes a total expenditure of \$1,000,000 for the building, and declares that if this were furnished, there would be forthcoming contributions of specimens and articles of historic interest aggregating \$3,000,000 in value. The whole state of Illinois ought to unite in subscribing the million desired, for the museum will be an incalculable benefit to the state as well as one of its proudest possessions. Philadelphia rejoices to-day in the possession of two beautiful memorials of her exposition—Horticultural Hall and Memorial Hall, both situated in Fairmount Park, and both containing collections which are among the largest and finest of their kind in the country. Nothing would induce her to part with these, to have their beneficent influence eliminated from the community. The city and state contributed through large appropriations to the erection of these institutions, nearly two millions of dollars going into the construction of them, but the outlay has never been regretted. It will be all the greater honor to Chicago and Illinois if they can erect their memorial by private aid alone.—[Century Times of the Times.]

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Youth sings, Age listens.  
The mind makes the morals.  
Matrimony is what you make it.  
When a woman reasons she hardens.

Energy should be the slave of discretion.  
Diligence is the mother of good fortune.

Curiosity is one of the forms of feminine bravery.  
Flattery labors under the odious charge of servility.

Nothing resembles pride so much as discouragement.  
Censure is a tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Early to bed and early to rise gives a man sunshine in his eyes.

The power of beauty knows no laws of statics or dynamics.

A short horse is soon carried off when one has a curry-comb.

Falsehood is often rocked by truth; but she soon outgrows her cradle and discards her nurse.

Talking and eloquence are not the same; to speak and to speak well are two things. A fool may talk, but a wise man speaks.

A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone and die not worth a groat at last.

There is no despair so absolute as that which comes with the first moments of our first great sorrow, when we have not yet known what it is to have suffered and be healed, to have de paired and have recovered hope.

## Loading a Gun on a Ship of War.

When we are ready to load a modern gun the second gun captain turns a little crank on top of the breech, which revolves the breech plug, thereby unfastening it. He then takes hold of a handle and pulls, and the breech of the gun opens on a hinge like a door. The sponge is run in from the breech, and plenty of water is thrown in, thus quickly and thoroughly cleansing the chamber of the gun. Two men come up with the shell in a pair of tongs like an ice-man's. They insert the nose of the shell in the gun, and another man steps up with a rammer and pushes it in. Two more men come up with the powder charge, and it is pushed into the chamber in the same way. The man at the breech plug closes it, turns the crank, and it is locked. The gun captain opens a little flap in the gun-lock, which is in the centre of the breech, and inserts a primer. He cocks the lock, which works with a spring, and steps back with the lock-string. The second captain sets the breech sight to the proper range. On top of the sight is a little sliding leaf which can be set so as to allow for the speed at which the ship is passing the object to be fired at. Now the trainers take their places, one on each side of the carriage, at the training cranks, by means of which the breech of the gun is raised or lowered. The gun captain steps back, and, glancing over the sights, directs the trainers to move the breech right or left, as he desires, and the elevators to raise or lower. The instant that the sights are on the object, he fires. No one needs to move away from the gun, and it can be fired even while the training and elevating gear is in motion. The moment the gun is discharged, the order is given to sponge, and the operations above described are repeated.—[Harper's Young People.]

## A Powerful Engine of Destruction.

A rocket torpedo has been tested at Newport, R. I., that from present authentic information, will be a powerful engine of destruction, and will cause a wonderful change of tactics in the present method of torpedo attack and defense. The invention is on the same principle as a rocket, and its aerial flight is about as far as other torpedoes, but twice as fast. It is extraordinarily simple—nothing more than an ordinary rocket tube, with an orifice at the stern for the escape of the gas, with which it is charged. There are also vent-holes on the side in the forward section. It can just as easily be fired from a fast boat as from land. When it strikes the water a fuse ignites the powder and it then shoots through the water with gas escaping from the stern and side, which works flanges, giving the rocket torpedo terrific force. One feature is that when the gas is exhausted and no object is struck, the machine sinks to the bottom and is not a danger to navigation. The machine is fourteen feet long, fourteen inches in diameter and weighs four hundred pounds.—[Once A Week.]

## The Boiler Burst.

Gallant Cowboy (after a soul-weary performance by pretty ho-tess)—Er—what was that you just played?  
Miss Pianothump—"Impromptu No. 976," by Poundwhiski. Did you like it?  
Gallant Cowboy (with an effort)—Oh, yes, yes, every note of it, as you play it—yes, indeed. I was entranced by your—er—lovely touch, you know. But if I ever catch that composer, I'll shoot him.—[New York Weekly.]

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# Quincy Monitor.

VOL. VI. NO. 1.

QUINCY, MASS., APRIL, 1892.

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### A SLUMBER SONG.

I'll dream you stand outside the window,  
My old whispering tree,  
I'll dream you lean outside the window,  
My old honey bee,  
I'll dream you sit outside the window,  
With your pleasant hum,  
In and out your little hum,  
As you go and come,  
Gather me the honey of sleep,  
Through the dead, sweet, sunny light,  
Where your hum is soft and deep,  
Sadder than this barren night,  
Little humming, golden bees,  
Humming bees,  
Hum me to slumber,  
To slumber.

And from the sweet old summer garden,  
Flashing to and fro,  
And from the bright old summer garden,  
Where the flies buzz,  
From the hollyhock's high chamber,  
Humming loud and low,  
Where the morning glories cluster,  
As you come and go,  
From the old days fly to me,  
From a dream around my brain,  
Hum old sweetest dreamily,  
And my old, soft sleep again,  
Little humming, golden bees,  
Humming bees,  
Hum me to slumber,  
To slumber.

—Irene Putnam in Good Housekeeping.

**Lace-making in France.**  
It was estimated in 1876 that there were 500,000 laceworkers in Europe, of which 150,000 were women, and that in Belgium alone there were over 900 lace schools, many of which were in the convents. No wonder it is then that the most remarkable pieces of point lace are found as heirlooms all through Belgium, one of which is described as a three cornered shawl as delicate as if woven by a spider and so fine it can be drawn through a ring. Until 1865 French laces were so coarse that the people would not wear them, in spite of several ordinances of the French government.

This led Colbert to start the manufacture of new designs at his own country seat, near Alencon, from patterns brought from Flanders, Venice and Geneva, under the supervision of Mme. Colbert, a native of Alencon, with thirty skilled lace-makers. The results of this scheme soon became the rage, so that no more money went out of the country, to the delight of the shrewd Colbert. —Brooklyn Eagle.

**A New Jersey Sweet Apple.**  
Nature must have been in a humorous mood when she made the Sweet Greening. She has turned out an apple which is peculiar to itself. This variety is large and firm. Its coat is a very pale, yellowish green, sometimes almost white. It is rather sticky, but the skin is thin and tender. The best way to eat it is to rinse it in lukewarm water and bite it off without peeling it. If peeled and quartered it will not taste half so good.

This variety is grown almost altogether in Monmouth county, N. J. Nearly all of the crops are shipped to the New York market. The greater part of each crop is consumed in this city. —New York Evening Sun.

**America as Taught in Foreign Schools.**  
It is said that American girls who have been educated abroad never grow to look with respect upon the land of their birth and its institutions. Brought up in the midst of the pagantry of monarchical conditions they grow to love the splendor and deem the simplicity of American customs barren. American history is insufficiently taught, American customs ridiculed by tales in which they are shown distorted by the fancy of the narrator. Even the geography of this country is neglected. —Philadelphia Press.

**One of the Queen's Admirers.**  
William Wilberforce, writing to Hannah More in 1790, says: "In consequence of a very civil message from the Duchess of Kent I waited on her this morning. She received me with her little girl on the floor by her side, with her playthings, of which I soon became one."

The little princess is now a great-grandmother, and is known to the world as Queen Victoria. —Youth's Companion.

**Does Humanity Degenerate if Left Alone?**  
We find no instance yet of the wolf evolving itself into life-human, but we have instances of the human easily losing its most essential characteristics and taking on the type of the wolf. Does the human life left to itself find degradation more natural than development? Rev. J. H. Seeley in Congregationalist.

**Tiresome Jokes.**  
Low Comedian. These newspaper jokes about theatrical companies busting up and the actors walking home are getting rather tiresome.

**Heavy Man reflectively.** Yes, but not half so tiresome as the walking. —New York Weekly.

**Whistling During a Rehearsal.**  
To whistle in the theater during a rehearsal is a sign that some one will die, or that you are "piping" a member of the company out of an engagement. There is nothing to counteract the evil of this. —Chicago Herald.

**Brave Men.**  
Men can be found who are willing to go to Africa as missionaries who are not willing to take care of a cross baby for the first wife for an hour. —Ram's Horn.

**Wood Poles Losing Favor.**  
Telegraph poles made of iron are

being largely employed in Europe. They are both light and strong. —New York Journal.

**He Didn't Recognize Them.**  
"I was coming down to Chicago from St. Paul the other day when an incident occurred on the sleeper which created considerable merriment," said a passenger agent of the Northwestern road. "A farmer got on the train at Janesville and climbed into the sleeper. He was a rough looking old gentleman and his boots were very muddy—I think the mudiest I ever saw. They were immense affairs, and seemed to weigh several pounds each. He stumbled into the car in an embarrassed manner, and seemed unused to such luxurious surroundings. He tumbled in to his berth, and we soon heard him snoring furiously. My berth was next to his, and I heard him dressing the next morning. Suddenly I heard an exclamation of pleasure and surprise.

"Then ain't mine," he remarked to himself. "Somebody has made a mistake and left his boots here."

"He rang the bell for the porter and said: 'You've made a mistake. They ain't my boots.' 'Yes, th' be sah,' replied the porter. 'I know dem's yos, case I put 'em dah.' 'Well, don't say nothin' 'bout it. Here's a dollar, but if anybody claims 'em you'll have to give it back to me.' —Chicago Mail.

**Plate Glass Vandals.**  
The plate glass of the Fifth Avenue hotel is badly disfigured, but the vandals are still in the ring. The peculiar "corollation" of the plate glass the donkey and the diamond ring form an interesting study for the proprietors of public resorts. In New York it requires more vigilance on the part of hotel detectives to prevent this single act of vandalism than it does to guard against pickpockets. The other day a young man was caught cutting his initials with a diamond ring on a brand new fifty dollar plate glass window at one of the newest hotels up town. When he was taken to task about it he admitted it and treated it as a good joke. But it was no joke when he saw this item in his bill. "For one plate glass window cut with diamond ring, fifty dollars." The vandals are not always men. A lady walking through a corridor with another lady called attention to a disfigured window with, "Now, I wonder what idiot did this?"

"I did it," replied the other, and the relations of the pair are now somewhat strained. —New York Herald.

**What a Lover Should Be.**  
To sum up what a woman wants a lover to be:  
She wants him to be strong—that is where the athlete wins.  
She wants him to be brave and daring, even with her.  
She wants him to be tender and loving and good.  
She wants him to be superior to her in will power and intellect, because she must admire him. She wants him to be generous, and sometimes he has to save his pennies to be so.  
She wants him to think she is the sweetest, the prettiest, the best, the dearest girl in the world, and she wants him to tell her so every day in the year.  
She wants him to be handsome, but she is sure to think he is, even if all the rest of the world think differently.

She wants him to be unhappy if she is not with him. And she wants him—well, just to be her lover. —Philadelphia Music and Drama.

**Mythical Snakes.**  
The cause of persons whose nerves are excited by protracted and excessive use of stimulants seeing the shapes of animals passing before them is not due wholly to imagination. In fact, the fancy only operates to induce a belief that what is seen is alive and hideous.

The eyeball is covered by a network of veins, ordinarily so small that they do not intrude themselves visibly in the path of the light that enters the sight, but in the course of some diseases these veins are frequently congested and swollen to such a size as to become visible, and when this happens the effect generally is to appear as if there were an object of considerable size at a distance from the eye.

Of course this vein is generally long, thin and sinuous like a serpent. —Hall's Journal of Health.

**How to Become a Pulpit Orator.**  
Apropos of the discussion respecting the pulpit power of a great preacher, the following lines by the late Dr. Litchfield, an eminent London Nonconformist minister, on the method of delivering a sermon may be interesting:

Begin low: When most impressed  
Proceed low: To spirit west form;  
Rise higher: Sit down in a storm.  
Take fire: Philadelphia Record.

**Not the Coffee.**  
Customer—This coffee tastes like an old tobacco pipe.  
Waiter—I'll bring you a basin of water so you can wash y'r mustache.  
—Goo! News.

**A Horse's Strength.**  
The average weight of a horse is 1,000 pounds, his strength is equivalent to that of five men. In a horse mill moving at three feet per second, track twenty-five feet diameter, he exerts with the machine the power of 44 horses. The greatest amount a horse can pull in a horizontal line is 900 pounds, but he can only do this momentarily; in continued exertion probably half of this is the limit. —Humane World.

### HE DIED SMILING.

The fact that the Deacon had his boots on eased his mind at the last. Camp Hard Luck was six months old, and we hadn't lost a man by death. Now and then one had met with an accident to lay him up for a few weeks, but it was a subject of congratulation that no one had actually turned up his toes. Almost while we congratulated ourselves on this good fortune, Deacon White took to his bed and became seriously ill. The deacon was a quiet, dignified man, who never thawed, and he was the acknowledged peace-maker of the camp.

The chaps just over the hill at Cherry Diggins were a quarrelsome, bawling lot, and but for the efforts of Deacon White there would have sometimes been rows in which somebody would have got hurt.

Three days after the deacon was taken down he sent for two or three of us to pay him a special visit. When we had come together in his shanty he said:

"Boys, I'm a very sick man. It's my last sickness. I'm an old man, and I realize that I've got to go."

We knew that it was a serious case, but yet we talked encouragingly and tried to brace him up.

"It's no use," he protested after we had had our say. "I've got to die, and the only question is how I shall go. If I die in my bed the boys won't like it. It would look too womanish, and the fellows over the hill would have another chance to brag. They've had three men die, and all died with their boots on."

As a matter of fact we were a bit tender on that point, but we were willing to make an exception in the case of the deacon. He was not a fighting man, and he couldn't be expected to get up off a dying bed and get in the way of a bullet. We talked and argued with him, and apparently made him see things as we did, and after an hour or so we returned to work, leaving him in the care of a man whose foot had been hurt and who was just able to limp around.

This was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. At about 4 o'clock a Cherry Diggins man appeared on the crest of the hill and began whooping and yelling and giving our camp the grand yell. Following our usual line of conduct, we paid no attention to him, but he kept on seeking a quarrel, and by and by something happened to startle us. We heard a ringing war whoop and looked up to see Deacon White, fully dressed and having a revolver in his hand, striding up the trail.

The man left with him had fallen asleep, and the deacon had dressed and armed himself without anybody being the wiser. He was a man six feet tall, but he looked to be a foot more as we saw him now. His long black hair was blowing out behind from under his hat, and the yell he uttered as he swept up the trail sent chills over every man of us.

The chap from Cherry Diggins must have been dumfounded. He ceased his shouting and stood stock still until the deacon came within pistol shot and opened fire. Then he turned to flee, but a bullet in the leg brought him down. The deacon continued to advance, firing all the time, when we suddenly saw him throw up his arms and fall at full length. Only then did any of us move. It had all come upon us in such a way that we stood spellbound. When we did move a hundred of us went together, and in three minutes we were at the crest of the hill.

There lay the deacon, shot through the heart, and there lay the Cherry Diggins man, having four bullets in him and dead enough before we got there. As we looked down on the face of the deacon we expected to see it wild and distorted, but it was not so. There was a smile there—a smile fading away into pallor as death claimed the victory. He had died with his boots on and saved Camp Hard Luck from being disgraced in the eyes of Cherry Diggins. —Detroit Free Press.

**Agassiz the Teacher.**  
Agassiz was above all else a teacher. His mission in America was that of a teacher of science, of science in the broadest sense as the orderly arrangement of all human knowledge. He would teach people to know, not simply to remember or to guess. He believed that men in all walks of life would be more useful and more successful through the thorough development of the powers of observation and judgment. He would have the student trained through contact with real things, not merely exercised in the recollection of the book descriptions of things. "If you study nature in books," he said, "when you go out of doors you cannot find her."

Professor David Starr Jordan in Popular Science Monthly.

**A Horse's Strength.**  
The average weight of a horse is 1,000 pounds, his strength is equivalent to that of five men. In a horse mill moving at three feet per second, track twenty-five feet diameter, he exerts with the machine the power of 44 horses. The greatest amount a horse can pull in a horizontal line is 900 pounds, but he can only do this momentarily; in continued exertion probably half of this is the limit. —Humane World.

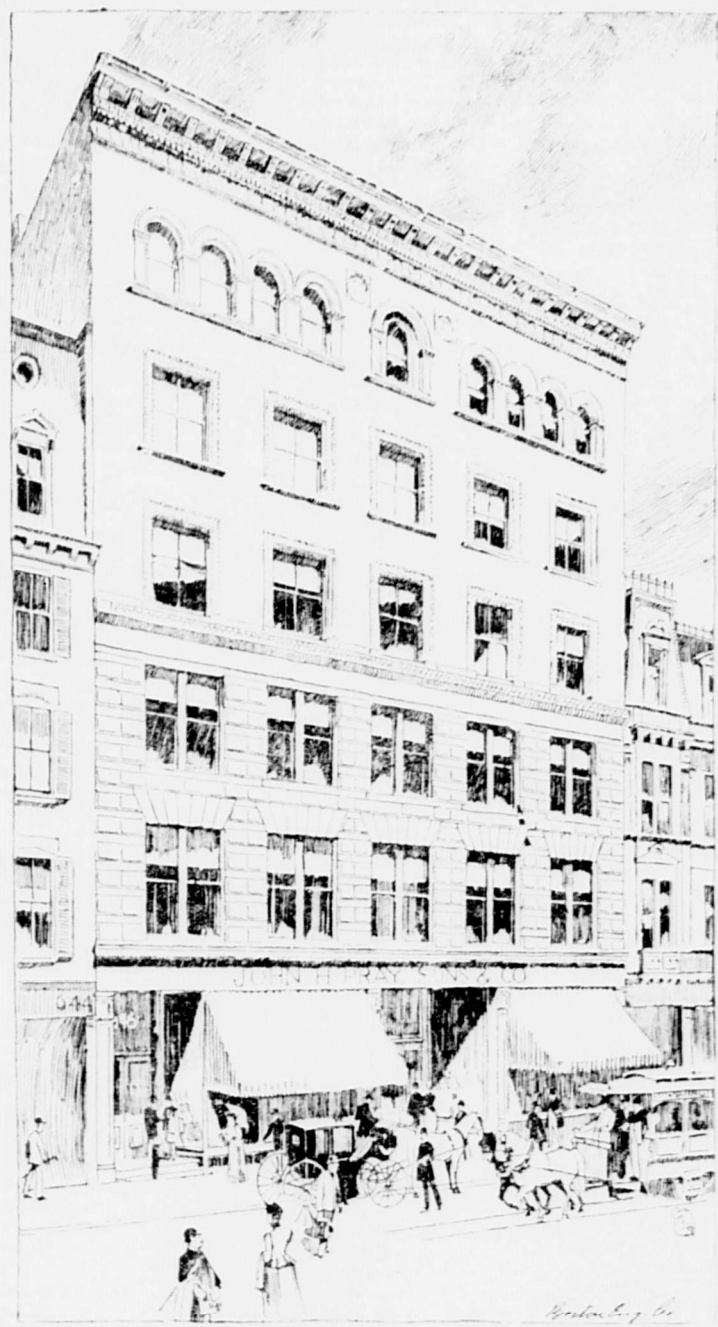






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medical friend, he received a telegram reading: "Dear Harry—Little Jack has swallowed a silver five-cent piece. I am almost distracted. Telegraph me what you think had better be done." The dispatch was handed to the doctor, who said: "As there's no danger at all, it will be all right if the youngster is given a dose of oil."

With a sigh of relief the relieved father thereupon wired: "Dear Edith—Don't worry. I have sent another five-cent piece by this evening's post."

Later on he telegraphed about the oil, but the awful mockery of his first dispatch was too much for the young mother, and she declares she will not forget it for a long while, "if ever."

Where Leeches Come From.  
The large leeches, such as those of Japan, which reach two feet in length, are not in common use, nor are certain poisonous sorts, such as the small black leeches of Australia. The thick, fat, fence-worms of Hungary, Sicily and France are preferred by practitioners who use leeches, and it is from those countries that the rest of the world is supplied. The San Francisco leech farm is formed by placing quantities of the ooze of the Bordeaux swamps, especially imported for the purpose in large boxes with tight covers.

The leeches, here about through the muck until wanted for sale, when they are counted out, washed off and disposed of, ready to bite any living thing, and hang on until they are swollen to eight or ten times their ordinary size. Then they drop off and lie dormant until assimilation shall have been finished and hunger again arouses them. San Francisco Examiner.

Animals Hate "Nerves."  
A correspondent writing of the menagerie connected with the Paris National History museum, says the lionesses, tigresses and female leopards are subject to "nerves," and frequently have to be treated with large doses of bromalium to calm them. The elephant suffers from toothache, and one of its teeth had to be stuffed. The sanguinary creature endured the operation of filing and boring with great patience, only rapidly waving its trunk when the pain was violent. When all was over it showed its gratitude by caressing M. Sauverre with the fingerlike extremity of its proboscis. Vossische Zeitung.

Discovery of a Gutta Serena Forest.  
It is reported that a new forest of the most valuable species of gutta serena has been discovered near Singapore. This particular quality of gutta serena was formerly in great demand for submarine cables, but the ignorant natives where the forests were located destroyed the trees in their eagerness to supply the market. Exchange.

There are two resorts down town where you can meet almost anybody at some hour during the middle of the day at the Cafe Savarin or at the Astor House naturally. A good many business men of the lower city seem to make it a part of their business to drop in at one or both of these places every day. It is well known that some are likely to meet people there they don't wish to see. Happened to mention this peculiarity to a gentleman and he said:

It is because the set you look for come here, that's all. There are plenty of other places each having its satellites. The business world has a beaten track for the most part. That is, most business men, being regular in their habits, do mostly the same thing every day. They can't help it. They may studiously vary for a short time, but they soon fall back into the rut. Most of these men lead a life as humdrum as that of a horse-breaking tankard. Men of good business habits, as we call it, are as regular as clockwork. The other fellows are equally regular in their irregularity. And this irregularity becomes just as monotonous to them as if it were the exact opposite. New York Herald.

A Great Collection.  
Remenyi, the well known violin virtuoso, has a great collection of rare African ethnological specimens which comprises over 1,500 carefully selected articles. It has been formed during the last forty years, and is beyond question, the most perfect of its kind. It is especially rich in the ancient real symbols in use among the Zulus, including spears, royal bracelets, which were used instead of crowns, and other emblems of hampered silver, of carved and polished ivory and of rhinoceros horn. The royal bracelets are especially interesting. They are hollowed rings made from transverse sections of huge elephant tusks, and until his death were never taken off after once placed on the arm of the king.

There are also several splendid specimens of the exceedingly rare and beautiful royal mantles of the sovereigns of Madagascar 300 and more years ago. These mantles are curiously adorned with broderies of metal and of uncut precious stones and of feather work. Every specimen in the collection is perfect and unique of its kind. Philadelphia Ledger.

Companion Steamers at Sea.  
Ocean races have become an unavoidable evil as storms and sea fogs, and a plurality of passengers may continue to accept them as preferable alternatives, but considering the protest of an influential minority it seems hard to understand why their risk has not at least been modified in the way of preventing the loss of life in the way of preventing the loss of property. Captain de la Gardie, of the Belgian navy, viz., the use of "companion

steamers." In none of the ten cases the worst consequences of shipwreck could have been avoided if more efficient help than that of frail lifeboats had been near at hand, and as the chances against the probability of both vessels being wrecked at the same time would be a thousand to one, the popularity of the fleetest "ocean greyhound" could be increased by the plan of fitting passenger steamers with wireless and keep-up communications by means of signal lights and fog bells. Felix Oswald in Chautauquan.

Character in Portraits.  
It is hard to rely on portraits. I have seen, in an exhibition in Paris, a portrait of Robespierre at the climax of his influence, and he looked like a placid provincial practitioner whose brow had not been troubled with power or worried with responsibility. I saw at the same time two contemporary portraits of Louis XVI, borrowed from some historic chateau, as little like each other as Hamlet and Polonius. In one of them the artist had idealized the king's face into certain strength and dignity; the other might be taken as the caricature of a constitutional king—it was such a coarse, commonplace countenance as the daguerreotype sometimes unexpectedly reveals, and a clumsy figure on which royal military looked quite out of place. Sir C. Gavan Duffy in Contemporary Review.

Feathers Heavier Than Gold.  
In one of Charles Reade's novels a Jewish trader made a remark, "Which is the heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of gold?" After a while he explains, to the satisfaction of his audience of miners, that the feathers are the heavier.

Gold, he says, is weighed by Troy weight, while feathers are weighed by avoirdupois, and as the twelve ounces in a pound Troy contain but 5,760 grains, while the avoirdupois pound contains 7,000 grains, the pound of feathers is of course 1,240 grains heavier than the pound of gold. Youth's Companion.

A Lawyer's Advice.  
Robert Toombs, although he may have been a rash talker, was a safe counselor, and evinced his profession in the practice of his profession. On one occasion he said to a client who had stated his case to him: "Yes, you can recover in this suit, but you ought not to do so. This is a case in which law and justice are on opposite sides." The client told him he would push the case anyway. "Then," replied Mr. Toombs, "you must hire some one else to assist you in your recovery." San Francisco Argonaut.

How a Horse Goes.  
A horse will travel 300 yards in 4 minutes at a walk, 60 yards in 2 minutes at a trot, 10 yards in 1 minute at a gallop. Humane World.

THE TRAIL ON THE MESA.  
The oak does not produce good seed until it is more than sixty years old. The acorn is the fruit of the oak, the seed germ is a very small object at the pointed end of the acorn, with the future root uppermost. The acorn drops, and its contents doubtless undergo important molecular and chemical changes while it lies under its winter covering of leaves and snow. In the mild warmth of spring the acorn swells, the little root elongates, emerges from the end of the shell, and no matter what the position of the acorn, turns downward. The root penetrates the soil, two or three inches before the stalk begins to show itself and grow upward. The "meat" of the acorn nourishes both root and stalk, and two years may pass before its store of food is entirely exhausted. At the end of a year the young oak has a root twelve to eighteen inches long, with numerous shorter rootlets, the stalk being from six to eight inches high. In this stage it differs from the sapling, and again the sapling differs from the tree. To watch these transformations under the lens is a fascinating occupation.

If an oak could be suspended in the air with all its roots and rootlets perfect and unobscured, the sight would be considered wonderful. The activity of the roots represent a great deal of power. They bore into the soil and flatten themselves to penetrate a crack in a rock. Invariably the tips turn away from the light. The growing point of a tiny sapling is back of the tip a small distance. The tip is driven on by the force behind it, and searches the soil for the easiest points of entrance. When the tips are destroyed by obstructions, cold, heat or other causes, a new growth starts in varying directions. The first roots taken and become girders to support the tree, no longer feeding it directly, but serving as conduits for the moisture and nourishment gathered by the outer rootlets which are constantly boring their way into fresh territory.

These absorb water charged with soluble earth salts, sulphates, nitrates, phosphates of lime, magnesia and potash, etc., which pass through the larger roots, stem and branches to the leaves, the laboratory of new growth. An oak tree may have 700,000 leaves, and from June to October evaporates 720 times its own weight of water. Taking account of the new wood grown, one obtains some idea of the enormous gain of matter and energy from the outside universe which goes on each summer.

Oak timber is not the heaviest, longest nor most beautiful, but it equals more good qualities than any other kind. Its fruit is valuable food and its bark useful in certain industries. An oak pile submerged for 50 years in London bridge came up in sound condition, and there are specimens from the Tower of London which date from the time of William Rufus. To produce a good oak girder requires from 140 to 200 years. It seems a long time to an American, but forestry is a perpetual branch of economies when once established. Ohio State Journal.

Severe Hundred Miles Above the Earth.  
If it were possible to rise above the atmosphere which surrounds the earth, the sun would look like a sharply defined ball of fire, while everything else would be wrapped in total darkness. There could be no diffusion of light without an atmosphere or some similar medium for the sun's rays to act upon. But on the contrary, if the earth's atmosphere extended to a height of 700 miles, the sun's heat and rays could never penetrate it, and we would freeze to death while wrapped in darkness blacker than the blackest midnight. St. Louis Republic.

Agassiz and Text Books.  
Agassiz was once asked to write a text book in zoology for the use of schools and colleges. Of this he said: "I told the publishers that I was not the man to do that sort of thing, and I told them, too, that the loss of that sort of thing which is done the better. It is not schoolbooks we want, but students. The book of Nature is always open, and all that I can do or say shall be to lead young people to study that book and not to put their faith in any other." Professor D. S. Jordan in Popular Science Monthly.

Effect of the Diamond on Poisons.  
Although popularly supposed to be itself a deadly poison, the diamond has for remote ages been credited with the power of perfecting the wearer from the evil effects of other poisons, a reputation which it retained until comparatively recent times. According to Pliny, it also keeps off insanity. Amber, too, was supposed to possess the latter virtue. Besides the diamond several other stones were supposed to possess medicinal virtues. Quercus Magazine.

REARED AMONG WOLVES.  
A Quaker Story Told by an American Missionary Returned from India.  
In November, 1872, I saw at Secundra, near Agra, in northern India, a boy that had been brought up among the wolves. I published an account of his appearance at the time, and some further facts which I have lately learned concerning him will also be of interest.

He was found in 1867. Some men, passing through an unfrequented jungle, suddenly came upon a child, apparently five or six years old, with out clothes and running upon his hands and feet. They tried to catch him, but he disappeared in a hole which was evidently the lair of some wild beast.

Unable to unearth him by digging and not daring to go into the hole themselves, they reported the fact to the magistrate of the district, who directed them to start a fire at the mouth of the den and smoke out its inmates of whatever sort they might be. The fire was started, when pres-

ently a large she wolf dashed out of the hole, scattering the fire and speeding far away for safety. She was soon followed by the boy whom the men had seen before, and whom they now caught with difficulty.

He was evidently a child of human parentage, but with the appetites and ways of the wolf. He could not walk erect, he was without clothes, he had no language but a whine, he would eat nothing but raw flesh and would lap his drink like a wolf. Put into an enclosure, he would lie in a corner during the day and at night would crawl about picking up bones and ravenously gnawing them.

After keeping him awhile the magistrate brought him to an orphanage at Secundra, under the care of the Church Missionary society, where he was kindly received and cared for, and where he has since been an object of unceasing wonder to the many who have seen him there.

He has been taught to walk erect though he does this awkwardly—to wear clothes, to drink like a human being and to use a fork and spoon. He has lost his appetite for raw flesh, and he has no longer any disposition to escape. He has also been taught to do a little work, but he does not like to work. He has become wholly inoffensive and mingles freely with the children, among whom he has his favorites.

He evidently hears well and understands many things which are told him, but he has never uttered a word or shown any wish to speak, though many efforts have been made to teach him articulation.

He is now, as far as can be judged about thirty years of age. His forehead is low, but his features are regular, and his eyes, though wild and restless, have not an idiotic look. His jaws do not protrude and his teeth are regular and human. His arms, legs and body differ from those of an ordinary human being only so far as incident to his habits of locomotion when he was first found.

How far he has ever become conscious of moral or religious truth it is impossible to say. The nearest approach he has shown to something like an apprehension of an unseen world was in connection with the death of one who cared for him and of whom he was very fond.

At the funeral as the body was lowered into the grave, the poor boy looked wistfully at the coffin and then at the bystanders, evidently wondering what it all meant. By gestures and other signs, by feigning to be sick and dying, and then pointing downward and upward, the bystanders seemed to awaken in him some strange thought of something which could not be seen, and afterward, when sick himself, he lay down and closed his eyes and pointed to the earth and sky.

From a friend in India, who has recently seen him, I learn that he is still living at the orphanage where he was first taken. Rev. J. H. Seeley in Congregationalist.

He Kept the Knife.  
Circumstantial evidence temporarily paralyzed a dandy in Ashboro, N. C. Near his cabin is a cabbage garden belonging to an acquaintance, another colored man. The first was complaining that somebody had stolen his pocket knife, and stated that he would like to "trash the fellow who did the deed." Now Sambo, "pocket knife" said the owner of the garden as he took a knife from his pocket, "that's your knife, ain't it?" "Yes." "What do ye souse I found it?" "Dunno, for snah." "Well, dat yere knife I done picked up among yer cabbages, and I've missed some of dem lately. Wonder who dropped it dat?" The other dandy was speechless, and did not reply. Yankee Blade.

Largest Diamond Yet.  
An Antwerp diamond cutting firm has received a diamond which is claimed to be the largest yet discovered in the African fields. It weighs in the rough 400 carats, and when cut, polished and ready for setting the weight will be at least 200 carats. New York Journal.

Better to Lie Under the Mattress.  
Ringway: What are you walking over that rug so much for? Aren't you afraid you'll wear it out? Featherbed: You don't understand, old man. My trousers are under that rug being creased. Clothier and Furnisher.

SIGN LANGUAGE OF THE INDIANS.  
A Simple Method of Expressing Many Ideas Without the Use of Words.  
Make a letter A with your hands and the ends of your fingers, that is a rope or tent. Keep your hands in that position and bend them down so that your fingers point away from you; that's a house, and a very good one, too, because it shows how the legs are interlocked at the corners of the sort of houses one sees on the frontier. If you want to say you love something, point to your eyes. To say you heard something, point to your ears. To say you slept or are sleepy, put up one hand, with the palm side toward your head and bend your head as if you were going to lay it on that hand.

To say that you saw some one who was beautiful, put your face between the thumb and fingers of one hand and draw your hand softly down from your forehead to your chin. A faint smirk or smile made at the same time greatly helps the sign. If the beauty you tell about was a woman, make believe take hold of a mass of hair on the right side of your head and follow it down past the shoulder with your hand, as you see women do when they dress their hair. These signs for seeing, hearing, sleep, beauty, and women are exactly the same as those used by George L. Fox, the famous clown, when he played "Humpty Dumpty." I have no doubt that Grimaldi, the great English clown, also used them, for they are the natural motions for expressing those terms.

Did you ever notice how the paws

of small animals are curled in when they are dead? That is the sign for "died" or "dead." Hold one hand out with the fingers bent toward the thumb to make the sign. But if you would say some one was killed, hold out a fist with the knuckles away from you, and move the wrist slowly so as to force the knuckles down as if the person was struck down. To tell about a child, hold your hand as far from the ground as its head would reach. Put a finger up to either side of the head to say "cousin" to say "dear" put up all your fingers like branching horns. But another way to tell about a deer is to imitate his leaping with one of your hands.

To tell of a snake, wiggle one finger in the air as a snake would move on the ground. That sign is the name for two tribes of Indians. The sign for a Sioux is to make believe cut your throat with one finger, for a Blackfoot, point to your foot, for a Blood, wipe your fingers across your mouth, for a white man, rub your hand across your forehead to show how white our foreheads are for a Pagan, rub one cheek.

The sign for water is to make a scoop of your hand and put it to your mouth as you would if you were drinking at a stream. To tell of a lake make that sign and spread out your hands to cover a big space. To tell of a river make the water sign and then trace the meandering course of a river with your finger. But the sign for whisky is made by doubling one fist and drinking out of the top of it as if it were a bottle. If you do that and make believe to stir up your brains with one finger, or reel a little, you will describe a tipsy man. Nearly all signs in the language are made with the right hand.

Julian Ralph in Harper's Young People.

When Smoking in Church Was Common.  
The Puritan Fathers were greatly addicted to smoking; indeed, the practice became so common that even the strictest observers of times and seasons actually smoked in church.

This custom soon caused very considerable annoyance, as the religious exercises were greatly disturbed by the clinking of flints and steels to light their pipes and the clouds of smoke in church. Hence in the year 1669 the colony passed this law: "It is enacted that any person or persons that shall be found smoking of tobacco on the Lord's day, going to or coming from the meetings, within two miles of meeting house shall pay twelve pence for every such default." Under this law several persons were actually fined, but the punishment failed to secure the carrying out of the arbitrary section of the enactment. All the Year Round.

Pasteurized Milk.  
Machines are in use in Paris and some other cities which will heat great quantities of milk to a temperature of about 155 degs. Fahr. for a few minutes, and then cool it rapidly to a low temperature. The method has been called the pasteurization of milk. It does not kill all the bacteria, but it does destroy so many of them that it greatly increases the keeping properties of the milk. Moreover, it almost entirely destroys the danger from disease germs in milk, since nearly all forms likely to occur in milk are killed by this temperature. The advantage of this method is that the temperature of 155 degs. Fahr. does not give to the milk the taste of boiled milk, which most people find unpleasant, and does not render the milk difficult of digestion. Professor H. W. Conn in Popular Science Monthly.

The Dome of St. Sophia.  
The interior of the dome of St. Sophia is so high that it is traditionally by a miracle, but really by tricks of deceptive material and concealed buttresses. London Tablet.

Whether Women Should Propose.  
I must confess it is no little question whether both men and women should have the right of the initiative in love—at least, whether it should be so habitually or by common custom, without any restraint of sentiment. Perhaps something might be lost by such a common participation—something delicate, tender, poetical, valuable. It may be that an inexpressible, indefinable, but very valuable, sentiment may depend on some patience, anxiety, canonical delicacy, conventional reserve on the one side, to meet action, judgment, choice, decision, initiation on the other.

It may be that an equal, unrestrained, similar and open access to each other for initiative or confession of love might wear away much bloom, wonder, sanctity, which is preserved by the difference of relation of the two to the beginning and growth.

A seeker and a sought, a proposer and a considered, a leader and a follower, a petitioner and a giver may be a fairer sight and more wholesome to love than two who may challenge each other equally, who therefore have no defined duties or sweet reciprocities regarding each other, who perhaps may delay for each other—the stupid situation—or may strive to get the start of each other—an utterly demeaning and undignified rivalry—or may scramble to forestall others—a profane haste which often is felt enough now. St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Man's Intimacy to Woman.  
There is a young married woman in this city who declares that men are heartless brutes in general, and that her own husband is the most heartless of his race.

She and her husband went down to the seashore one Thursday morning with their only child, a sturdy little boy of three years, and a nurse, and after seeing the others comfortably fixed the husband returned to the city.

On Friday afternoon, as he was seated in his office chatting with a

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## A MOTHER'S ANXIETY.

Heard that the French capital, who takes daily at the very lowest figure, the fabulous total of 14,250,000 francs given away annually in charity in the streets of Paris, and he is very likely right in adding that at least four-fifths of the money finds its way into the pockets of impostors, or of people who could work for their living if they chose.

M. Panbair says he has a choice little collection of threatening letters which he has received and is constantly receiving. This is not surprising. He is the late name of the professional beggar—London Standard.

## Omaha and the Crow.

There is probably no city in the United States where the common wild crow makes himself as much at home as in Omaha. Here they are as common as English sparrows or tame pigeons, and even about as little afraid of man. All through the winter months, especially when the ground is covered with snow, this beautiful and intelligent but very mischievous bird is a common sight on our streets and lanes, and often in the very doorways in the center of the city. They seem absolutely without fear of man or boy, and when busily engaged in the enjoyment of a meal can be approached within a few yards before they will take wing. This is all very strange to people who have lived in the eastern states, where the crow is considered the shyest and most wary of all wild birds.

Just now they are at their thickest in and about Omaha, and great flocks can be seen every morning and evening flying over the city. In the evening their line of flight is from the south and southwest to the north and northeast. In the morning they traverse the same flight back again.

For years and years the birds have roosted in the forest of low willows east and north of Old Omaha, and when the birds are congregating together in the shades of evening the spectacle is a wonderful one. Omaha's southern would certainly be incomplete without the graven image of the cunning and industrious crow upon it—Omaha Bee.

## Died an Infant at 29 Years of Age.

There died recently at Wharton, Mich., one of the most remarkable of creatures, an infant aged twenty-nine years. The child, or young man, or whatever it could be called, was the son of Austin Boden, and during all the years of its life was nothing more than a mere babe. It developed in no respect and died in its cradle. It could not walk nor talk nor recognize one and was as helpless when it reached its manhood as the day it was born. Doctors were completely baffled and could do nothing, and for twenty-nine years its death had been patiently awaited—Cor. Cleveland Plaindealer.

## Negroes Frightened.

The recent lynchings of negroes in southern Arkansas, and especially the burning of El Coy at Texarkana, has caused a large exodus of blacks from that part of the state. It is estimated that 2,000 will leave within a month for the Cherokee strip, which will be thrown open soon for settlement. Negroes have all been organized in Jefferson, Desha, Choctaw and Lincoln counties and are selling their lands. Two hundred left Pine Bluff last night. Farmers are realizing the seriousness of the movement, and will interfere with planting their spring crops.—New York World.

## A Money Making Photographer.

A Money Making Photographer is wealthy. How he made his fortune is worth telling.

Three years ago the artist noticed that when he got a lady sitter with a pair of small and elegant feet she generally liked to place herself so that her fairylike supports were just visible; while the lady with the large, misshapen hoofs and bulky footcases kept her feet out of sight every time.

From this he inferred that the latter person would much prefer to have two small and lovable trotters also, and if she had them she would want to display them; and then he conceived the inspiration of keeping feet on hand, and supplying them to customers who needed them.

He has a dozen pairs of them—small wooden feet with adorable boots on them. The lady with the enormous extremities is planted on the chair with her massive limbs and capacious boots hidden as far back as they can go without dislocating her knees, and then the artificial feet are carefully hooked on to the inner hem of her dress. Chicago Inter Ocean.

## A Maryland Duck Story.

Story telling was in order among the enthusiastic sportsmen of the Baltimore Gun club. Rufus A. Brainard related this experience: "When I was a boy I borrowed a flintlock gun, and was at Frog Morter shore shooting with my uncle. Early one morning I saw thousands of canvas back ducks close in shore. I ran to the blind, and leveling my gun I banged away. The ducks arose in a mass, and not one remained on the water. My uncle came to me and scolded me for not waiting for him. I saw something strike the water, looked up and noticed dead ducks falling through the air. You see the ducks were so closely massed that the live ones carried the dead ones up with them. We picked up forty-three ducks when all had dropped. Some crippled birds which could spread their wings were carried off by their fellows. There were lots of ducks in those days."

The claim of forty-three dead ducks showed that Mr. Brainard was up in shooting as no gunner, when telling a story, ever kills an even number of ducks or birds. Baltimore Sun.

## A Good Place for an Ironman.

One of the hottest regions in the United States is along the line of the Southern Pacific railroad in Arizona. At Bagdad the thermometer has been known to stand as high as 140 in the shade for days in succession. The ticket agent at Bagdad says that he has seen the mercury standing at 128 on the cool side of the depot building at midnight.—St. Louis Republic.

## An Ideal Bridal Trip Suggested by Frank Stockton, the Novelist.

It was Frank Stockton who suggested to a family the idea of a wedding which, though unusual, was quite the most sensible one I've ever heard of.

"Why do you want to go away?" asked Stockton of the bride elect, as he sat in the family circle shortly before the wedding.

"Oh, everybody must go on a wedding journey," she answered.

## WITHIN THE CHARMED HALF BLOCK.

## Advantages of Having People Think You Live Near Fifth Avenue.

There may be nothing in a name, but there is a good deal in a number sometimes, especially when it designates the place where you live in this city. Characterize as you will the sentiment which causes most people to respect the fact that you live within the charmed half block of Fifth avenue, the feeling is there nevertheless. Up above Fifth street, on the west side, the numbers of the streets begin at Eighth avenue, or Central park west, as the avenue is now called, and this fact leads to many amusing mistakes, especially on the part of tradesmen. A newspaper man who lives in a modest but neat flat, which is numbered under ten, in a street above Fifth street, told the writer the other day about some of the peculiar experiences which he had had.

"I tell you," he said, "there are a great many advantages sometimes in sailing under false colors. Now I don't pretend to have a commanding presence, nor do I dress particularly well, so when I go into a store I can not and do not expect the clerks to fall over themselves to wait on me. I go ahead and give my order, and after the clerk has put it all down he usually says in a weary sort of way: 'Shall I send them home, or will you take them?'"

"You must send them to—West street," I reply.

"Well, you would be surprised to see the change which comes over the demeanor of that clerk at once. The effect of that number is magical. He brightens up immediately and is all attention."

"Oh, yes, yes," will send them right up," he says as he sings out 'Cash' with more vigor than he has displayed before during the time I have been making my purchases.

"When the cash boy comes he tells him to hurry up and not be so slow, because the gentleman is waiting."

That is only one phase of the advantages derived from living at such a number," he continued. "We get all sorts of things through the mail which we never would receive if we lived in a house with a less pretentious number. For example, we get fine calendars illustrated catalogues of sales of paintings and other works of art, besides innumerable samples of all kinds of household articles sent out as advertisements. Then we get plenty of begging letters, too, and circulars from hospitals and charitable institutions asking for gifts. Unfortunately we are not able to sustain the reputation which the city directory gives us by responding to these calls on the family exchequer."

The other day my wife and her unmarried sister went to a store in Twenty-third street to get some visiting cards printed. I ought to say that my sister in law does not live within the charmed half block from Fifth avenue. Well, both packages of cards were delivered on the same day. With those which came to my wife was a beautifully bound book of samples of note paper. Needless to say, nothing of the sort accompanied those which my wife's sister received on the same day. I've respect in which you are held by tradesmen seems to increase in an inverse ratio as the size of the number on your doorplate decreases." New York Tribune.

## Good Freight Rates.

The discovery of gold has been a great thing for the Boni negroes on the Maroni river, in French Guiana. They were terribly poor before the placer mines were discovered in 1888. Since then they have been getting rich in the transport service. They carry all freight around the rapids to the placer diggings at the enormous charge of ninety francs a barrel. Owing to their cunning method of computing barrels they greatly increase their earnings.

Each box is a barrel. Each man is a barrel. Demijohns and handbags are barrels. Thus they get about \$200 a ton for carrying freight a distance of 180 miles, which is much higher than the rates on the Congo. The miners say that \$60,000 has been distributed in the past two years in the shape of five franc pieces of native gold among the Bonis.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Letting the Cat Out of the Bag.

A large manufacturer took into his office a nephew who, to put it mildly, was rather feeble-minded. One day the nephew came to his uncle and complained of the head clerk, Jones.

"Uncle, what do you suppose the head clerk Jones has been telling people about me?"

"He has no idea."

"He has been telling everybody that I am a fool!"

"I will see him about it, and tell him to keep quiet about it. He has no right to expose the secrets of the office." Texas Sittings.

## One of Those Awful Moments.

When we are telling some man of the grand and brilliant schemes we are working whereby we are coming money so fast that we scarcely know what to do with it, it is a real source of annoyance, rather than pleasure, to call to mind the fact that we are owing him a "dinner" which we have not yet paid for because we have not got that much ready cash to our name.—Chicago Tribune.

## THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

An Ideal Bridal Trip Suggested by Frank Stockton, the Novelist.

It was Frank Stockton who suggested to a family the idea of a wedding which, though unusual, was quite the most sensible one I've ever heard of.

"Why do you want to go away?" asked Stockton of the bride elect, as he sat in the family circle shortly before the wedding.

"Oh, everybody must go on a wedding journey," she answered.

"And what good does it do you?" he said, in his quiet, quizzical way. "You might travel around the world and come home without having seen anything but each other. Send them all off, and you two stay here and keep house," he concluded with a wave of his small brown hand toward the rest of the family, who sat listening to the proposition in open-mouthed amazement.

The idea was then discussed by all of them from all points, and settled upon as just the loveliest arrangement possible.

"For," said the bride, "mamma and papa haven't had a real long holiday since their wedding tour, and mamma needs a rest sorely after all the bother over my betrothal."

The little boys were in high glee over getting out of the city so early in the summer, and the younger sisters found some school friends to visit.

As to the father and mother of the family, they both didn't see how it could possibly be managed, but they were overruled at last and picked up their trunks with a feeling of youthful exuberance upon the eve of their drawing room.

A simple affair it was, with a few intimate friends for guests. The bride wore an enchantingly pretty tea gown, and carried a golden key basket filled with roses. The members of the family were all dressed in new traveling suits, and at 10 o'clock they bade the wedding couple a jolly good-bye and went their way to reach their trunks.

Nobody cried. The mother couldn't weep over the loss of a daughter she was going to leave safe and sound beneath her own vine and fig tree, and the brothers and sisters were too gay over going to give way to tears.

The result of this wedding journey wherein the family did the journeying was entirely satisfactory to every one. The young husband suffered no inconvenience from bad cooking, for his mother-in-law left a competent and beautifully trained corps of servants, and the domestic machine moved on golden wheels.

It was the beginning of summer and nearly everybody had left for the country, so the happy people were left unmolested, and I am sure that the dome of the capitol, if they noticed it at all, was greater just then in their eyes than it is now. The buildings of the world would have seemed at some other time, that the parks were Arcadias, and that even the many multiplied statues and pictures of the father of our country beamed upon them with a beneficence and brotherly love unequalled by that irradiated from the elegant countenances of foreign Madonnas.

And I am sure, should you ask this couple's advice about a wedding trip this very day, they would answer that the best way to take a wedding journey is to stay at home. Atlanta Constitution.

## An Unreasonable Male Raped.

He was compelled to write a hurried business letter at home. Where in creation is the ink?

Life. In the front left hand corner of my workbasket. That is, at the corner of the dressing table in the north room upstairs.

"Where's the paper?"

"I am just out, but I believe the girl has some. I'll see."

"Where are the pens?"

"Somebody stepped on the pen last week and I forgot to get another, but I'll send over to Mrs. Makershift's and see if she has one. She is always borrowing mine."

"Huh! Any one might think no one in this house ever wrote a letter."

"Nonsense! There isn't a more voluminous correspondent anywhere than I am. You men can never wait a minute for anything. I'll warrant after I've half killed myself getting all the things together you won't write a dozen lines." New York Weekly.

## Always Makes Presents of Pipes.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, is a great pipe smoker, and is fond of making presents of pipes to his friends. One of his novel ideas is to have a pipe case made of solid silver, lined with diamonds, and costing \$100. The out side of the case is richly engraved and bears the name of the recipient. Probably every captain of every steamship on which Mr. Bennett has been a passenger has received one of these pipe cases. The meerschaum pipe in the case is of the plainest possible description, and is worth perhaps five dollars. It is strong and serviceable, however. Collector.

## He Chappie Gets a Tip.

Do Chappie, Aw, sonny, boy you a lift here?

Store Boy (confidentially)—Yep. That there big feller wid red hair an' freckles is de bouncer. Wat yer sellin' Good News.

## HIS OWN EXECUTIONER.

A Chief Who Himself Initiated the Death Penalties He Imposed.

If you go down to French Guiana and ascend the big Maroni river a little distance you will find a great many negroes who talk very bad French. Some of them, however, have visited France and have a little education. The more intelligent of these negroes will tell you that the greatest man who ever lived, except the first Napoleon was Boni. One of these negro tribes is called the Boni, from the name of the man who released the people from slavery.

## And what good does it do you?

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Boni was the intelligent and audacious negro who, in 1772, revolted against his master on the coast of Dutch Guiana, destroyed his property, escaped with hundreds of other slaves and founded a new home for the people whom he piloted to the borders of French Guiana. For many decades all slaves who escaped from their masters were able to find their freedom among the Bonis. A curious story is told about Boni by the ex-

## And what good does it do you?

And what good does it do you? he said, in his quiet, quizzical way. "You might travel around the world and come home without having seen anything but each other. Send them all off, and you two stay here and keep house," he concluded with a wave of his small brown hand toward the rest of the family, who sat listening to the proposition in open-mouthed amazement.

The idea was then discussed by all of them from all points, and settled upon as just the loveliest arrangement possible.

"For," said the bride, "mamma and papa haven't had a real long holiday since their wedding tour, and mamma needs a rest sorely after all the bother over my betrothal."

The little boys were in high glee over getting out of the city so early in the summer, and the younger sisters found some school friends to visit.

As to the father and mother of the family, they both didn't see how it could possibly be managed, but they were overruled at last and picked up their trunks with a feeling of youthful exuberance upon the eve of their drawing room.

A simple affair it was, with a few intimate friends for guests. The bride wore an enchantingly pretty tea gown, and carried a golden key basket filled with roses. The members of the family were all dressed in new traveling suits, and at 10 o'clock they bade the wedding couple a jolly good-bye and went their way to reach their trunks.

Nobody cried. The mother couldn't weep over the loss of a daughter she was going to leave safe and sound beneath her own vine and fig tree, and the brothers and sisters were too gay over going to give way to tears.

The result of this wedding journey wherein the family did the journeying was entirely satisfactory to every one. The young husband suffered no inconvenience from bad cooking, for his mother-in-law left a competent and beautifully trained corps of servants, and the domestic machine moved on golden wheels.

It was the beginning of summer and nearly everybody had left for the country, so the happy people were left unmolested, and I am sure that the dome of the capitol, if they noticed it at all, was greater just then in their eyes than it is now. The buildings of the world would have seemed at some other time, that the parks were Arcadias, and that even the many multiplied statues and pictures of the father of our country beamed upon them with a beneficence and brotherly love unequalled by that irradiated from the elegant countenances of foreign Madonnas.

And I am sure, should you ask this couple's advice about a wedding trip this very day, they would answer that the best way to take a wedding journey is to stay at home. Atlanta Constitution.

An Unreasonable Male Raped.

He was compelled to write a hurried business letter at home. Where in creation is the ink?

Life. In the front left hand corner of my workbasket. That is, at the corner of the dressing table in the north room upstairs.

"Where's the paper?"

"I am just out, but I believe the girl has some. I'll see."

"Where are the pens?"

"Somebody stepped on the pen last week and I forgot to get another, but I'll send over to Mrs. Makershift's and see if she has one. She is always borrowing mine."

"Huh! Any one might think no one in this house ever wrote a letter."

"Nonsense! There isn't a more voluminous correspondent anywhere than I am. You men can never wait a minute for anything. I'll warrant after I've half killed myself getting all the things together you won't write a dozen lines." New York Weekly.

Always Makes Presents of Pipes.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, is a great pipe smoker, and is fond of making presents of pipes to his friends. One of his novel ideas is to have a pipe case made of solid silver, lined with diamonds, and costing \$100. The out side of the case is richly engraved and bears the name of the recipient. Probably every captain of every steamship on which Mr. Bennett has been a passenger has received one of these pipe cases. The meerschaum pipe in the case is of the plainest possible description, and is worth perhaps five dollars. It is strong and serviceable, however. Collector.

He Chappie Gets a Tip.

Do Chappie, Aw, sonny, boy you a lift here?

Store Boy (confidentially)—Yep. That there big feller wid red hair an' freckles is de bouncer. Wat yer sellin' Good News.

HIS OWN EXECUTIONER.

A Chief Who Himself Initiated the Death Penalties He Imposed.

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plorer Henry Condreau, who has done so much to make the interior of French Guiana known.

A long distance up the Maroni river is the island Adlato, which means "cutting off the head." This is the island where for a long time Boni carried out the execution of criminals whom he had condemned to death. The curious feature of his system of capital punishment was that he required no assistance whatever in carrying his judgments into effect. He alone escorted the condemned persons to the island of Adlato, and made the cut off their heads. The Spartans of the "No Mercy of the Woods" seemed to be particularly fond of this sort of execution. Physically he was the most powerful man in his country. No one wished to cope with him in combat.

When he had a prisoner whom he had condemned he would place his flintlock and his saber in a canoe, seat the condemned man in the bow of the boat and the paddler in the stern several miles to the island. He would not have even a boatman with him on these little expeditions.

Now, Boni was wont to say to the unhappy wretch before him, as he paddled along, "do not attempt to escape, for if you do I shall surely stop you by a bullet in the legs. I shall not shoot to kill you, for I shall wish to torture you after I get you."

No, chief, the trembling victim would often reply. "I shall not try to escape." And such was the terror Boni inspired that the unfortunate prisoner would reach the place of punishment probably without entertaining the slightest thought of escape.

When they reached the island, Boni would tell his prisoner to get out of the canoe and would then march him to the place of execution. This was a large flat rock washed by the waters of the rapid river and shaded by a tamarind tree. The rock is still shown to every one who visits the spot. When they reached the place, Boni, fierce and inexorable, would sternly command:

"Now you die. To your knees. Your hands behind your back. Hold down your head."

The unfortunate wretch, more dead than alive, would mechanically obey the order. Boni would raise his saber, and with one sure stroke would sever the head from the body. The head would roll upon the flat stone, and the body would be washed away by the rush of water from the rapids, which now and then overspread the rock. Boni would then re-embark, and upon his return his people would more than ever regard him as an object of terror to evil doers.—Chicago Herald.

Bad Place for a House.

A farmer, digging a well near his house at Darlington has discovered that his dwelling was built over the remains of a huge mastodon. He has discovered about ten feet of the mastodon's back, and has excavated in the sandstone for fear of endangering his house. Scientists who have visited Darlington to investigate the discovery estimate that the mastodon must be about 16 feet long and the whole skeleton 30 feet long and is to 20 feet high. A small chip from the mastodon was sent to a New York scientist, who pronounced it the purest ivory. A rich mineral spring has burst from the rock just above the mastodon—Indiana Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Envelopes in the Eighteenth Century.

Envelopes are supposed to be quite modern, but in the Birch manuscript in the British museum, No. 1433-105, there is a letter from Martin Triswald to Sir Hans Sloane, dated Stockholm, April 24, 1755, in which an ordinary envelope, which is opened out and mounted at the end of the letter.—Notes and Queries.

The Maid and the Magpie.

A cure of Paris is said to have discovered a means of suppressing a certain regular mass that was originally instituted for the repose of the soul of a servant girl who had been hanged for various acts of theft, found subsequently to have been committed by a magpie. The cure examined the records of the church without finding any clue to the story. I have found the following variant transcribed from the pages of the Universal Museum of May, 1761.

Friday, 18 April.—A tabloosoon and a small one were missing from a public house at Limehouse, and a servant girl was taken into custody on suspicion of stealing the same, but on the third day a raven was seen to carry a teaspoon to the bottom of the ground and bury it in a haystack, where, upon digging, they found all three, with some shillings and halfpence, on which the girl was discharged.—Notes and Queries.

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# Quincy Monitor.

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QUINCY, MASS., MAY, 1892.

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culties, Sprains, Weak Back, Kidney and Liver Complaints. Price 25 Cents.  
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a Drug Store to call at  
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**TRUNKS,**  
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**C. H. VERY, Proprietor.**

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UNDERTAKER,  
Cor. Canal and Mechanic Sts., Quincy.  
Residence, - 3 Faxon Ave.  
Connected by Telephone.

**ROSES.**  
I gave her roses for her breast,  
A red and white, to be love's test;  
If she thought the red one wears  
More love than the white one declares,  
Or if she thinks the white one wears  
More love than the red one declares,  
I'll tell her as well as words "she might,"  
And if she thinks the white one wears  
More love than the red one wears,  
I'll surely think she's nothing loth.  
If none she wears? Why, that will show  
She's too demure to tell me so.  
Ah! roses, for your beauty would eclipse  
If I dared have such faith in her sweet lips.  
—Thomas J. Moore.

**HER INHERITANCE.**  
"If any relatives of the late James  
Henderson, some time curate of Wilston,  
be still living, they may hear of some-  
thing to their advantage by applying to  
Messrs. Dodd & Son, solicitors, King  
street."  
Barbara Reed put down the paper with  
a jerk. "I wonder if that means me,"  
she said thoughtfully. "My grandfa-  
ther's name was certainly James Hand-  
ford, and I know he was a curate, but I  
did not know there was any money in  
the family."  
"If you think it worth while to go to  
Messrs. Dodd & Son and find out," sug-  
gested a shrewd, elderly lady,  
who was sitting at the table opposite.  
"Of course I will! Why, there may be  
\$5,000 waiting for me there."  
"Five pounds, more likely," supple-  
mented the stitchee.  
Barbara laughed.  
"I'd rather think of the thousands,"  
Mrs. Stewart, they would be very much  
more to my advantage."  
"I know of something that would be  
more to your advantage than all the  
money you are ever likely to get from  
advertisements, if you had but the good  
sense to see it," returned that lady sig-  
nificantly.  
Barbara flushed as she left the room to  
get her cloak and bonnet and set out  
for home. She was the music mistress  
in Mrs. Stewart's school, and had been  
one of the most promising pupils in it  
before that; she was almost alone in the  
world, except for a distant aunt with  
whom she lived, and after school days  
ended, it became necessary that she  
should do something toward keeping up  
the little household, she had been very  
glad when Mrs. Stewart's proposal to  
retain her for the younger girls' music  
lessons saved her from applying to  
strangers.  
Still, notwithstanding her obligations,  
there were times when Barbara felt  
strongly disposed to protest against that  
lady's authority, which was pretty much  
as it had been in the days when she was  
"quite a child," as Barbara often phrased  
it to herself. "She never seems to re-  
member that I am grown up and able to  
manage my own affairs. It does not  
follow that because I was her pupil once  
she has any right to interfere in the mat-  
ter now."  
She was marching down the road, her  
head well up, while she argued the mat-  
ter out to her own satisfaction, when  
some one quietly fell into step behind  
her. The shadow vanished from her  
brow like morning mist as she looked up.  
"What are you in such a hurry for?  
I could scarcely keep you in sight," in-  
quired the newcomer.  
It was the subject of Mrs. Stewart's  
admonition, her drawing master—clever  
enough at his profession, but of his  
industry and general dependableness  
she had not the highest opinion. Not so  
Miss Barbara, who was fast developing  
a very warm sentiment for the good  
looking young artist.  
"I am going home to deposit my  
music; after that I think of making a  
journey into the city, to King street."  
"King street? That is an expedition."  
"Isn't it? But I have some idea of  
coming into a fortune, and that is the  
place I am to apply to."  
Mr. Lawrence's face showed such gen-  
uine interest in the news that Barbara  
speedily told him all she knew, perhaps  
with a little unconscious exaggeration  
by way of justifying her first announce-  
ment.  
"You will be sure and let me know  
the result of your expedition?" he said  
earnestly, with a lingering clasp of her  
hand, as he left her at the corner of her  
own street. "I shall be anxious to hear,  
and no one deserves such a fortune bet-  
ter than yourself."  
In King street she ran full against a  
plain, rather commonplace young man  
coming out of one of the warehouses.  
"Why, Miss Barbara! It's not often you  
find your way to this quarter," he said,  
as he held out his hand. It was a brown,  
ungloved hand, and bore evident traces  
of hard service. Barbara gave the tips  
of her fingers rather coolly, contrasting  
it with the well shaped, yellow gloved  
one that had pressed her a little before.  
"I came on some business, Mr. Grant,"  
she said. "I believe there is a legacy  
waiting for me. It was advertised in  
the papers, and I am going to see the so-  
licitors about it now."  
John Grant laughed.  
"Well, I hope you may get it, Miss  
Barbara. For myself, I've never had  
much faith in legacies since I wasted  
twenty-five shillings once in answering  
advertisements about one."  
"That may have been a very different  
matter from this," returned Barbara  
stiffly. "I had better not detain you any  
longer, Mr. Grant."  
"And that is the man Mrs. Stewart  
thinks is worth half a dozen of Alfred  
Lawrence," said Barbara to herself, as  
she walked into Messrs. Dodd & Son's  
office. "It seems to be a decided virtue  
in some people's eyes to have coarse  
hands and shabby coats."  
Her face was several shades longer  
when she came out again. Messrs. Dodd  
& Son had not received her with by any  
means the respectful enthusiasm she had  
expected. There had been awkward  
questions about proofs and genealogies  
that she had not been prepared to an-  
swer; indeed, she half fancied that they  
took her for an impostor, they had been  
so reluctant to part with any informa-  
tion. She should hear from them in a  
few days, and in the meantime she pro-

was something to my advantage after  
all," Mrs. John Grant said once some  
months later. "I don't know what Mrs.  
Elizabeth Drake did with it, but I do  
know I would not change with her. The  
missing it has brought me far more hap-  
piness than the getting it ever could."  
—New York World.

**Glucose Used for Curing Leather.**  
"Glucose has grown to be one of the  
most valuable and indispensable  
commodities in our business," said T.  
J. Barnett, representative of a Mas-  
sachusetts shoe factory. "It is used  
for curing leather and of more  
service for that purpose than any  
other material we employ. I can  
tell at a glance a piece of shoe leather  
that hasn't been subjected to the  
curing properties of glucose by a  
peculiar red gloss that distinguishes  
it from leather that has come in con-  
tact with the juice extracted from  
corn. We get our main supply of glu-  
cose from Council Bluffs and Sioux  
City, Ia., though Kansas and Nebras-  
ka also have large manufacturing  
establishments engaged in its manu-  
facture, or perhaps I should say its  
extraction. With the increase in the  
utilization of glucose by the boot  
and shoe manufacturers and the big  
tanneries of the country, the indus-  
try is rapidly growing and promises  
to become one of the most important  
of the west soon." —St. Louis Globe-  
Democrat.

**Deep Soundings.**  
The deepest soundings yet taken  
are 4,655 fathoms, off the northeast  
coast of Japan, one of 4,575 fathoms  
south of the Ladrone, and a third of  
4,561 fathoms north of Porto Rico,  
not far from St. Thomas. In the  
north Atlantic no greater depth  
than 4,561 fathoms has been sound-  
ed, and in the south Atlantic bottom  
has been reached with a considerably  
smaller expenditure of sounding  
wire.

No part of the Mediterranean is  
known to be more than 2,165 fathoms  
deep; 3,189 fathoms is the maximum  
depth of the Indian ocean, and the  
polar basin seems to grow shallower  
and shallower as it approaches the  
pole, until 82 degs. 45 min. north,  
within four miles of the most northerly  
point reached, Admiral Markham  
found bottom at 72 fathoms.—Yan-  
kee Blade.

**Our National Sweating system.**  
He was in congress for the first  
time. That is to say he is there  
now. What district in what state  
he represents is not necessary to say.  
It is enough to say that he very  
fairly represents his district. Not  
long ago a fellow member ap-  
proached him on a bit of proposed  
legislation.

"How do you stand on this bill  
against the 'sweating system'?" queried  
the member.  
"Well," he said, mopping his brow,  
"I'm in favor of it. I'm in favor of  
any bill that will improve the ven-  
tilation of this chamber and keep us  
representative men half way com-  
fortable. Them's my sentiments.  
Go ahead with your rat-a-tin." —De-  
troit Free Press.

**Odious Well.**  
One is accustomed to complaints  
about the use of intensive adjectives  
and adverbs. At all events, they  
have been a spontaneous expedient  
in all ages. Swift, writing to Stella,  
thinks it fitting to describe the  
weather as "bloody hot." In Low-  
land Scots the words odious and hor-  
rid are still used in the same way.  
"How is your mother today?" "Oh,  
she's odious well, thank you," or, as  
I have often heard, "She's just odi-  
ous, thank ye," meaning she is in ex-  
cellent health. "That's horrid well  
done" may be understood as high  
encomium. —Notes and Queries.

**Complimentary to the "Guest."**  
Friend (after tea)—Your little wife  
is a brilliantly handsome woman. I  
should think you'd be jealous of her.  
Host (confidentially)—To tell the  
truth, Simpkins, I am. I never in-  
vite anybody here that any sane  
woman would take a fancy to.—New  
York Weekly.

**Humors of Ignorance.**  
A strange freak of ignorance was  
that recorded of a German fraulein  
who, on being introduced to an  
American gentleman, broke forth  
in uncontrolled astonishment, "I  
thought the Americans were all  
black!"—the Pompey and Sambo  
proportion of it constituting in her  
mind the sole population of the New  
World.

This can only be matched by the  
opinion of the countryman the Rev.  
Baring Gould tells of who pool-  
poohed the fact that negroes are  
black, and considered his theory as  
triumphantly proved when, on sur-  
prisingly passing a damp sponge  
over the skin of a Christy minstrel  
nigger, he found the color came off.  
—London Tit Bits.

**A Concave Paddle Wheel.**  
An Englishman has invented a con-  
cave paddle wheel, which is said to  
do away with feathering, thus saving  
fuel and machinery.—New York Tel-  
egram.

In some part or other of the world  
horses, cattle and sheep are found  
wild, but it is asserted, nowhere can  
be found wild camels.



**QUINCY MONITOR.**  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY.  
—BY—  
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City Office.  
Advertising Agent - W. H. WARNER.  
19 PENN STREET.  
Subscription Agent - FRANK GILBERT.

## THE MONTH OF MAY.

It is the custom of the Church daily, during the month of May to address public prayers to the Blessed Virgin, to deck her altar with flowers and to sing hymns in her honor. This year, in a brief, March 21, 1815, grants an indulgence of 300 days daily to those who practice this devotion in church or at home if not able to attend the church, and a plenary indulgence any one day in the month on condition of confession, communion and prayers for the intention of the Holy Father.

These devotions every morning in the churches of St. John and St. Mary, during the month of May, at which the Rosary and Litany of the Blessed Virgin are recited, and on every Wednesday evening in the same church, there is the Rosary followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. In South Braintree these devotions take place every Tuesday evening and at Atlantic every Thursday.

No more laudable or beautiful custom during this month than to bring flowers daily to place upon the altar of Mary; let us hope this custom will continue and that even greater numbers of flowers will be brought.

## THE MISSION.

The meaning of these sacred exercises were explained somewhat in our last issue; fuller and complete explanation will be given in the church at the beginning of each mission.

Rev. Fr. Gleason began the exercises last Sunday, May 8, in the church of the Sacred Heart at Atlantic, where the exercises are being attended with enthusiasm. Next Sunday, May 15, the mission will open at St. John's church, and on May 29 at St. Mary's, West Quincy, and at St. Francis, South Braintree.

A great amount of the success of these exercises depends upon the attendance during the first day. Let us hope, therefore, that those who come in late next Sunday will find every seat occupied, and no manner if they are obliged to stand during the services. Everyone should consider himself or herself an apostle in this great work and bring as many as possible to the exercises. As to the rest we feel confident that the eloquent missionaries need only to be heard to bring conviction to the most indifferent hearts.

## THE WATER PURCHASE.

The citizens have decided to take the present water supply. In many ways this action was wise. But the matter is not yet concluded. It now remains for the Mayor to make proposals to the company as to the price to be paid. It is already understood that Mayor Fairbanks and the company will not be able to agree upon the amount to be paid by the city, and consequently the whole question must be submitted to arbitration as provided by law. There is still time for the city to make a disinterested bidder. In order to properly present our case, considerable money should be spent in collecting and presenting evidence that the water works are not worth an extravagant price. The best legal talent should be secured and well paid. A vast amount of time, work and skill is necessary and the result of prudently spending a few thousands of dollars will be shown in the saving to the city of perhaps hundreds of thousands. The city cannot afford to adopt a penny wise and pound foolish policy in dealing with the Water Company. These gentlemen have already proven that they are bright and keen. They will spend thousands to protect their property and they will get for it the largest possible price. The city must be just as sharp and get the works for the lowest possible figure. To do this the best of work must be done and by the best of men.

## Leo XIII &amp; Necessity of the Times.

The Pope is the youngest power in the world despite the dust of age. It is as necessary to the world as the sun is to the body. There has ever been a need, among nations, of a strong citadel of authority which doubt might find a settlement, whence Truth might radiate to all quarters. This necessity neither Protestantism nor mere philosophy can ever satisfy; we have to look to the Church alone with its strong Papacy. There we find authority organized into hierarchies of the most perfect order, a hierarchy that is able to maintain its institutions to propagate them and to preserve them; a marvellous and divine edifice of the Papacy is the roof, sheltering the immortal hopes of all civilizations and of all peoples, shedding forth its rays of light and life and justice and right.

There is no power on earth that understands the Papacy, the conditions of the times. Leo XIII has, indeed, its needs, its grandeur, its weakness, its evils and remedies, its capacity of public opinion which annually traverses two or three roads and separate from each other with a revolutionary explosion that breaks down present institutions and fashions the future.

Leo XIII understands his time. Social justice, the problem of political equilibrium, the advancement of material progress and intelligence are the four dominating features of his pontificate. Leo XIII has put himself in the current of modern progress wherever it harmonizes with the eternal principles of justice, truth and goodness. His encyclical on Labor, his encyclical on France and his letter to the World's Exposition at Chicago, his every act for the renaissance and progress of science, are so many answers to the needs and aspirations of the times, adapting as they do the eternal

ideal of Christianity to ephemeral and changing conditions. He has brought together closely the present age and the requirements of the Gospel. He is a unique figure in the century, at once harmonious and analytical, ancient and yet modern, speaking in modern language the ideas of the Christ and of St. Paul, he is in a word the leader of his epoch. By his intuition, his far-sightedness and his energy, he has placed the Papacy upon an elevation which it sheds its rays across the world.

## FAIR PLAY FOR THE MAYOR.

The democrats of the city should not be deceived by the tactics of certain prominent republican kickers. At present they are causing quite a rumpus in the republican camp, but they are not democrats and never will be, from conviction. They are agile as the flea and when the occasion arises they will turn on the democrats with all the bitterness of ingratitude. A majority of the citizens placed Mayor Fairbanks in his high official position, and entrusted him with the interests of the city. Many who voted against him are disgusted with the treatment he receives from certain quarters. All the voters are not professional politicians and are not at all concerned in personal matters involving the sacrifice of many public benefits to the prosecution of revenge and spite. The citizens demand honesty of purpose, fidelity and energy in their officials and think that Mayor Fairbanks shows more of each of these qualities than do some of his assailants. There is a powerful sentiment among the democrats that demands fair play and manly treatment for our mayor. So far he has given an admirable administration and personally as well as officially he deserves and possesses the respect and esteem of the citizens without regard to party lines. The more he is annoyed unjustly, so much the more strongly will public opinion sympathize with him and sustain him, to the confusion of his opponents.

## BLUNDERS OF THE COUNCIL.

The fence on Copeland street in front of the Willard school building is enough to make the electric cars blush. The School Committee at the request of Fr. Roche, requested the Council to appropriate money for an iron fence for the school. The brilliant Council committee to whom the matter was referred, after long delay, reported in favor of the ridiculous wooden hedge now erected. One of the Councilmen lives in Wollaston and one in Atlantic and both are noted for their bitter opposition to any appropriation for West Quincy. An iron fence would have been an ornament and certainly a building worth \$100,000 deserves a decent fence. But what interest has a narrow ward politician outside of his own barnyard?

Another stupid blunder by the same committee was the selection of the window shades for the Willard school. Owing to the peculiar way of opening the windows the ordinary shades will not work. In order to get both shade and ventilation venetian blinds are a necessity. This committee insisted that common blinds would be satisfactory and in spite of the protests of the School committee men for Ward Four, these shades were hung and are a ridiculous failure. The city will soon have to remove them in order to give proper ventilation to the children. When will Councilmen look a little beyond party politics? When will they regard the city as a whole and cease to look upon it as composed of jealous and warring sections?

## ARE WE TO HAVE A LOCKOUT?

Judging from present appearances the Granite Manufacturers are about to inaugurate a bitter and protracted struggle against their workmen. It seems to be a wanton and unprovoked attempt to break down the organizations among the workmen employed in the granite business.

We have heard so many times from the lips of many of these gentlemen, able and eloquent appeals for the emancipation of their colored brethren in the Southern States, yet here we have the same men using their wealth and influence to reduce their working men to the condition of serfs here in the north. It was a proverb in the South that the greatest tyrant was an overseer on a slave plantation was a northern white man. Here, nearly all the men who run the quarries, and stone sheds, have been laborers themselves, and worked for their day's pay.

We have coal kings, and railroad kings; we have had king cotton, now we must have king granite. This trouble in the granite business is entirely caused by the bosses. If it unfortunately takes place, it will not be a strike, it will be a lock-out. There is no question of wages involved, the bill of prices which has been in existence for two years was satisfactory, and no trouble was expected. The ultimatum, published by the "New England Manufacturers Association" shows the animosity of the bosses. "That the members of this Association shall stop all work in all their departments with all employees on the evening of May 14th next, provided they do not make agreements in all localities, which shall terminate January 1st, 1893."

It will be seen by this document, that wages have no place in the quarrel. The manufacturers pretend that unless the agreements are made January 1st, in each year, they cannot properly conduct business, yet the business has been profitably carried on under this system up to date, in fact it seems to be too profitable for the bosses, they are growing more proud, and think they now are in a position to crush their employees. They know that a contract must be made at a time when labor is dull, the workman is taken at a disadvantage, and the boss can work on the piece of dull times, no consent to a contract to induce the workman to decline demanding wages, or to tempt of this kind was made by the workmen, it would be done by the workmen, it would be a conspiracy, the bosses are appealed to, to protect the poor employees, and every court room in the State

is filled by indignant capitalists, clamoring for justice. Taking it for granted that the lock out takes place on May 14th, what will be the result? The long strike, a few years ago ought to be a lesson to the granite bosses of Quincy. Before the strike, the journeymen were at work, content with fair wages, and everything going on pleasantly between employers and workmen, the trade was in the hands of a comparatively few men, who it is pretty well known made splendid profits.

When the men were thrown upon their own resources, many of them established sheds, employed each other, and by their energy and skill as practical workmen soon became formidable rivals to their former employers, until the largest portion of the granite trade is now in the hands of men who were a few years ago working for others.

There is one phase in the present situation which should demand the attention of the young Manufacturers. If this lock out takes place, will they be able to stand the pressure? It seems to us as if the result will be that many of the small firms will be crowded out, and the business, if any is left, will return into the hands of the Kings who before the first strike had a monopoly. We understand why the young manufacturers who have successfully established a trade for themselves, can be made cats paws of the big firms who are jealous of their success, and wishing for an opportunity to break them down. Is this lock out made as an opportunity to destroy the business of the manufacturers?

But the lock out—if it takes place—will have more serious results; it will inevitably end in the destruction of the Granite industry of New England. The principal cause of the New England granite trade is the skill of the workmen who are famous all over America for the beauty of their work. The Quincy granite is considered the best in the country, but unless it has skilled laborers to work it will remain buried in the Quarries. The men, if they cannot get work in New England, must seek it elsewhere. They can, and will, find labor for their hands in other parts of America, and where skilled labor goes, trade will follow. The first great strike compelled many good workmen to go to Barre, Vt. Their labor built up the town of Barre, and if the skilled granite cutters of Quincy have to emigrate in order to make a living, they will build up another Barre in some other State; the Bosses of Quincy cannot carry their quarries on tramp. We hope the Capitalists will study this lesson, and profit by it before it is too late.

The following is a fair statement of the issue that is causing trouble at present between employers and employees in the granite business in New England. The Quarrymen's Journal says: There appears at present a likelihood of a clash between the New England Manufacturers' Association and the various unions on the date when bills of prices shall terminate and commence. The association has resolved that all bills shall terminate December 31, and such a resolution unless amended will undoubtedly lead to serious conflicts this spring. This proposition has been submitted to the branch in Western by the Rhode Island Manufacturers' Association and has been rejected by the branch and also in Missouri, but will not be accepted. We as a union believe in acting square, and do not wish to have our relations with any person claim as being one-sided. We have our labor to sell, and it is as necessary for us that we should know the condition of the market, the amount of work to be done, and the prospects for the season, as it is for the manufacturer to know what he will have to pay for labor before taking contracts, and we do not believe that we can get that knowledge on January 1, but we will have a fair idea by April or May 1, and when we give a reasonable notice of a change in any existing bills, we claim we are acting on the square, and it is fair dealing that should prompt the members of any association, as by these means harmony will prevail and the best results be obtained.

The following is of the utmost importance to any person intending to visit The World's Columbian Exposition: Send 50 cents to Bond & Co., 376 Broadway, Chicago, and you will receive, post paid, a four hundred page advance guide to the Exposition, with elegant Engravings of the Grounds and Buildings, Portraits of its leading spirits, and a Map of the City of Chicago; all of the Rules governing the Exposition and Exhibitors, and all information which can be given out in advance of its opening. Also, other Engravings and printed information will be sent you as published. It will be a very valuable book and every person should secure a copy.

Mrs. Buckley of Larry place has an attack of rheumatism. Mrs. John Larkin has been quite sick with typhoid fever. Mrs. Lambert of R. I. is visiting her daughter Mrs. Belanger.

The Manet Beach cars conveyed several to the beach on Sunday, May 8. Fr. Cunningham intends to establish a magazine in the St. John's Sunday School. The Misses Clover are the guests of the Misses McGrath of Douglas street. Miss Maggie Gorman of So. Boston is visiting her aunt Mrs. Collins of Larry place. Mr. Fred Shatz of R. I. is building a house on the corner of Willard and West streets.

Mr. Edward Phelan is suffering quite severely from injuries received by a fall on the quarry some two weeks ago. Mr. James Hussey of Milford, in company with his wife, is visiting his father Mr. John Hussey of Willard street. We are pleased to learn that Mrs. John Burke who has been confined to the house by illness all winter is able to go out doors.

Rev. Francis Walsh will be ordained to the priesthood on Friday May 20, at the Cathedral, Boston. Services will commence at 8 A. M.

At the special election on the Water question held April 30, the city voted to purchase the works by the following vote:

Ward One, 397 224 73 0  
Ward Two, 296 144 90 2  
Ward Three, 300 212 88 0  
Ward Four, 355 185 170 0  
Ward Five, 218 252 24 2  
Ward Six, 142 111 29 2

1614 1138 474 6



## Watch the Knot.

The popularity of the bow knot is on the increase. The more universal it becomes the more it grows in favor. One secret of its success is that the price is as popular as the article itself. It is out of nobody's reach and it appeals to everybody's taste. It is the latest fashion out but it won't go out of fashion. If what is handsome, seasonable and stylish has any charms for you at all, you can't very well get along without it.

**WILLIAMS,**  
The Jeweler,  
112 Copeland Street.

**SPRING UNDERWEAR**  
AND HOSIERY,  
Ladies Wrappers, Tea Gown Pattern, \$1.25

—NEW LINE OF—  
Light and Dark Prints,  
5 cts. and upwards.

White Spotted Muslins,  
15c. 25c. 33c.  
—NICE LINE STAMPED GOODS.

CHILDREN'S CAPES,  
Small Wares, Etc.

**THE MISSES FLYNN**  
12 Hancock St., Quincy.

Ladies' and Children's  
Hosiery and Underwear,  
10c. 3 for 25c.

OUTING FLANNEL 5c. yd.  
COLORED DOMET FLANNEL, 6 1-4c. per yd.  
Light and Dark Prints, only 4c. per yard.

—ALSO ALL OUR—  
**Woolen Dress Goods**  
Marked Down.

**CLAPP BROS.,**  
Largest Dry Goods Store in Quincy.

**MRS. J. J. PHELAN'S**  
17 Copeland Street.

A FINE LINE OF  
PRINTS,  
GINGHAMS  
AND WOOLENS  
On Hand.

**CHILDREN'S CAP & MITTENS**  
MEN'S UNDERWEAR

Lowest Prices in the City.  
Give us a Call.

## LOCALS.

Mrs. Damply is improving in strength. Mrs. Coran is suffering with rheumatism.

The Board of Assessors are making their yearly rounds.

A truck sidewalk is wanted in front of the Willard School.

Mr. Timothy Corcoran is very sick at his home on Phillips street.

Rogers street is to be extended through the fields to Common street.

The Quincy & Boston Street Railway Co. cannot extend its tracks into Braintree.

It is very pleasing to again see Father Francis able to be present in his churches.

The Old Colony R. R. has laid new rails on the outward track from Boston to Braintree.

Work at Norfolk Downs is progressing. Cellars are being dug and one house has been raised.

It is reported that Wheeler is to build another story on his shoe shop. Land is cheap in the air.

The Quincy Granite Dealers are to have an exhibit of Quincy granite at the World's Fair at Chicago.

Messrs. Patrick and John Milford have dissolved partnership. Mr. John Milford will continue the business.

The Young Men's Christian Association expect to go into their new rooms in the street railway building in June.

During this month special devotions in honor of the Mother of God will be held weekly in the churches of the parish.

Miss Annie Kelley, for some time past assistant teacher in the Willard School has accepted a position in Franklin, Mass.

Amos Churchill has retired from the granite trade of Quincy. He has sold his share in the quarry.

Adam Vogel has been appointed inspector by the Board of Health to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Joseph W. Hayden.

A delegation from the Western Granite Dealers Association visited this city the week of April 29 and were the guests of the local association.

The alarm from Box 34 last Friday evening was caused by a fire in Drake's shoe shop. The fire was confined to the basement where leather, clippers, were stored and did but little damage.

T. F. Ferguson has been appointed as night police in Ward 1, and D. McKay as night police. In Ward 2, J. W. Hayden; in Ward 3, C. Neely; and in Ward 4, C. Crocker have been appointed as night police.

On Sunday, May 8, the Mission was opened in the Sacred Heart Church, Atlantic, by Father Gleason of the Jesuits. On May 15 it will begin in Quincy, and two weeks from that date at West Quincy.

The case of Patrick Brennan against the city of Quincy, being a suit for damages to his land on Quincy avenue caused by obstruction in a drain, was settled at Dedham last week. The jury awarded Mr. Brennan \$300.

The Old Colony R. R. Co. has awarded Mrs. Bartle B. Maxwell \$4,000 in settlement of her claim against the company for causing the death of her husband at the railroad accident in this city a year ago last August.

The International Granite Co. of South Quincy composed of Wm. C. Townsend, Orrin S. Hammond and Wm. C. Doherty have dissolved partnership. C. C. Williams has bought out the plant, which is one of the finest in the city and will carry on the business.

The annual ball given by the St. John's C. L. & A. A. at Guy's Coliseum Easter Tuesday night proved a grand success both socially and financially. The society feels grateful to all who assisted by their attendance or otherwise, especially to the young ladies who took part in the concert.

The U. S. Postal Department has allowed Postmaster Adams another check, as the business is increasing. By giving all your patronage at home it will largely increase the receipts, thereby securing additional accommodations. Postmaster Adams is endeavoring to secure more frequent mails and also more carriers.

At a special meeting of St. John's C. L. & A. A. held at their hall on the evening of May 3, it was voted to join the Massachusetts Granite Association, which is being organized in this state. A convention for the permanent organization will be held in Worcester May 30, and the delegates elected to attend are M. T. Sullivan, T. F. Hogan and George Cahill.

The City Council has granted leave to withdraw on the petition to widen Canal street to its entire width by bridging the brook near the stone shed of E. Brown. No argument was advanced against the project other than that some of the abutters objected for what reason could not be learned unless they wished to use the highway as a truck road. Why the Council should object to this improvement which would benefit the public generally and abate a nuisance is hard to understand.

**Dr. G. R. England**  
DENTIST.  
14 Chestnut Street,  
QUINCY.  
Connected by Telephone.

**JOHN HALL,**  
Funeral & Furnishing  
UNDERTAKER,  
EMBALMER.  
51 Hancock Street.  
Carriages and Flowers furnished.  
Orders promptly attended to.  
Telephone No. 9739.

**JEROME S. MACDONALD**  
AUCTIONEER.  
Real Estate Mortgage and Insurance Broker.  
Agent for Imperial City of London, German American and Fire Association of Philadelphia Fire Insurance Co.  
209 Washington Street, Boston.  
Room 2, Rogers Building, Opp. State Street.

**W. A. HODGES,**  
BAKER  
Hancock St., Quincy.  
Bread, Cake, Pastry, Crackers,  
Etc., of all kinds.  
Orders for Wedding Cake PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

**J. W. McANARNEY,**  
Counsellor at Law,  
QUINCY, MASS.  
Room 1, Durgin & Merrill's Block.  
Saturdays at the office of J. E. Cotter, 139 Washington St., Boston.

**FRANK F. CRANE,**  
4 Chestnut Street.

**Just Received**  
The entire contents of a large house.

Bargains in Bargains in Bargains in  
FEATHER BEDS, SOFAS, CHAMBER SETS  
MATTRESS PILLOWS, LOUNGES, SPRINGS,  
FANCY CHAIRS, PIANOS.

—AT—  
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When Putting away Furs or Woolen Goods.

—USE—  
**Camphor and Naphthalin,**  
Only 15c. a pound at  
**WILLARD'S DRUG STORE,**

**SAVILLE and JONES**  
Do You Wear Overall's?

IF YOU DO YOU KNOW THAT THE OVERALLS AND JACKETS MADE BY CARTER & CHURCHILL, OF LEBANON, N. H. (THE LEBANON OVERALL) ARE THE BEST.

FOUND ONLY IN THIS CITY

**SAVILLE and JONES.**

**Special Bargains In SUMMER UNDERWEAR**  
RIBBED VESTS, 10c. each, 3 for 25c. FINE GAUZE VESTS, all Sizes, 25c.  
LADIES' and CHILDREN'S HOSIERY, at 10, 17, 25, 29, 35, and 50 cts. per Pair.  
Ladies' Shirt Waists, 50c. Boys' Shirt Waists, 25c and 50c.

**MISS C. S. HUBBARD'S,**  
158 Hancock Street, Opposite the Post Office.

**IGO WARNER GRANITE Co.**  
Manufactures all kinds of  
GRANITE MONUMENTS,  
CEMETERY WORK,  
CURBING, POSTS Etc.  
AT LOWEST PRICES.  
Don't Pay Double the Cost to Middle Men.  
SEND FOR ESTIMATES.

**IGO WARNER GRANITE COMPANY,**  
SOUTH QUINCY, MASS.

**JOHN H. COODHUE,**  
SOUTH QUINCY BAKER  
BREAD, CAKE, PASTRY, ETC.,  
CRACKERS at Wholesale and Retail.  
WEDDING CAKE a Specialty.  
22-BEANS AND BROWN BREAD Every Sunday Morning.  
25 - WATER STREET - 25

**Just Received**  
The entire contents of a large house.

Bargains in Bargains in Bargains in  
FEATHER BEDS, SOFAS, CHAMBER SETS  
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## "AWAKENING."

"There you, sweet," said the girl, "the whole year you've been waiting for me. As if to read love's riddle. Within their depths, love, was the And he, into my hand, pressed the Some while gone, sweetest, and which would once more be to life and The love that long had been dead again."

I cannot tell you when or how— Love does not measure such time. By hour and moment, I must be Sufficient, dear— I love you now!— Stella G. Florence in Springfield Mass.

**A WOMAN'S HEART.**







## SUN AND SHADE.

A little cloud will surely cast  
The sun's effulgence, clear,  
And as we see it from afar  
We feel the darkness near.

And so one little deed will cast  
A shadow over our life,  
And thus the darkness holds us fast  
We live through pain and strife.

But through it all still shines the sun  
Behind the darkened sky,  
And soon the gloomy clouds pass on,  
Again the light is high.

God sends the light and darkness, too  
He sends each pain and care,  
But ah! God sends us joys anew,  
And sunlight every where.

Oh, Mary, dear! when grief doth reign  
In thine own troubled heart,  
Look far beyond and comfort gain  
With but this simple thought:

Though gloomy are the clouds that dim  
Our horizon anon,  
The sun will send his beams again  
And joy'll be thine, dear one.

—Emma Celiniski in Hall's Journal of Health.

**England's Largest Driving Wheel.**  
The largest driving wheel in England is in use in the woolen mill at Darwen. The mill was formerly driven by leather belts, but did not prove successful, and rope driving was resorted to. The 85,000 spindles and preparation are driven by a 2,000 horse power modern compound engine, with cylinders 23 and 41 inches in diameter and 72-inch stroke, running at 54 revolutions per minute. The flywheel is 30 feet in diameter, weighs 65 tons and is arranged with 20 grooves for 14-inch ropes. These ropes lead off to receiving pulleys upon the several floors, so that each floor receives its power directly from the flywheel. The speed of the ropes is 5,082 feet, or practically a mile, a minute. It will interest every American to know that American rope is used on England's greatest wheel.—Power.

**Fooling a Western Robber.**  
The great robber of moisture on the plains in the west is evaporation. The activity of the winds is so great and constant that more vapor is raised from exposed water surfaces than in many regions of greater heat. The annual evaporation is seldom if ever less than four feet, and may rise to eight feet. Water storage upon high plains where there are no trees, if not wholly a delusion, is held to be somewhat delusive. More hopeful is the expedient of deep tillage, for, hidden from the sun and winds in the loose soil and subsoil, the moisture will thus be preserved at the very spot where it is needed to sustain vegetation.—New York Times.

**Getting Even.**  
Church Usher (confidentially)—That woman I just seated is Mrs. Stuckup. She had me sent around to the back door one day when I called at her house on a business errand. Made me transact the business through a servant too. But I've got even with her.

Friend—You have given her one of the best pews in the church.

Usher—Wait half an hour. She's right where a stained glass window will throw a red light on her nose.—New York Weekly.

**No Reason for a Heavy Rod.**  
There never was any reason why the butt end of a rod should be as solid as a policeman's baton and its top as tenuous as Home Rulers declare themselves to be. The modern flyrod, which weighs ten ounces, and is either of split cane or of greenheart in two parts spliced, is really the primitive willow wand improved upon; the drawn gut cast is the nearest possible imitation of the cast of horsehair with which our grand fathers fished.—National Review.

**A Relation of Washington.**  
One of the treasures of Bucksport is a time scarred oil portrait of the late Mrs. Jonathan Buck, nee Hannah Gale, who was a sister of George Washington's mother. Mr. Buck was the founder of Bucksport and made the first survey of the town in the year 1790. Now the question is, what relation is Bucksport to the father of his country?—Lewiston Journal.

**Precious Bullets.**  
Bullets made of precious stones are rarities in warfare. But during the fighting on the Kashmir frontier, when the British troops defeated the rebellious Hunzas, the natives used bullets of garnets incased in lead. The British preserved many as curiosities.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Every adult man has 1,400 square feet of lung surface; or, rather, the membrane lining the air cells would, if spread out on a smooth, plain surface, cover a surface equal in extent to the above figures.

**The Odds Were Against Him.**  
Mr. Jonathan Staybolt had no personal objections to young Rudolph Gigsby, who was courting his daughter Clara, but he did wish that Mr. Gigsby would go home a little earlier. Winding the clock, that time honored hint to lovers, had no effect upon him, but Mr. Staybolt thought that a sudden great uproar in the house might prove sufficiently disturbing to make him think that it was about time to go. His plan was to roll the washboard down the back stairs. Mrs. Staybolt did not enter very heartily into that plot, but she let him have the boiler.

He carried it up stairs early in the evening, and at 11 o'clock he started it. It made as much noise as though it had been a railroad through the house. Mr. Staybolt expected in the intense stillness that followed to hear Mr. Gigsby step out into the hall for his hat and overcoat, but instead of that he heard him say to Clara: "Goodness! How careless it was to leave that boiler where it would fall like that. It's almost sure to get dented."

Then Mr. Staybolt gave it up, and he never knew until after the young people were married that Mrs. Staybolt had told Clara about the boiler hours before he started it rolling.—New York Sun.

## MANY PECULIAR TITLES.

**Names of Religious Sects and Denominations in the United Kingdom.**  
In the return made to the registrar general of the names of the various religious denominations and sects throughout the United Kingdom, there appears some which, in selecting their badge of distinction, have taken unto themselves somewhat peculiar and novel appellations. Every shade of religion is represented, and from the greatest stickler for religious sectarianism to the most ardent advocate of universal religious toleration, there is some body, society, band or mission which admits of all individuals following their own religious inclinations.

Without dealing with the religious denominations which are familiar to most people we will take a glance at the various sects which carry on their devotional work under the names of lands, armies, etc.

We find that there are only two sects who, in choosing their titles, have taken the word "love"—which must ever be a necessary component of religion—as one of its constituents. These are the Mission of Love and the Loving Brethren.

Among those who form themselves into bands the most conspicuous are the Clory Band and the Halleclujah Band.

The endowing of a sect with a name which savors of military action is very rare. The most prominent of this class are the Army of the King's Own, the Salvation Army, the Army of the Lord, the Church Army, Christian Soldiers, Holiness Army, the Red Ribbon Army, the Blue Ribbon Gospel Army, the White Ribbon Gospel Army, the Redeemed Army, the Hosanna Army, King's Own Army, King Jesus' Army, the Gospel Army, and the Crusade Mission Army.

In contradistinction to the title of the Salvation Army there is a sect which is called the Salvation "Navy." There are many sects which still continue to retain as their distinctive feature the name of their founder or originator, such as the Lutherans (there are also the Danish Lutherans and the German Lutherans), the Glasites, Inghamites and Wesleyans. Also the believers in Joanna Southcott and the Countess of Huntingdon's connection.

Among the Baptist denomination there are many distinctive sects. The most peculiar are the Strict Baptists, the Particular Baptists, the Seventh Day Baptists, Open Baptists, Scottish Baptists and the Union Baptists.

In concluding the list there are some which may be classed under a general heading, such as Strictly Un-denominational, Bible Christians, Open Brethren, Open Plymouth Brethren, Plymouth Brethren, Rational Christians, Recreative Religionists, Protestants Adhering to Articles 1 to 18, Psalmists of David Society, Full Salvationists and the Peculiar People.

The above only form a collection of the most peculiar appellations of the different religious sects.—London Tit-Bits.

**Rare Ware Easily Duplicated.**  
Palissy ware is one of the easiest categories to imitate. Specimens can be, and indeed, are now currently produced which are in every respect but antiquity identical with the originals. The common pipe-clay which forms the body of the ware is everywhere at hand, as in Palissy's days, and the composition of the colored enamels and the methods of their application are perfectly known and offer not the slightest difficulty to the modern potters, while the relief decoration of the original pieces can be either reproduced by molding from them or else imitated by casts taken from the shells, lizards, fish, fern leaves, etc., which were the types Palissy himself made use of. In short, specimens of modern Palissy wares have been produced in France absolutely indistinguishable from the ancient examples.—Nineteenth Century.

**A Bishop's Remark.**  
David Wolfe Bishop was the largest beneficiary by the will of his late cousin, the eccentric Miss Catharine Wolfe. It is related of him that he once met the bishop of New York at his cousin's home during her last illness. Bishop Potter was also interested in a legacy. As they came down the steps together David Wolfe remarked to the ecclesiastic: "Two bishops and only one lamb. Singular, is it not?" To which Dr. Potter is said to have pleasantly replied: "Ah, yes. Two bishops and only one crook"—a remark that has caused perhaps as much speculation as anything the clergyman ever said.—New York Recorder.

**Where Ivory and Tin Came From.**  
Among all the products of Semitic trade perhaps the most interesting are ivory and tin. The question still remains to be finally settled as to what were the original sources whence both these precious substances were obtained. As regards ivory, there appears to have been a double source, the Egyptians and Carthaginians using African ivory, while the Assyrians and Phoenicians obtained it from India.—Scottish Review.

**Electrifying Seeds.**  
Dr. Leicester, of Bristol, England, has been studying the growth of seeds in artificial electricity. A box three feet long by nearly three wide was filled with choice soil. At one end a zinc plate and at the other end a copper one were placed, and were united outside by a copper wire. They were about one foot square. By the chemical action on the zinc plate, a current passed through the earth toward the copper plate, and returning by the copper wire made a circuit. The box was thus a very simple cell or battery. Seeds were sown in the soil between the plates, and their growth was much more rapid than that of similar seeds planted in a similar

box, but one without the metal plates.

Similar experiments made with glass tanks filled with soil show similar results. Hempseed, sown in an electrified glass tank, was fully an inch high before any sprouts could be seen in un electrified earth. It was found, too, that if the doctor watered the soil with a little very dilute acetic acid the growth was much quicker in the electrified soil.—New York Ledger.

**A Unique Appeal for Mercy.**  
Ex-Governor Taylor tells a story of how he saw a man come before the governor of a state with a rude fiddle a poor convict had fashioned with his pocket-knife and sent to the chairman of the pardoning power as his only appeal for mercy. Christ-mas eve was approaching, and away up in the mountains stood a little cabin. The fire on the hearth was almost gone. The little children, ragged and unfed, clung about a weeping and disconsolate mother, and the day which should bring peace and joy to all promised only sorrow and wretchedness.

The governor received the simple, rough fiddle, which was a more eloquent plea in its maker's behalf than any human tongue could have made. The records were looked up, and on Christmas day there was rejoicing in a little home over a husband and father restored to his family.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Cullindol.**  
Cullindol, the composition of which was long kept secret, has for some years been largely employed for imitating articles made of horn, shell, ivory and even marble. It has the immense advantage that it can be welded, melted, molded and shaped without difficulty, and it is for this reason now largely employed for the manufacture of walking stick handles, umbrellas handles, piano keys, etc. It has also been used for making rulers, set squares and other similar instruments of precision, for it has been shown that Cullindol is of this substance is much more regular and uniform than that of wood and that errors previously unavoidable can be eliminated by its use. This industrial product, now indispensable for a number of articles of everyday use, is simply made up of nitro-cellulose, camphor and water.—Montreal Star.

**Old Comical Pictures.**  
There is in the Museum of Turin, Italy, a papyrus roll which displays a whole series of comical scenes. In the first place, a lion, a crocodile and an ape are giving a vocal and instrumental concert. Next comes an ass, dressed, armed and caped like a Pharaoh. With majestic swagger he receives the gifts presented to him by a cat of high degree, to whom a bull acts as proud conductor. A lion and gazelle are playing at checkers, a hippopotamus is perched in a high tree and a horse has climbed into the tree and is trying to dislodge him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Found It Hard to Understand.**  
"He seems to be in pretty good health," said the tall, lanky man, as a young man with a languid air sauntered by.

"He ought to be," said the stout man in surprise. "He takes life easily."

"Well, yes; at least I've never seen him do anything else," returned the lanky man. "And yet," he went on with a puzzled air, "I sometimes wonder how it is. Is he a truthful man?"

"He's so considered."

The lanky man shook his head doubtfully and said:

"I don't understand it at all. I was talking with him yesterday and he said he would rather work than eat."

"He said that?"

"Those were his words."

"What did you say?"

"I asked him when he lost his appetite and how he lived without eating."

—Chicago Tribune.

**The Four Elements Name of God.**  
Is it not passing singular, at least, that the name of God should be spelled with four letters in almost every known language? In Latin it is Deus; Greek, Zeus; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Arabian, Alla; Persian, Ahr; Tartarian, Idga; Egyptian, Amun or Zent; East Indian, Esdi or Zent; Japanese, Zain; Turkish, Addi; Scandinavian, Olan; Wal-lachian, Zenc; Croatian, Doga; Dalmatian, Rogt; Tyrrhenian, Eher; Etrurian, Chur; Margarian, Oese; Swedish, Codd; Irish, Dich; German, Gott; French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios; Peruvian, Lian.—St. Louis Republic.

**Gold on the African Coast.**  
All the famous gold coast of Africa does not at present yield as much as \$400,000 a year. Yet the dark continent was formerly noted as the country of gold. Mummies have been immured in Egypt with massive necklaces and other ornaments of the metal.—Washington Star.

**Why Gold Is Rare.**  
Why is gold so rare? Simply because it is heavy. There are only two metals that are heavier, namely platinum and iridium. Remember that at the beginning the earth was a body of gas. By gradual condensation it became liquid, while now the whole of its mass, save only an outer crust, much thinner in proportion to the whole bulk than is the shell of an egg, would be a fluid but for the fact that it is held together by tremendous pressure. Naturally, in the course of its formation about a center of attraction, the weightier particles composing the globe gathered about that center. Accordingly we find that the earth as a whole weighs five times as much as water, while the rocks forming the crust are only about 2.12 times as heavy as water.—Washington Star.

## THEATRICAL NUISANCES.

**But as There Is No Way of Suppressing Them They Must Be Endured.**  
The highly reprehensible habit of coming into the theater after the curtain is up and disturbing the entire audience in getting properly seated is growing in New York. This is bad. The other and more flagrant violation of individual rights—getting up and hustling for the doors before the curtain goes down on the last tableau—is also growing. This is worse.

There may be and very often are sufficient reasons for some people being late. I can't help but think, however, if there were stringent rules enforced prohibiting any one going or being shown to a seat while the curtain is up there would be a great falling off of this nightly nuisance. The discretion of ushers, properly exercised, is often commendable, but a well known rule enforced by the police, if necessary, would work advantageously all around, for those who come late would know before hand that they must stand until the close of the first act.

As for the person who begins to shuffle into his or her wraps during the most telling lines of the piece and noisily bolts for the exits in the middle of the grand denouement, nothing but a jail seems adequate. The annoyance is so great and because there is no reasonable excuse for it, I have seen men and women who have the outward appearance of gentlemen and ladies get up thus and stamped as if there were a fire, and have found them leading in the lobby until the lights were turned out on them.

The desire to get out first is apparently one of those curious freaks of human nature that impels men to jump from the moving train and off the ferryboat before it gets to the dock, and women to run across tracks in front of the horse cars—not because they are in any special hurry, but merely to "get there, Eli."

The effect upon the great majority of playgoers is to spoil their full appreciation if not destroy their understanding of the piece. This matter is so palpably outside the bounds of good sense and the most ordinary exercise of the reasoning faculties that a remedy is not to be readily suggested. No doubt that a "bouncer" posted in each aisle with a club would seem to reach the case.—New York Herald.

**Bad Temper Under Water.**  
One of the strange effects that diving has upon those who practice it is the invariable bad temper felt while working at the bottom; and as this irritability passes away as soon as the surface is reached again, it is only reasonable to suppose that it is caused by the unusual pressure of air inside the dress affecting probably the lungs, and through them the brain. My experience has been that while below one may fly into the most violent passion at the merest trifle; for instance, the life line held too tight or too slack, too much air or too little, or some imaginary wrongdoing on the part of the tender or the boys above, will often cause the temper to rise.

I have sometimes become so angry in a similar way that I have given the signal to pull up, with the expression of knocking the heads off the entire crew; but as the surface was neared and the weight of air decreased, my feelings have gradually undergone a change for the better, until by the time I reached the ladder and had the face glass unscrewed I had forgotten for what I came up.—H. P. Whitmarsh in Century.

**He Had Some Feeling.**  
One Billie, a ten-year-old not 1,000 miles from Detroit, is about the worst youngster on record, and, strange to say, his fond mother doesn't seem to know it half as well as the neighbors do. Not long ago she opened out on a man who spoke his mind very freely to William.

"Did you tell my son to go to the bad place?" she asked, with a flash in her eye.

"No, ma'am, I didn't," was the prompt contradiction.

"Did you say he would go there some time?" he continued.

"No, ma'am, I didn't," and the man became hot. "I suppose he told you I did, but it isn't true. I haven't much respect for the bad place, ma'am, nor never had, but I've got enough sympathy for it not to wish it any such bad luck as that."

Then he got around the corner quick.—Detroit Free Press.

**An Argument Against Ether.**  
When anesthetics were first discovered it was urged by those who had learned to admire the dexterity of surgical art that the day of that art were doomed, that surgeons would become mere "puddlers," and that a false sentiment and fear about pain and the infliction of pain would take from the Esculapian fraternity the boldest and manliest qualities. No more heroes of surgery would now be born.—Dr. Richardson in Longman's Magazine.

**The Voice of Dull Business.**  
Baboon—Hello, Looney! What are you doing now?  
Looney—Traveling for a jewelry house.  
Baboon—Ah! selling goods, eh?  
Looney—No—just traveling.—Jeweler's Circular.

**FARMING ON WRONG PRINCIPLES.**  
It's One Thing to Recognize a Mistake. It's Another Thing to Correct It.  
Miss Busby had a good farm and it was well stocked and conducted by herself in a lucrative manner. Mr. Higgins lived neighbor to her and had a pretty good farm himself. One day he went in and sat down on the porch steps and watched her shelling peas.

"You've got a nice farm here, Miss Busby," he said at random.

"I think so," she responded with a touch of pride.

"Got fields of truck growin' all around?"

"Yes."

"Got ten fine cows and a lot of other cattle?"

"Yes."

"Got some good horses and mules?"

"Yes."

"Got a comfortable house and a good barn?"

"Yes."

"Got a lot of fat chickens and turkeys and geese?"

"Yes."

"Got money in the bank?"

"Yes."

"Got most everything you need on a farm, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Got no husband, have you?"

This was so unexpected that Miss Busby almost dropped a basket of shelled peas on Mr. Higgins' head.

"No," she answered hesitatingly.

"A husband is mighty handy on a farm sometimes," he ventured.

"Have you got one?" she asked with a sharp little laugh.

"No," he replied, "but—"

"Have you got a wife?" she interrupted.

"Have you one?" he quickly asked, cornering her.

"No."

"Well, it seems to me, Miss Busby," said Mr. Higgins, "that we ain't been bargain on right principles. Spose we set a meetin and talk it over."

"Spouse we do, Mr. Higgins."

"Will this evening at early candle light be too soon, Maria?" inquired Mr. Higgins.

"Not at all, Hiram," responded Miss Busby, and they talked it over successfully.—Detroit Free Press.

**WHERE A TRAIN WAS WRECKED.**  
Wandering Apparitions All in White. Visit the Scene at Midnight.  
One day in the winter of 1891-2 the dreadful world reached the city and spread over it like wildfire that a Monon passenger had jumped the rails just north of town, and left in its track death and destruction.

The story of the awful, ghastly procession, with its blanched faces, as it came slowly into town on that memorable afternoon, is well remembered and can never be forgotten. The sight of those wrecked cars, smoking ruins, crippled people and dead bodies on the hillside is fresh in the memory of all.

Since that fatal day a quiet melancholy seems to have hovered over the unfortunate spot. Even horses and cows shun it. Birds turn their flight as they approach it. Only the morbidly curious have ventured near it.

One night a leading physician of this city, who was present a few moments after the awful catastrophe, and was an eyewitness to the terrible, heartrending scene, was called from his warm bed to see a sick man who resided not far from where the wreck occurred. He told of his mid night trip, which if it did not turn his raven locks white, gave him a scare that he will never recover from. He says that just as he approached the foot of the short hill where the wreck occurred he heard the distant rumbling of an approaching train.

Checking his horse he waited, and in a moment the north bound Monon passenger dashed by on its way to Chicago. Before the bright lights of the many windows had disappeared and the distant rumbling of the wheels had died away, while the long line of heavy, black smoke still hovered over the hill, a sight met his gaze that almost paralyzed him with fear.

With the greatest difficulty he held his horse, wild with fright, and plunging and snorting to break away. Before him, on the hillside, where the fatal coaches had rolled down, he saw two figures clothed in white. They would rise from the ground, walk about and hold up their white arms in supplication.

"I never," continued the doctor, "believed in ghosts. But there were two right before my eyes. I didn't feel that I was exactly scared, but I was possessed with a sensation that is indescribable. It was an awful moment. I can yet see those white robed visions walking about on that hillside. I only remained a moment, but it seemed to me I was there an age. My horse fairly flew up the hill, over the track and homeward bound. I don't believe I could get him near that spot again, even in daylight. If you doubt what I say just go out there tonight at 1:30 and I'll venture to say that you will witness the same sight that I did."

Since the horrible wreck no less than three accidents have occurred on this spot.—Crawfordsville Car Indianapolis Sentinel.

**A Way to Handle Many Lines.**  
A friend of mine has three desks in his office and handles three branches of a good business, his clerks, stenographer, etc., being in an adjoining room. He never allows any work to be placed before him during the day that does not pertain to the particular branch on which he is at the time engaged. The desk at which he sits indicates that. If he devotes so much time to each desk—enough to keep the work clear. If you should happen to visit him on business he will immediately shift seat to the desk at which this particular business is transacted.

By this method he can transact the business of two clerks. Real estate and insurance combined, or something else that way, impel men to maintain a strict division in their minds, and this artificial greatly aids the habit of concentration of thought on the matter in hand.—New York Herald.

**Two People Who Know.**  
Every old maid knows the right way to bring up her neighbor's children. So does every old bachelor—he would bring them up with a round turn.—Somerville Journal.

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**AMERICAN PIE.**

It is an Indigenous Product Which No Other Nation Can Imitate.

A gentleman of New England ancestry, who lives on West Vine street, solemnly asserted to the reporter that pie is largely responsible for many of the mental peculiarities of the American people.

"It is a fact scientifically established," he said, "that different kinds of food have distinctively different effects on the mental traits and tendencies of men. For instance, races whose diet is chiefly meat are always of a bloodthirsty, sanguinary disposition, while those who confine themselves to grain and vegetables are nearly always mild and unwarlike."

"Persons who eat highly spiced and seasoned food are apt to be peevish and irritable, and so on. People's minds depend on the condition of their stomachs, and their stomachs depend on what they eat. Now pie is the only kind of food eaten by Americans that is not eaten by others of the Caucasian race. It is a distinctive American dish. When it is considered that nearly 2,000,000 pies per day are eaten in America it may be said to be our national food."

"And I do not think it unreasonable to infer that pie may be the inspiring source of many of our greatest achievements and sublimest thoughts. At any rate all our great men have been very fond of pie. Abraham Lincoln used to go out of his way to get a good, old fashioned piece of cherry pie, such as had stained his youthful lips and fingers in the good old Kentucky days. George Washington was so notoriously fond of mince pie that the Quaker housewives used to send them to him with their humble respects, even after he had become president. The Marquis de Lafayette is said to have pronounced the pies of Mount Vernon 'exquisite,' and he attempted to introduce them to the haute ton on his return to Paris. The attempt failed, because the marquis forgot to take an American cook back with him, and no French chef has until recently comprehended the mysterious pie. It is a remarkable fact that pumpkin pie has recently become very popular in Paris. It is the pioneer, but it will undoubtedly become the avant courier of all our delicious pastries."

"The French have nothing approaching our pie. They make all sorts of delicate and creamy puffs and meringues that are dreams of the culinary art. In many respects they excel our efforts in similar directions. But they have never attained to the sublimity of pie. The English have nothing that will compare with it but tarts. While these are pleasant little fripperies of diet, they no more compare to pie than a last year's bird's nest does to the Capitol at Washington. The nearest the Germans get to pie is the pretzel. Think of it! Pretzel versus pie! The Italian is still worse. Though he is a past master in the art of paste making, and has given to the world that marvel of culinary ingenuity, macaroni, he has never thought to combine the crusts with the grapes and berries of his sunny hillside. No lazy person can make pie, and so the Spanish have none. It seems as if the poorest dish had been reserved by the gods from men until the banner of freedom had been unfurled and tyranny defied."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Superstition About Salt.**  
If at the table a little salt is spilt between two people the way to avoid a quarrel is for each to take a pinch and throw it over his left shoulder. Salt always has seemed a wonderfully powerful mineral from the time when we were small. Which of us, when a child, did not firmly believe in that old joke about putting salt on a bird's tail? I remember a curly headed little boy in kilts who went out into the garden with a handful of salt, resolved upon catching a bird. He was very patient, and cautiously tiptoed around for a long while. Finally, a little discouraged, he went in to his mother and said, mournfully, "Mamma, they all flew away." His mother didn't laugh at him. —Harper's Bazar.

**The Demon in Mexican Mines.**  
In the mines of Mexico formerly the descent and ascent of the shafts were made by the aid of tree trunks, with notches cut out of them, in which the laborers rested the great toe as they stepped from one to the other. The demon in such places was believed to have on each big toe a huge nail or claw, with which he would gouge out the pieces on which the feet of the miners rested. According to either legend the fiend always left the ladders or tree trunks, after having destroyed their usefulness, to tantalize the unfortunate men who were thus imprisoned.—Interview in Washington Star.

**Harlequin Snakes Are Not Dangerous.**  
The harlequin snakes inhabit America, and are very beautiful reptiles, their bodies being encircled by black, red and yellow rings, as are also some of the American snakes which are not venomous. The harlequin snakes are not large, rarely exceeding three feet in length, while both their mouths and poison fangs are small. They need be but little dreaded, as they only bite under great provocation.—Quarterly Review.

**LIFE IN A LODGING HOUSE.**

Showing That One May Live in a Place for Months and Yet Be a Stranger.

Many of the large, old fashioned houses in Washington are owned by persons whose incomes are in inverse ratio to the size of their dwellings, therefore they take a few boarders or else rent rooms. In one of these houses a certain journalist has the back room just across the broad hall from the back parlor.

One Friday night he was out later than usual, so overslept himself the next morning and did not leave the house until about 11 o'clock. When he opened the front door he saw a hearse and several carriages standing in front of the house, and as he was naturally a little curious to know who was bereaved, he said to a hackman who was leaning against the fence:

"Who is dead? Where is the funeral?"

He says you might have knocked him down with a feather when the man replied, looking at him with surprise:

"In your house, sir."

Dr. T.—was at that moment reading the burial service in the front parlor. The deceased, a lady, was only a visitor in the city and her friends had at first intended to take her to her home in W— for interment; therefore no crape was hung on the door and no announcement of her death was inserted in the papers. They afterward decided to lay her in a vault in one of the Washington cemeteries, but as her friends were few, no one but the half dozen relatives were at the funeral. Hence there was no confusion and no stir in the hall to attract attention when the journalist left his room.

Most of the people who room in this house are middle-aged, quiet people; the only young man, Mr. L—, has the hall room up one flight. Last week he went to his landlady's sitting room in the back building (or L) and tapped at the door.

"Come in," said some one.

So he entered, and there sat a stranger who looked comfortable and very much at home, in smoking jacket, cap and slippers. Mr. L— asked if his landlady was there.

"No," said the stranger, "she is not."

"I'm Mr. L—," said the young man.

"Oh! Can I—er—er—do anything for you?"

"Oh! Well, if you go down stairs and find the servants I reckon they'll give you some."

Down stairs went Mr. L—, and, after getting his ice, he said:

"Who's that fellow in Mrs. S—'s room?"

"That is Mr. S—, sir."

"Any relation to my landlady?"

"Mr. S—? Why, he's her husband."

"Goodness! I thought she was a widow."

By and by Mrs. S— came home, and her husband said:

"Some fellow came here awhile ago and wanted a piece of ice; said he was Mr. L—. Who the dickens is he?"

"Why, R—!" exclaimed his wife.

"He is the young man in the room next to Aunt Mary. Surely you knew him."

"Never heard of him! When did he come?"

"He has been here since October."

And it was then the last week in April.—New York Herald.

**A Trick with an Egg.**  
Place two V shaped wineglasses of the same size near the edge of a table. In the right hand one put an egg, just fitting the rim of the glass. Hold the bases of the glasses firmly down, the top rims touching each other.

Now, with a quick, sharp breath, blow upon the line where the egg and the glass meet. The egg will jump to the other glass. With a little practice this can be done every time. Be careful to blow in a line with the left hand glass, or the egg will jump in the wrong direction, and land on the table with disastrous results.—Youth's Companion.

**When Thumb Formation Did Not Count.**  
Palimistry declares that the strength of one's will is evidenced by the formation of the thumb, the will power of its owner being great or little according to the length, or want of length, of its upper joint. How the thumbs of the Roman holiday makers were formed mattered nothing to the defeated gladiator, whose fate hung upon their being bent forward or backward; a method of decreeing life or death to which perhaps we owe the old saying that a man at another's mercy is under his thumb.—Irish Times.

**Sand in Plenty.**  
On the eastern shore of Lake Michigan are sand dunes of sometimes 200 feet in height, and which at Grand Haven and Sleeping Bear have drifted over the adjacent woodlands, leaving only the dead tops of the trees exposed.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

**Napier and the Swordsman.**

After Napier's battles with the Hindoos opposed to the English a famous juggler visited the camp and performed his feats before the general, his family and staff. Among other performances this man cut in two with a stroke of his sword a lime or lemon placed in the hand of his assistant. Napier thought there was some collusion between the juggler and his retainer. To determine the point the general offered his own hand for the experiment, and he stretched out his right arm. The juggler looked very attentively at the hand, and said that he would not make the experiment.

"I thought I would find you out!" exclaimed Napier.

"But stop," added the other, "let me see your left hand." The left was submitted and the man then said firmly, "If you will hold your arm steady I will perform the feat."

"But why the left hand and not the right?"

"Because the right hand is hollow in the centre, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb; the left is high and the danger will be less."

Napier was startled. "I got frightened," he said. "I saw it was an actual feat of delicate swordsmanship, and if I had not abused the man as I did before my staff and challenged him to the trial I honestly acknowledge I would have retired from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand and held it as my arm steadily. The juggler belatedly struck out the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand as if a cold thread had been drawn across it."—Chicago Herald.

**A Woman with Horns.**

Horny excrescences arising from the human head have not only occurred in this country but have been frequently reported by English surgeons as well as those from several parts of continental Europe. The Imperial museum at Vienna, the British museum, the Museum of the Vatican, Rome, and several lesser institutions of the kind have very fine single specimens or whole collections of these curiosities. In the "Natural History of Cheshire" a woman is mentioned who had been afflicted with a tumor or vein on her head for thirty two years.

It finally greatly enlarged, and two horns grew out of it after she was seventy years old. These horns, which are each within a fraction of eleven inches long and two inches across at the base are now in the Lansdale collection in the British museum.—Philadelphia Press.

**A Trick for Sportsmen.**

"If I were a gambling man I could win lots of money on my ability to shoot a hole through a 4-inch pine plank with ordinary bird shot," said B. L. Houston, of Fort Wayne, Ind. "The way to do it is this: Take a blank cartridge and load it yourself, putting the powder in first, of course. Then on top of this powder place your wad and ram it down well. Put in a second wad, but be careful to leave a slight space between the two. Then pour in your shot and fill the remaining end of the shell with damp paper. Now with a keen blade cut around the shell just between the two wads, and when you blaze away at the four inch plank you will discover to your surprise that your load shot a hole through the board. In no other way can shot be made to penetrate so far a plank."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**No Inducement.**

It is not learning but logic that counts most. The ability to see things in the correct light is a wonderful gift. A Chicago youth, residing in Englewood, possesses this rare quality. He and some other boys excited the anger of a German neighbor by tying a tin can to the tail of the latter's dog. The German later on saw the boy passing his house and called out to him, "You blamed beetle tell you come in here I geef you a thrashing!" "No inducement whatever," said the youth, "I wouldn't come in there if you'd promise me three thrashings."—Chicago Times.

**Peace and War.**

"What is an inward monitor?" asked the teacher of the Sunday school class.

"I don't know," responded a tow headed boy, "but I know what an outward monitor is."

"Well, what is that?" inquired the teacher with a degree of curiosity.

"It's one of them iron bound ships that knocks the stuff out of every thing for forty-seven miles around, ma'am, that's what it is," and the boy puffed over his answer as if he had carried in four buckets of water hand running.—Detroit Free Press.

**An Awful Memory.**

Clara—I hope you won't bring that Mr. Hatter around to see me. I don't want to see him.

Maude—But, my dear, he says he used to play with you when you were a little girl.

Clara—That's why I don't want to meet him. It reminds me of the time I wore a home-made cloak to Sunday school.—Clark Review.



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## THE GREAT LOCK OUT.

SIXTY THOUSAND MEN IDLE.

This means a money loss of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars each day, nearly a million dollars every week. Money lost in any other form would be of benefit to somebody; even that thrown away at the gaming tables brings a gain to the winner, but this million of dollars a week might as well be thrown into the Red Sea.

What is the occasion of this waste of time and money? The protest that the owners of Granite quarries, and those who are engaged in its manufacture may be enabled to regulate their business in their own way, is a miserable subterfuge. In public opinion the real reasons are: First, to destroy the organizations of workmen, which operate as a check on the rapacity of some of the employers by establishing a fixed rate of wages; second, to drive the small firms out of the business, and compel the members of those firms to return to the condition of journeymen; third, to fix a time for making agreements in such a manner as to place the workmen at the greatest disadvantage.

Bosses and workmen know that under the old system a man received a stone and a diagram; the boss fixed the price, and the workman was told if he did not accept that sum, the stone would be given to another, thus compelling the workman to compete with every man in the yard—it was worse than "Hobson's choice."

This system was the essence of tyranny. It worked its own cure by causing the great strike, which resulted in establishing the numerous stone sheds that are now at work in Quincy.

This competition alarmed the big employers, and they organized a body to check its growth. To render it difficult, if not impossible for young men with small capital to commence business, this body imposed an enormous fine, in the shape of a \$500 entrance fee upon every one who joined, and refused to sell stone to any one who did not belong to the ring.

The third object of this combination is to compel the men to make engagements in the depth of winter, for the entire coming year. This is so transparent that everybody sees it through the thin veil of casuistry thrown over it in the bosses' manifesto. They were preparing for this issue for a long time and used the strike of the Quarries as an opportunity. Every man of common sense, whether he is in business or not, knows that a man who is idle in the depth of winter, is not in a position to contend with a capitalist in making a bargain for a whole year's work, and the general opinion is that such an attempt deserves, and will receive universal condemnation.

The employers speak of the trouble as "the strike." This is one of the clap net tricks of designing men. Some years ago the workmen and their employers, made an agreement about wages, which was to last until the first of May of every year. Each party was to give the other three months notice if any change in the bargain was desired. The quarries in Quincy and some other localities asked for an increase in their wages equivalent to two dollars a day, and gave the requisite notification. No answer was returned to this demand, and the men ceased work on May 1st, in other words went on strike.

The manufacturers made the same agreement with the cutters, blacksmiths and polishers. These branches made no complaint, had no trouble, and kept at work. If the manufacturers were the honorable, upright men they wish to be considered, they would keep their word with these men and give the requisite notice. Instead they issued a pronouncement, that if the quarries did not return to work, the cutters, blacksmiths and polishers should be idle, and locked their sheds on May 14th, refusing in some instances to allow men to finish the work upon which they were engaged, and for which they had contracted.

To prove that this trouble is not caused by a demand for more wages, the bosses are willing to accede to the demands of the quarries for wages, if all the workmen will agree to the first of January for making the settlement of wages.

If a combination of this kind was made by workmen, what a tussle would be raised by respectable folks. Public meetings would be held, the press would thunder about boycotting the rights of man; and indictments for conspiracy be before all the courts, but when these things are done by gentlemen who wear white shirts and broadcloth no notice is taken.

There is a remedy for this trouble. It is co-operation. These New England Manufacturers do not own all the granite quarries. We hope that the movement spoken of to organize a company to purchase quarries will be carried out that this attempt to create a new monopoly will be defeated, and in such a manner that it will be a lesson for the future to the great little men who imagine that they make the wheel go round, but who really are only flies on the rim.

## EXTEND THE WATER PIPES.

Now that the city is in possession of the water works, the neglected sections of Quincy look for service as soon as reasonable. If they are to pay for the plant they want a return for their money. Hydrants should be put in immediately to protect a vast amount of valuable property now defenceless. The immediate extension of the pipes would give work to a large number of men who sadly need it at present, and would be hailed with gratitude on this account by the business men who are suffering great loss by the lockout. West and South Quincy are most in need of added service.

## A STATE ROAD COMMISSION.

A commission of this kind could be of incalculable benefit to the state and particularly to the towns and cities within fifty miles of Boston. This Commission should have authority to construct broad and permanent avenues from Boston to the principal distant cities in the state, the expense thereof to be levied partly on the state and partly on the towns and cities through which they pass. They should have all the necessary rights to enter upon and take lands etc., so that the avenues should be two hundred feet wide at least. The expense could be made comparatively small by the employment of the convicts then in the various prisons. These could be paroled out in gangs under a sufficient number of guards and provided with lodging, while at work, by the town or city where the road was being built. This mode of action would not interfere with the laborers in the various towns, but would help them by allowing local authorities to save the money ordinarily required for principal streets and to apply it to the smaller streets, ways and sidewalks now almost entirely neglected on account of the vast sums required for the constant repairs and rebuilding of the principal streets which in some places are more used and worn by inhabitants of other towns than by the dwellers themselves. If Quincy, (for example) were not required for 20 years past to spend any money upon Hancock, Washington, School or Willard streets, Quincy Ave. etc., and how beautiful our city would now be in other streets and ways in light, sidewalks, public parks in each ward, etc. Avenues of this kind would naturally be attractive to the wealthy for residential purposes. A state road commission could do grand work.

## STOP THE FOLLY.

Many of our citizens who are not engaged in the granite business, think that a little tact combined with mutual concessions would easily settle the labor troubles now existing in Quincy if the contractors be sincere in their position. Considerable fault has been found with the plenipotentiaries of each side, and some believe that if these individuals would resign or be discharged from these committees, other men might be able to arrive at a settlement. It seems very foolish for both parties to hold aloof in making the matter simply one of endurance which means immense loss not only to those directly in the business, but to most of the other citizens who indirectly suffer. It has been estimated that the loss to Quincy is nearly three hundred thousand dollars per month. And for what? What will be gained by prolonging this strife? Each side loses more than it would by conceding every request of the other. Surely there is every reason for the best men of each to demand peace.

On Friday, June 17th, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, the children will again invite their friends and parents to their annual Summer Festival. The exercises and entertainments of the day will take place in Hancock Hall and a tent adjoining. It will be under the management of those faithful teachers of the Sunday School, under the direction of their zealous superintendent, who have made this event a success in former years. The program will be varied, offering besides the attractions of the tent, a grand spectacular entertainment in the hall. Among the features of the latter are a series of beautiful tableaux, representing, a Dream Pageant, an Angelic Visit, Ireland in sorrow, an Irish Fairy Dance, the Glory of France, the Grotto of Lourdes, and an Audience at the Papal Court, and others of a like character. National choruses and airs will be sung during the progress of these tableaux. The effect, on the whole will be unique if not highly enjoyable. The preparation of this scene of beauty, which will show the dreams of "A Quincy Girl Abroad," are due to the tireless efforts of the organist of the Church. We hope to find the Festival an entire success in every way.

This month is signalized by four great festivals of our Holy Church. Pentecost recalled to our minds the Descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles. Trinity Sunday (the 12th), urges upon us the beautiful, though mysterious, doctrine of the Most Holy Trinity. Corpus Christi, the feast of the Body of our Lord, or the Most Holy Sacrament, comes on the 16th of this month, and is followed on the 21st by the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. All members of the League should endeavor, in order to gain all the benefits of this association, to receive Holy Communion after Confession upon this feast. Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, the 8th, 10th and 11th of this month respectively are ember days. These days besides being days of fast and abstinence are also the usual days for the conferring of holy orders, especially for that of the priesthood.

The League of the Sacred Heart, an association which numbers now nearly or quite 20,000,000 all over the world, was instituted for three distinct ends; first, to offer prayers for the benefit of all the associates and for the best intentions of the Heart of Jesus; second, to make reparation for all indignities offered to our Blessed Lord, in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar and third, to beg an increase of spiritual graces for our individual selves. As Catholics we ought to enter with the greatest enthusiasm into this devotion and beg of the Sacred Heart those helps which in the present crisis we so much need.

The month of June is consecrated in an especial manner to the devotion in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. One of the principal effects of the late mission was the large increase in the membership of the League of the Sacred Heart. The new members will be formally received at a public reception held on the feast of the Sacred Heart, which falls this year on the 25th of June. The full explanation of this beautiful devotion will be given at the services of that evening.

The late miss was as expected fruitful in much good to the whole community. Those who have listened to the eloquent appeals of the zealous missionaries will not soon forget the impressions made upon them. We will miss their comforting and supporting words, and regret that they could not visit us oftener to stir up latent faith and inspire renewed confidence in our souls.

## LOCALS.

Mrs. Donovan of Atlantic is very sick. South Walnut street is undergoing repairs. It needed it badly.

The public schools of the city will close Wednesday, June 29, at noon.

On Monday, June 13 the Old Colony will initiate its summer time table.

Caterer Nash is said to have leased the Pine Point Hotel at North Weymouth.

It is said A. G. Durgin sells Patent Medicines cheaper than Boston prices.

Something that is becoming very numerous in our city is the sign "To Let."

The police of the city had a group picture taken at Russell's on Memorial Day.

Sketches are being made for the proposed Woodland Institute by four architects.

The employees at Whitcher's shoe shop have commenced to take their Saturday half-holiday.

George Monk is having a new house built at the corner of Washington and Union streets.

The first picnic of the season at Lovell's grove was held on Decoration Day by the Urbane Club of Neponset.

Several of the people of Water street are preparing to move their houses in order to widen the street.

The new electric cars for the North Downs route are very handsome. They will be run in a few days.

Mr. R. C. Davis, proprietor of the Robertson House, has leased Hotel Standish, Nantasket Beach, for the season.

Sparkling cold soda and natural fruit juices make the most refreshing drink. Durgin's drug store is the place to find them.

Our schools in common with the schools of the surrounding towns are preparing their exhibits for the World's Fair at Chicago.

Miss Jessie McDonald of South Quincy was instantly killed by an express train at the South Quincy station on the afternoon of May 25.

Rev. Edmund Butler recently ordained to the priesthood at the Cathedral, is to be stationed in Quincy and will assume his duties at an early date.

The afflicted who wear a truss, elastic stocking or a supporter can save money and time by calling at Dargis' Drug store. A fit guaranteed.

Landlord Davis of the Robertson House is to take charge of a hotel at Nantasket beach this season and the local hotel will be used only as a lodging house.

It is a well known fact that A. G. Durgin compounds prescriptions written by any doctor whether upon his blank or of some other druggist, promptly and accurately.

Ward 4 is to have another letter carrier by July 4. We understand that Mr. Farrell will no longer have the use of a horse and carriage but will go back and forth to Quincy on the electric cars.

A car on the Manet Beach route recently jumped the track near Mosquito Bridge just beyond the Germantown road. It came near going into the brook. Cause of the accident was settling of the inner rail.

The Sacred Heart Sunday School children of Atlantic will give an entertainment in the church basement on June 17. The programme will consist of an operetta entitled, "The Forest Jubilee Band" followed by a farce, "The Limerick Boy" and several solos and duets.

Among the June weddings will be that of Mr. John Scholard, an enterprising young man of East Braintree and Miss Annie T. Shea of Common street. Also that of Patrick Milford and Mary L. O'Brien both of Ward 4. Another marriage to take place is that of James Fennesse and Miss Mabel Pendis.

Work has been started on the Brooks Avenue schoolhouse and the question now is when will it be ready? It is to be both a primary and grammar building. All children now attending the Willard School and who live on Buckley or Station streets, and east of them will belong to this new district.

Mr. Michael Early, for many years a much respected citizen of West Quincy, died on Monday, May 23, after a lingering illness. He was buried the following Wednesday from St. Mary's church. He was a member of the Milton Court of Foresters and also of the G. A. R., having fought in many of the famous battles of the Rebellion.

Who suffer the most from the lock out? is a question often heard nowadays. By most people it is summed up in this manner: first, the storekeeper who depend upon both the employers and workmen for their trade, which is now almost stopped; second, the employers who own the quarries and sheds that are located here and therefore must have the work done here; third, the employe who has but his labor to sell and as the work must be done somewhere can follow it and still obtain a livelihood.

It is rumored that the grocers association of this city were to hold a public meeting to see what could be done toward straightening out the present lockout and to enlighten the public as to the cause of it, but their plans were stopped by the Manufacturers on the plea that it was none of their business. If it is not the business of the public who wish to see the city prosper and especially of the grocers and provision dealers who are expected to feed the public in order to hold their trade in the future, pray whose business is it? Let the meeting come and let the public know which side is in the right; the workmen are ready to face the music and defend their position.



## Watch the Knot.

The popularity of the bow knot is on the increase. The more universal it becomes the more it grows in favor. One secret of its success is that the price is as popular as the article itself. It is out of nobody's reach and it appeals to everybody's taste. It is the latest fashion out but it won't go out of fashion. If what is handsome, seasonable and stylish has any charms for you at all, you can't very well get along without it.

## WILLIAMS,

## The Jeweler,

112 Copeland Street.

## SPRING UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY,

Ladies Wrappers, Tea Gown Pattern, \$1.25

—NEW LINE OF—

Light and Dark Prints, 5 cts. and upwards.

White Spotted Muslins, 15c. 25c. 33c.

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CHILDREN'S CAPES. Small Wares, Etc.

THE MISSES FLYNN

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Buy Your

Sunshades,

Shirt Waists,

Ladies', Gents' and Children's

SUMMER

Hosiery and Underwear,

—AT—

CLAPP BROS.,

Largest Dry Goods Store in Quincy.

Our Prices Are Right.

MRS. J. J. PHELAN'S

17 Copeland Street.

A FINE LINE OF

PRINTS, GINGHAMS AND WOOLENS

On Hand. CHILDREN'S CAPS &amp; MITTENS

MEN'S UNDERWEAR

Lowest Prices in the City. Give us a Call.

Mr. J. I. Bates of Weymouth has hung out his shingle in this city as an auctioneer.

Washburn's circus which showed in this city June 4, struck the place in a poor time but was nevertheless well patronized.

The convention of the Massachusetts Catholic Union which was to be held at Worcester, Decoration Day has been postponed to Labor Day.

The 100th anniversary of the incorporation of Quincy as a town will be celebrated July 4. Unless the business men (so called) come to their senses soon the affair will be something besides a success.

The children of St. John's Sunday School are preparing for their annual entertainment to be given June 17. It will consist of an operetta composed by Fr. Cunningham, entitled "A Quincy Girl's Trip Abroad."

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Powers have the sympathy of the community in the loss of their little son who was killed by an electric car near their home on Franklin street May 17. It was one of the saddest accidents which has happened in Quincy for many years.

Among the recent deaths we notice that of Joseph W. Lombard. Mr. Lombard has been for many years one of the leading business men of the city and was well known as a furniture dealer and auctioneer. His death resulted from the grippe which he contracted last winter.

A sad drowning accident occurred at Mear's beach on the afternoon of May 23. Henry, a twelve year old son of George Pawsey, and his two cousins Fred Arborn and Philip Smith both aged eighteen were capsized and drowned within twenty feet of the shore. Their bodies were recovered and were buried at Mt. Wollaston cemetery.

Mr. Frank Gillespie has resigned his position as financial agent of the MONITOR. Mr. John P. Mundy has been appointed to fill the position, and in future will have charge of the financial department of the paper. His address is 68 School street, Quincy. Mr. Mundy is a young man who is fully competent for the position, and will devote himself to extend the circulation of the paper. The new subscriptions fall due on May 1st we expect that the subscribers will send in their money as soon as possible. Every subscriber ought to get at least one new one for this year.

Paper in City Streets.

"The wastepaper field" is among the worst pests of city life. The trouble is that his kind is numerous, and so persistent. The business man on the cars buys a penny paper, glances at it for five minutes and throws it from his car window or chuck it under the seat, only to be kicked into the street. The thrifty housewife piles refuse papers by the basketful into the back alley and the lumberjacks in the parks scatter them everywhere as if they were a necessity to add beauty and variety to the growing flowers. Can nothing be done to check such vandalism? Flying papers robbing with filth from the gutters litter the streets, the sidewalks and the parks and lawns, and give everything an air of slovenliness. Who has a remedy for such a nuisance?—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Cunning Animal.

Charley Dillon, of Bristol, has a trained "colt," which performs all sorts of comical tricks. One of these tricks of the colt, which Charley has been fifteen years trying to break it of, is the practice it has of climbing the roof of the barn and sliding down on its haunches, as if it was a toboggan slide. Charley thought he would spoil the colt's fun by driving nails part way into the shingles, but the cunning animal found a piece of tin roof up the alley and used that to sit on when sliding down the toboggan.—Bristol (Pa.) Observer.

Ambition Crushed.

Nice Little Boy—I wish you would teach me to black boots. Bootblack—What for? "I am not satisfied with my aimless existence at home, and I wish to be independent."

"I see, Kin you lick one boy twice as big as y' self with one hand, hold y' kint in th' other an keep off two other boys wid y' r' feet?"

"Too bad. You won't do fur a bootblack. I'm afraid you'll have ter go home an grow up a dude."—Good News.

A Timid Animal.

A horse, while drinking from a mill pond the other day, swallowed an eel, and ever since that time has shied at everything. The animal's owner does not know whether to attribute the curious wriggling of the horse to a sudden growth of timidity or to the eel, which is, presumably, still alive.—Harper's Young People.

Names of Schools.

The words "academy," "college" and "university" are applied indiscriminately to all sorts of educational establishments in the United States, and consequently do not properly indicate the rank of the institution.—New York Herald.

Truthful.

He (mysteriously)—Can you keep a secret? She (ingenuously)—I don't know; I never tried to.—Exchange.

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## "AVERAGE" PEOPLE

The genius soars far to the top. That feeds the knowledge in the brain. But though our wings are spread, And though our vision far, Our flight cannot follow as he. And the eagle soars on from the ground, To sweep the great and bold.

The world has a way of looking at things. To find the best foot to stand on. But on the dull highway of life, Most from the crowd and lead. The step and the slither of the Are followers, with step true and Pursuing their own narrow way.

False pretenses and empty May capture the heart. But the "average" man, The home-keeping man, Green, gentle and true, Shall learn in the end, Wherein life's awards.

Then here's to the "fact" The makers of home. To them the world is true. When life is hard and For stay at home heart. Birds build if they will, But safer the caves for a while. May Riley Smith in the

## WEST NORTH

There was a road lead the city as nearly as possible direction, which, if you follow enough—for seventy miles you would come to a where my cousin Christ, before his health broke his father lost all his relation. Christ had always, but no one the ously of it, till he less, as consumption times do, he only that his father was could, rather than his family.

So, hearing of a young Morton, our great man city—who wanted a pr Chris came to coach I board with us; for we family, and mother said it as cheaply for him as likely to do it anywhere by something into the ba that we should have w by having Chris, if w money enough of our we never had.

There were so many father only earned mother was an lodgers were con grief in some way them to leave with accounts. And were still at school Arthur had a sch that was never end and Milly, our show her, would not take do anything, whatever gaged to one young mother, each worse than

She really monopolized ing room with having the room tea—which we could But it did not matter ing room, for that was an old grand piano who loose, and with walls th and let the nails out, brackets tumbled down heads—but mother would put up again. And the a dreadful atmosphere and old antimacassar our servant, I and I could only room properly on were so many other the soot was so tr

There could be no grimmer than Mrs chimney's swept as afford it, but it seemed other people never saw all, and as soon as the opened the soot came in the air like the plague of settling down over was just scrubbed clean, as if one could hide down as fogs were full of it—yet such substantial fogs once that they were ment to him; and they happy other day. And what w fogs and mother's ne Milly's engagements and nine-life was not still less existence scumable.

I felt sorry be knowing how di been for him a did not know that strong again, or t speculated away e he was not accu like ours, and I kn not look after him a I would. It seemed likely would not even



## "AVERAGE" PEOPLE.

The genius soars far to the fountain,  
That feeds the stars in the sky;  
But though his wings break in the flying,  
And though he falls in the trying,  
His flight cannot follow so high,  
And the eagle swoops not from the mountain  
To answer the ground bird's low cry.

The world has a gay garden ready  
To hail the foot in the race;  
But on the dull hill of adversity,  
Alone from the pomp and the beauty,  
The star and the chance of the chase,  
Are fallen, with step true and steady,  
Pursuing their wearisome pace.

False promises and empty insistence  
May capture the garrulous throng,  
But the "average" father and brother,  
The home-keeping sister and mother,  
Grow gentle and patient and strong,  
Should learn in the fast nearing distance  
Wherein life's awards have been won.

Then here's to the "average people,"  
The makers of home and its rest;  
To them the world turns for a blessing,  
When life's hard burdens are pressing,  
For star at home hearts are the best,  
Birds build if they will on the people,  
But suffer the eagle for a nest.

—May Riley Smith in Harper's Bazar.

## WEST NORTHWEST.

There was a road leading out of the city as nearly as possible in that direction, which, if you followed far enough—for seventy miles, in fact—you would come to a small town where my cousin Christopher lived, before his health broke down and his father lost all his money in speculation. Chris had always been delicate, but no one thought very seriously of it, till he had this fearful illness when his life was despaired of, and though he recovered more or less, as consumptive people sometimes do, he only got better to find that his father was a bankrupt, and that he himself must work while he could, rather than be a burden on his family.

So, hearing of a young fellow in Boston—our great manufacturing city—who wanted a private tutor, Chris came to coach him and to board with us; for we were a large family, and mother said we could do it as cheaply for him as he would be likely to do it anywhere else, and put by something into the bargain. Not that we should have wanted to gain by having Chris, if we had had money enough of our own; but then we never had.

There were so many of us, and father only earned \$130 a year; and mother was an invalid, and the lodgers were continually coming to grief in some way that compelled them to leave without settling their accounts. And the younger ones were still at school, and Bob only earned ten shillings a week, and Arthur had a scholarship at Oxford that was never enough to keep him, and Milly, our showgirl, as we called her, would not take a situation, or do anything whatever but get engaged to one young man after another, each worse than the last.

She really monopolized the drawing room with having them to after noon tea—which we could not afford. But it did not matter about the drawing room, for that was horrible, with an old grand piano whose lid was loose, and with walls that crumbled and let the nails out, so that the brackets tumbled down on people's heads; but mother would have them put up again. And there was always a dreadful atmosphere of heartaches and old antiques. Then Harriet, our one servant, had no time to dust, and I could only dust the drawing room properly once a week; there were so many other things to do, and the soot was so trying.

There could be no place on the earth grimmer than Merton. We had the chimneys swept as often as we could afford it, but it seemed to me that other people never swept theirs at all, and as soon as the windows were opened the soot came in, darkening the air like the plague of locusts and settling down over everything that was just scrubbed clean. Till one felt as if one could lie down and die. The fogs were full of it—you never saw such substantial fogs. Chris said once that they were meat and drink to him; and they happened every other day. And what with soot and mother's neuralgia and Milly's engagements and a family of nine—life was not life; but it was still less existence. It was one long scramble.

I felt sorry beforehand for Chris, knowing how different things had been for him a year ago, when he did not know that he would never be strong again, or that his father had speculated away everything. I knew he was not accustomed to a house like ours, and I knew that if I did not look after him a little nobody would. It seemed likely that Milly would not even flirt with him, because he was consumptive; at least, she had asked already whether it was catching, and said that it would be fatal to have him in the house. So I made his room as nice as I could—it was the attic next mine. It had not been repaired for years, because we said the walls were damp. They were not really, but we had no money. Still, it looked clean when I had done it—remember standing still and watching a great flake of soot that was hovering in through the window in an undisturbed way—and I even got some nasturtiums out of the back garden and put them in a vase. They were dingy, like everything else, but they looked green and yellow, and better than nothing.

I remember I had only just done when Chris came and was shown into the drawing room. Mother and Milly were there; mother had neuralgia and Milly had a cold; and though it was a warm day the fire was lit and they were sitting over it, and would not have the window open. When I came down I found them all there, and mother was telling Chris about her neuralgia. He looked flushed just then, not like a person who could not live long, to me, and so bright and resolute. I liked his face very much; but I saw that the drawing room was giving

him a dreadful headache—and no wonder. So I ran down stairs and made the tea.

Chris and I were friends directly. I don't know how it was, for I very seldom make friends, and all this young men who come to the house go straight to Milly like iron filings to a magnet. But it was different with Chris, because the drawing room made his head ache, just as it did mine; and when we knew each other better we found that we liked the same things—art, people—though he knew far more than I did, and never grew bitter against any one, like me. He had such a fearless, friendly way with the world; and yet there were only a very few people he altogether trusted and relied on; and I was one of them. I know he trusted me completely, or he would never have told me about Pauline.

Partly, indeed, I guessed it. For we fell into a way of going walks together on Sunday afternoons, when Chris had some spare time and I made it, and I found out that he liked this particular road—the road running west-northwest. It was such a stupid road. First it led through a long stretch of those miserable, thin, gray houses that look like grave-stones standing upright, and then came streets full of public houses and wretched little sweet shops with halfpenny ices and tobaccoists' and "boots mended while you wait." There was a dismal triangular bit of common, with a fence on one side all over placards, and then a red brick Primitive chapel and more respectable houses—till at last came real fields. You could not tell the country where there were always cabbage leaves and bits of broken pots and clothes hung out to dry. But generally at this stage we turned back.

I soon concluded that it was the way to Chris's old home, but I guessed more than that. For people do not always like to walk in the direction of a particular place only because they have lived most of their life there. There must be something or some one there now that they like to fancy themselves nearer; and by and bye, when Chris saw that I guessed, he told me the whole. There was very little of it, as he said cheerily.

It was just as I thought. The girl he loved had lived there, was living there still, and her name was Pauline. She was rich, he said, and very beautiful. He told me what she was like, and I could not help knowing that I should have loved her, that any one must have done. And Chris had lost everything at once—money and health and hope.

"It wouldn't have mattered about the money," said Chris in his quaint way. "I would have asked her to wait for me and worked my way up. It would have been a very good thing. But you can't ask a girl to wait for you when you find you have only one lung."

He laughed rather ruefully, and I laughed, too, though something caught my breath.

"Did the doctor give no hope?" I asked.

"If I had gone abroad at once," said Chris, "but I couldn't do that. So I thought, as there might be a year or two, I might as well do something for my living. And this turned up."

"Did she," I said tentatively, "know you liked her?"

Chris flushed a little and looked away, but not before I had seen a sudden light in his eyes.

"I never told her," he answered simply. "They say—women know."

"And she—did you—was she—mean, were you?"

His flush deepened.

"It was late in the day," he said. "I sometimes thought—if it had gone on—but it didn't go on. I have prayed about it. Not very enthusiastically, perhaps—but it is a good prayer. And there's another fellow in the running—a remarkably good fellow. I think it will be all right."

I did not answer. It seemed all wrong to me. He had told me the story on one of our Saturday afternoon walks, and when it was ended we still walked on—west northwest. It seemed as if we were walking on and on to a place where our roads would divide forever, and then I knew what a blank there would be for one of us.

I could not pray his prayer. I would have liked to tell everything. Yet I hardly dared wish that Pauline loved him—I understood him so well. I think that, though he loved her a thousand times better, she could hardly have understood him much better than I. But any one called Pauline must be good enough only to worship and strew roses for, like the man in Browning.

Well, I would have gathered her bushels of roses, but I thought she might write to Chris. She never wrote—of course he had not written to her; but when he was so ill it seemed hard all the same. Still, he went on working and kept up wonderfully through the summer, though with autumn his cough grew terribly bad, and the winter, that every one said would be so trying, was very near. But on Saturdays we still had our walks, and still went the old way—till west northwest grew to be a watchword between us for all that we wanted and could not get. We seldom said it without a laugh; but there is no one but me who knows the meaning of it now.

It was one Saturday in October that Chris came in with a letter in his hand. I knew before he told what the news was, from something in his face. Pauline was to be married in November—to the other fellow.

"My prayer has really been answered," he said, a little restlessly, "in six months. And now I want to buy a wedding present—that is all that remains to be done. You'll come with me, won't you, Janet?"

English bar fences have the appearance of being bottom side up—somewhat as an X looks when inverted. But it is all right; lumber is scarce there, and it isn't necessary to have the bars so close together up where the horses and cattle are as down where the sheep and pigs would be tempted to crawl through.

England marks the values of her copper coins that don't amount to a rap and doesn't put the value mark on her coins of silver and gold. This sometimes costs the careless stranger cold ducats.

—New York Sun.

English Coins.

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I nodded, and we went. Chris was very bright and eager about buying that wedding present—rather too bright, perhaps, when one saw the restless look in his eyes. We went from place to place, and at last found an exquisite little flower vase that took his fancy, though it cost far more than he ought to have afforded. I fancied he must often have taken her flowers.

"I shall not send my name," Chris decided, when his gift was packed up and even addressed. "But I think she will know."

"Now let us take the road," said Chris, laughing, when his parcel was sent off—and I knew which road he meant. I could walk it in the dark. I think if I had only one inch of strength left I would choose to walk there till I died. We took an omnibus and went rather further out than usual. Chris was very bright and brotherly—rather in an absent way, and seemed bent on showing me that he was not downhearted. But we talked of other things, never of Pauline.

We had tea at a little shop "really in the country," as Chris said hopefully. I think they took us for brother and sister. It was a very pleasant showman; she had a little girl with a round, ruddy face and very light hair, who made friends with Chris at once, as children always did, and he gave her a bright new sixpence, for which I shook my head at him. We had tea at a small round table by the front kitchen fire rather than in the cold, deserted room where they had visitors in the summer. It was so warm and comfortable, and Chris liked the warmth, though he could eat little. When tea was done we still sat there five minutes by the fire, chatting quietly.

Perhaps it was because a crisis was over and one could breathe more freely; perhaps it was because I knew I had a few minutes more to be with Chris; but I think those few minutes were pleasant even to Chris. Sometimes his face comes up before me as clearly as possible, with the freights on it, though I cannot recall it when I try.

Then we set out to walk back. All the way there the hand had been with us, and we hardly felt it, but now we met it full. It was a bitter wind, and before we had left the shop ten minutes a driving sleet began. We walked two miles before we could get an omnibus. Chris thought lightly of it, for me—as if I could have been hurt! Death is for people like Chris. I try to forget that walk home, and go back to where we set in the freights, but I dream of the other sometimes, and the sleet is in our faces again and I know it is killing him, and wake myself with calling out. Very well, that is all over. The doctor said that perhaps it made no real difference; what happened then real difference had happened any day in the state Chris was in.

It was an hour after we reached home, and he was coughing terribly—broke a blood vessel. But he lived for two days, and I nursed him to the end, he wanted no one else.

He said I was a good nurse, but I knew my hands were very hard and rough with housework. I did pray that I might lose the use of them forever if God would only make them cool and soft till Chris died; but I suppose that would have been a miracle. Chris did not mind. He was very grateful, and said he should always say so much faith. A little before he died he smiled and said he was going west northwest.

That is three years ago and I am glad now; for the summers seem to be growing shorter and shorter and the winters longer; there is a great deal of distress everywhere, and I am glad he is away, for while he lived he would always have taken the hard part. But sometimes in the spring and summer there are very lovely days, and then I wish he were back. It is rather like living in a vacuum, where one can't draw a long breath because there is no air, but all that will pass over. Milly is married at last to some one very rich, but there are all the others, and the soot is worse than ever and new things are always turning up to be done. I am thankful for that. I should like every hour and minute to be filled quite full—till I go west northwest. May Kendall in Long man's Magazine.

They Found the Indians.

One night in the tent I heard a cowboy all this story: He was with a big outfit moving cattle, and one day, somewhere near the line separating Colorado from New Mexico, they encountered a settler's cabin which had been plundered by Indians. The settler and his wife and children had been killed. The foreman was sent for, and he immediately ordered that the cattle be allowed to take care of themselves while the cowboys went after the Indians. Three parties set out at once, one commanded by the foreman and the other two by experienced men. One party came back in a day without finding any trace of the Indians.

Another party came back in two days without finding any trace of the Indians, but at the end of the third day the third party came back whooping and yelling and firing off their pistols, they had found the Indians, killed every one of them and captured their ponies.—Cor. Topeka Capital.

Forces in England.

English bar fences have the appearance of being bottom side up—somewhat as an X looks when inverted. But it is all right; lumber is scarce there, and it isn't necessary to have the bars so close together up where the horses and cattle are as down where the sheep and pigs would be tempted to crawl through.

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## THE DAGUERRETYPE.

You see to bolt it sideways  
For to make the light as show,  
You can't hold it in as stiffy  
Till you get it right—bent a bit  
An then the eyes wink at yeh,  
As the camera is set to right.  
Law! it beats your new style pictures,  
This old daguerretype!

That's a dash across the duplets  
That burrows in the cheeks;  
For on the rim of the eye  
Two little snail ears peeks;  
The loach that jives her neckgear  
Is what they need to wear.  
A big gold frame that sprawled around  
A lock of some one's hair.

Twas took 'fore we was married,  
That there—your man an me,  
An times I study on it,  
Why, 't fizes me to see  
That fifty year 'ain't tched her  
A lick! She's just the by and time,  
She was when Sidle scribbles  
Took Boone C. Curdie's name.

The hair is nobly whiter  
'An it was in '41,  
But her cheeks is just as pinky,  
An her smiles 'ain't slack'd up none.  
I reckon—love—er something  
Verminalizes her face,  
In the rim of the eye  
Warm up the picture case.

'S I say, these eyard head portraits,  
They make me sort of tired,  
Agermin for spin yeh  
Like the very life was wired;  
Give me the old daguerretype,  
What the face steals on your sight  
In a dash comes by the by and time,  
When your supper's actin' right!

—Eva W. McGlasson in Harper's Weekly.

## Undesired Lodgings.

The patronage which, in times past, great princes were in the habit of bestowing upon men of letters had two sides. What the other side might well be illustrated by an anecdote of Voltaire.

In the early days of his literary efforts the regent of France was much displeased by the tone of Voltaire's remarks about public affairs, and had him locked up in the Bastille. But later, when his tragedy of "Edipus" was represented, the prince relented and released the author.

Happening to meet Voltaire soon after, the regent went so far as to say:

"Be prudent, and I will take care of you."

"I am infinitely obliged to you," said the poet, "but I beg your highness not to charge yourself further with my lodging?"—Youth's Companion.

## An Expensive Diet.

"That's a very ordinary looking cat," said a householder pointing to an animal that was licking its chops in a most self-complacent manner, "but she will frequently get away with two dollars' worth of food at a meal, and last night she ate five dollars' worth and then wasn't satisfied."

"Her specialty is canary birds. In the past three years she has eaten \$125 worth of them. Each time she eats a bird my wife swears she will get rid of her and also declares that she will never have another bird, as they come to such cruel ends. But it never turns out as she says. She always thinks she will be too smart for the cat, and so she buys more birds and retains the cat. Sometimes it's a month before the cat gets them and sometimes only an hour, but they are hers sooner or later."

"You can't get ahead of that cat. It seems to me that her whole intellect is concentrated on those birds day and night, though she pretends to be thinking of something else, and sure enough, as all things come to him who waits, those birds are bound to grace the table of the cat."

"She's in disgrace now on account of the five dollar pair she ate last night, and tomorrow she's to be given away if the programme is carried out—but it won't be."

When I left the house the cat was looking slyly at a couple of new birds, and evidently wondering how long it would be before she got her claws on them.—New York Herald.

## A Little Absent Minded.

A young man living in New York was engaged to be married. He spent the evening preceding the wedding at the home of his fiancée, where plans for the wedding were discussed and all arrangements for the next morning's ceremony completed.

On the following day this young man passed the church at which he was to be married, noticed the awning erected for the accommodation of the wedding guests, saw people hurrying into the edifice, heard the organ playing and said to himself:

"Some one is going to be married, and he is a lucky man, but he is no luckier than I, for I am going to be married today myself."

Then he passed on, left town for the day on business, and never until he had returned at night did he think of the church which he had passed had been prepared for him, and that he was the bridegroom who had been expected there. This unfortunate young man has no wife, and he won't have one in the person of her whom he forgot.—New York Recorder.

## Doubtful Assets.

In a book of accounts found on the premises of a bankrupt dealer in a city in the west of England were the following names of customers to whom credit had been given, and which would have puzzled all the official receivers in the kingdom: Woman on the key, Jew woman, coal woman, old coal woman, fat coal woman, market woman, latte milk girl, candle man, stableman, coachman, big woman, lame woman, quiet woman, egg man, little black girl, Jew man, Mrs. in a cart, old Irish woman, woman in Corn street, a lad, man in the country, long Sal, Mrs. Irish woman, Mrs. feather bonnet, blue bonnet, green bonnet, green coat, blue britches, big britches, the woman that was married and the woman that told me of the man.

—London Tit-Bits.

## Blue Frogs.

M. Bonifis, the curator of the Mentone museum, has been applied to for his opinion on the subject of blue frogs. He believes that there have been genuine specimens of this Frank

of nature, although he is a little staggered at finding the tiny animal has become more common just at the time when he has become more valuable. He fancies that the color is changed in an unaccountable manner by nature, and that probably the frog which enjoys this peculiarity is in some respects like the albino, although he confesses he has not made any actual experiments to justify the theory.—London Globe.

Electric Cars Without Conductors.

The electric cars in Halle, Germany, carry no conductors, and this fact renders the wages account remarkably low, the entire working expenses coming to only about five cents per car per mile, or 55.5 per cent. of the gross revenue. In this, however, no allowance has been made for depreciation, which would add nearly two cents more to the expense account.—New York Telephone.

A Lost Utah Mine.

Tradition says a very rich mine was discovered somewhere near Salt Lake twenty-five years ago by a Mormon, and for some reason Brigham Young forbade the prospector to work the mine or make its whereabouts known. Just before dying the man indicated the direction in which the mine lay, but hundreds of miners have vainly sought the treasure.—Chicago Herald.

## Inevitable.

The Elder Sister—I'm ashamed of the attentions of these men to you.

The Younger Sister—It must be mortifying where you're only one year older than I am.—Life.

About Salad Dressing.

Every one in New York who eats salad thinks that there are a few people in town who can make a fairly good salad dressing, but that none of them can come up to the dressings made by him (the thinker).

"Tell you, sir," said Boggs, the gourmand, as he deluges the lettuce with grease, "that fellow Snoggs thinks he knows how to do this, but he doesn't have any more idea of it than a cow. Think of it, he puts in more vinegar than oil!"

At the same moment Snoggs is mixing a dressing in another part of town and sneaking to himself as he remarks: "I was very much amused the other night at the way Boggs did this. He actually made a dressing without vinegar! Ha! Ha!" and every one laughed.

Then there is Juggins, of West Thirty-fourth street, who also has his peculiar views. "Any man," he declares, "who puts mustard in a salad shows his ignorance."

Muggins, of East Sixty-seventh street, also has decided conclusions. "What do you think," he roars out; "I saw Juggins putting mustard in a salad dressing!"

Then some put in sugar. Otho's think this an awful absurdity. A few use a dab of Worcestershire sauce. Others would rather be lynched than follow their example.

The funny thing is that there is only one way to make a salad dressing. That is the way known to the reader of this article.

But the funniest thing is that the same dinner out will devour the dressing made by Boggs and Juggins with his jokes at the expense of the dressings made by Snoggs, Muggins and Juggins. Then the same man will eat at the table of Muggins and apparently sneer with that person at the efforts of Snoggs, Boggs and Juggins.

There's a lot of conceit and deceit about salad dressings.—New York Herald.

## Not Quite His Ideal.

During the war talk over the Behring sea controversy with England a certain gallant naval officer dined at a swell Washington house, where the pet of the household was a little boy. He was told that the naval captain, who would dine with them that day, was a very gallant seaman and had seen much war service.

The youngest's desire to see the gallant captain was great. At dinner he hardly took his eyes off the old sea dog, and evidently highly approved of a scar across the veteran's face. When the captain had gone the youngster was asked his opinion of him.

"Oh," he said, "that scar on his face is all very well, but if he hasn't got a few gashes on his breast and legs I wouldn't give much for him."

—Washington Post.

## How Light Is Intensified.

There are two systems in use for intensifying the lights of the lamps used in floating, or fixed, lanterns. By the catoptric system the light is reflected by a silvered copper parabolic reflector, by means of which the beams of light are brought into parallel rays sent in the direction desired. By the dioptric system the diverging rays of light are bent in the direction required by refraction, the flame being placed in the focus of a glass lens, by means of which the diverging rays are bent parallel to each other, so as to form one solid beam of light.—New York Times.

## Rhubarb Wine.

Repeated efforts have been made to manufacture rhubarb wine, and some measure of success crowned the labors of those who essayed making a strong drink from the rhubarb stalks, but the wine will never be popular. It is pleasant, fragrant and altogether a delicious liquor, but its effects upon the digestion are said to be harmful. Wine made of parris is especially to a man of sedentary habits, a tolerably swift poison.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

## Making It Attractive.

A speculative Scotch gentleman wanted to dispose of some bees. So as to attract purchasers he printed the following placard: "Extensive sale of live stock, comprising no less than 140,000 head, with an unlimited right of pasturage." The ingenious trick succeeded to admiration, for his stock brought high prices.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## SOME QUEER OLD LAWS.

## Forgotten Statutes That Have Never Been Repealed and Might Be Enforced.

"Uncle Joe" Brown, of the county clerk's office, is one of the queerest men in the court house and also one of the best informed. Whenever any question of an especially puzzling nature comes up for settlement and no one else can answer it the seekers for information go back to the room where "Uncle Joe" works, and he explains to their satisfaction. This sort of procedure is a matter of daily occurrence, and the old gentleman's encyclopedical knowledge is proverbial.

The other day, after a delegation of information seekers had learned what they were in search of, they hung around "Uncle Joe's" desk to hear some of his reminiscences which their questions called up fresh to his memory.

"It is strange how the old laws cling to the statute books," he said meditatively. "In the eastern states many of the strict colonial laws stand un repealed on the books. Of course, where they conflict with the more advanced ideas of today, they have become dead letters. I was the victim of an attempt to revive one of the old statutes myself when I lived in Washington city a good many years ago. I was the manager of the Washington Gas works, and some religious enthusiast brought a prosecution against me for violating the Sabbath by operating the works on Sunday. I knew that unless the works ran on Sunday there would be no gas on Monday night, and on the ground of public necessity felt sure I would be sustained in the suit."

"To my surprise I found the law not only exactly against me, but learned that it was supplemented with severe penalties. For the first offense the penalty was a heavy fine, and for each succeeding offense a term of imprisonment. I finally had to settle the case out of court by the payment of a considerable sum of money and the granting of some concessions. That law still stands on the books, but I have heard of no attempt to enforce it since my unhappy experience."

"Tobacco is legal tender in Washington at the present time, thanks to another of the old colonial laws. In the days when Virginia had plenty of tobacco and very little money, a law was passed which made the weed a legal tender for debt. If I were in Washington today and had a debt to pay, I could trundle a load of tobacco down to my creditor's place of business and pay the debt, and he would have no right to refuse the offer. It would be a surprise to the members of congress some fine day if they should find their salaries paid in long green." When this law was made, what is now the District of Columbia was part of Virginia, and when it was ceded to the general government it retained the old statutes.—Indianapolis News.

## The Judge's Change.

Few persons in this world are called upon to suffer more or be more embarrassed on many occasions and at the least opportune times than those afflicted with absentmindedness. There is no politeness in this state of mind, and no knowledge. Austin A. Yates, of Schenectady, who never fails to attend county, district, state and national conventions, and who always has something good to say at a judge's table, is the most absent-minded of men. He is the most forgetful of men, and the tricks that his infirmity have played upon him would fill a volume. Here is one:

He came down here not a great while ago and visited a theater where a most emotional, sensational and affecting melodrama was in progress. He had a friend with him, and he laid down a twenty dollar bill at the box office to purchase two tickets. The man behind the little hole tossed the pasteboards out and seventeen dollars in change. Intent on what he was going to see, the judge very naturally seized the tickets and went on his way rejoicing, leaving the balance of the twenty dollar bill behind. He and his friend had seats in the midst of a remarkably select company, the play was enjoyable, and the judge, who is nothing if not earnest, sat there spellbound. At last the villain in the play said to one of his partners in crime, and with a hard look—applicable to the stage: "How much money does the wretch want?"

The word "money" brought the judge's thoughts back to the box office and to the change he had left lying there. Forgetting where he was and thinking for the instant that the question had been applied to him, he slapped his knee and







# Quincy Monitor.

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**CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS.**

When the flush of a newborn sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,  
Our father Adam sat under the tree and  
scratched with a stick in the mold;  
And the first rude sketch that the world had  
seen was joy to his mighty heart.  
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves,  
"It's pretty, but is it Art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to  
fashion his work anew—  
The first of his race who cared a fig for the  
first, most dread review;  
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—and  
that was a glorious gain.

When the Devil chuckled "Is it Art?" in the  
car of the branded Cain.  
They builded a tower to shiver the sky and  
wrench the stars apart,  
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks, "It's  
striking, but is it Art?"

The stone was dropped at the quarry side and  
the derelict swung.  
While each one talked of the aims of Art, and  
each in an alien tongue.  
They fought and they talked in the north and  
the south, they talked and they fought in the  
west.

Till the waters rose on the pitiful land and the  
poor Red Clay laid rest—  
Had rest till the dark blank canvas dawned  
when the dove was freed to start.  
The Devil bubbled below the keel, "It's  
human, but is it Art?"

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree—and new  
as the new cut tooth.  
For each man knows ere his lip thence grows  
he is master of Art and Truth;  
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to  
the beat of his dying heart.

The Devil drum on the darkened pane, "You  
did it, but was it Art?"  
We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to  
the shape of a surprise peg.  
We have learned to bottle our parents' twain,  
in the yolk of an addled egg.

We know that the tail must wag the dog, for  
the horse is drawn by the tail.  
But the Devil whoops, as he whoops of old,  
"It's clever, but is it Art?"

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on  
the elms of green and gold,  
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch  
with their pens in the mold—  
They scratch with their pens in the mold of  
their graves, and the ink and the anguish  
start.

For the devil mutters behind the leaves, "It's  
pretty, but is it Art?"  
Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where  
the four great Rivers flow,  
And the Wreath of Eve is red on the turf as  
she left it long ago,  
And if we could come when the sentry sleep  
and softly scurry through,  
By the favor of God we might know as much  
as our father Adam knew.

—Rudyard Kipling.

**Rather Paradoxical.**  
Dr. R. W. St. Clair, of Fort Wayne, Ind., tells how, a few years since, he was riding on an engine and caught a cinder in his eye that caused the most excruciating pain. He says that he naturally began to rub the afflicted organ, when the engineer called out, "Let that eye alone and rub the other one." The doctor looked incredulously at his adviser, but the latter only continued, "I know you doctors think you know it all, but if you will let that eye alone and rub the other one the cinder will be out in two minutes."

The doctor says that he began to rub the well eye vigorously and soon felt the cinder move down to the inner corner. He was preparing to take it out by the aid of a small mirror when the engineer again admonished him to "keep rubbing the well eye," which he did for a minute longer, and then found that the cinder had slipped down on to his cheek!—St. Louis Republic.

**A New Fashioned Duel.**  
A wag, having received a challenge to a duel with pistols, sent his opponent a letter couched in the following terms:

"I cannot accept your challenge. If I should happen to kill you or you to kill me, it will be a great and irreparable calamity in either case. This is what I have to propose instead. You go into the nearest wood; there select a tree of my size around the body, then place yourself at the required distance, take aim and fire. If you hit the tree, I will admit that I was wrong and tender you my apologies; if on the other hand, you fail to hit the tree, I will receive yours.—Carlin.

**Line in the Saliva.**  
A series of observations has been made by a Russian physician to determine the quantity of lime in the saliva. In perfectly normal cases from 2 to 3 per cent. of lime was found, there being more a few hours after a meal than either just before or just after it. A rise of body temperature, too, appeared to cause an increase in the amount of lime. When any of the teeth were affected by caries the lime increased to from 3 to 5 per cent.—New York Journal.

**A Railroad Over the Caucasus.**  
Plans are being examined for the construction of a railroad across the main chain of the Caucasus mountains. The line will have a length of 100 miles and will present great engineering difficulties. There are to be two tunnels, one 4½ and the other 6½ miles long.

From a brief study of the Palenque tablet it can safely be inferred that the four year system, and consequently the year of 365 days, was in use when the tablet was made.

The people upon the two continents of North and South America, with out the arctic regions, are less than 122,000,000 in number, or only eight to the square mile.

The largest greenback extant is a \$10,000 bill, and only one such note has been printed by the government. Of the \$5,000 bills, the next largest, there are seven.

**She Surprised the Youngster.**

Two boys, not quite in their teens, got into a quarrel in Twenty-third street, near the Fifth Avenue hotel, the other day, and after exhausting their respective vocabularies they fell to punning each other viciously. They were of the tough species, both physically and socially. Their altercation naturally attracted much attention in that thoroughfare, and a score or more persons stopped to watch the conflict. Nobody showed any desire to interfere until along came a bright and breezy tailor-made girl, walking as erect as a soldier and with a quick, springy step. She took in the fight at a glance, and stopping within an arm's length of the combatants she commanded them to desist. Each boy, with scant breath, conveyed to her in a rude, slangy way his desire that she should mind her own business.

"What's that you say?" said the young woman, as she stretched out two gloved hands toward the boys. "Mind my own business, eh?" and the next instant the two hands were drawn back with a vigorous jerk, with a boy dangling from each hand. With a firm grip on their coat collars the athletic girl knocked the heads of the bellicose boys together as easily as if she were handling a pair of three pound dumbbells. Then she shook out what little breath had remained in the lads and threw them away from her, one toward Fifth Avenue and the other toward Sixth Avenue. The lads gasped and made as much haste as they possibly could to get away from the pretty amazon.—New York Times.

**Paying Women the Same as Men.**

The school board of St. Paul has abolished the distinction of sex in the matter of salaries. Hereafter the women teachers will receive equal pay with the men. In establishing the schedules of future compensation for the teachers of the high school and the manual labor school no sex distinction is made. Hereafter it will be purely a question of capacity, individuality and efficiency. The schedule adopted reads:

Grade 3—First year, \$50; second year, \$1,000; third year, \$1,000; fourth year, \$1,100; fifth year, \$1,100; sixth year, \$1,200.

Grade 2—First year, \$1,000; second year, \$1,100; third year, \$1,200; fourth year, \$1,300; fifth year, \$1,400; sixth year, \$1,500.

Grade 1—First year, \$1,000; second year, \$1,100; third year, \$1,200; fourth year, \$1,300; fifth year, \$1,400; sixth year, \$1,500.

Thus, no matter whether the teacher be man or woman, the salary for the same service will be identical.—Boston Woman's Journal.

**The Czar Is Weak, Not Wicked.**

A near kinsman of the czar, who visits Russia frequently, and who is well known for his frankness as well as fairness, told me a few months ago that many of the things done by the alleged order of the czar were repugnant to that ruler's feelings. The prince's conversation might be summarized in this way:

"Alexander has no idea of doing wrong to any one. His heart is full of kindness. He is happy only when surrounded by his family circle."

"It is true that the foulest maladministration and persecution are going on all about him, but he, poor fellow, is incapable of seeing them. He hears only the reports of ministers, who know that he does not like to be worried."

"The poor man is so burdened with fat that he can scarcely do any work; his temperament is sluggish; he lacks intelligence; when he signs papers he has no idea that he is doing more than an exercise in penmanship."

"He is physically and mentally incapable of supervising any department of the government, even the military, and as a consequence the country is left entirely to officials who divide up power among themselves and do what they can to remain in office."

"I only quote enough of this prince's remarks to explain how it is that abuses continue in a country nominally governed by a mild, peace loving czar, for it opens a terrible vista of what might be were he disposed to be personally cruel.—Poulney Bigelow in Harper's.

**Illustrating Children's Books.**

A field of work that contains many possibilities is the illustration of children's books. But to achieve true success in this line demands the exercise of the highest and best qualities of an artistic temperament. In the first place, in order to appeal to a youthful audience, it is necessary to possess a direct simplicity in dealing with one's subject. Children and childlike, not childish, natures come nearest to a true understanding of the mysteries of creation. A further quality desirable is an imagination which is able to invest all living things with an individuality and a meaning of their own in the great order of things.

Very dear to the hearts of lads and lasses are these stories which have for personages in their drama birds, flowers and insects, with a background of sunshine or storm, forest, dell or glade. The pictures illustrating such a tale ought all to be made out of doors where the incident might have actually happened, and where indeed, as the pencil travels over the paper and the living things come and go in the sunshine, it needs but very little imagination to weave endless fancies and quaint conceits, winning readily from nature herself the material in poetry, prose and picture for a dozen books for little folks.—Maude Haywood in Ladies' Home Journal.

**A Joke with Umbrellas.**

An amusing umbrella episode occurred some years ago in Boston, at the old museum, where good Boston people go to see the play without the compromising name of theater attached. The night had been clear and starlight when the "meetin took in," but as the crowd poured out into the street an array of hackmen with open umbrellas was drawn up on the sidewalk. All who had umbrellas with them at once opened them; ladies tied handkerchiefs over their new bonnets and tucked up their dresses to keep them from the wet.

Then they stepped out into the shower and found the night exactly as they had left it. Some wag had conceived the whole thing as a big joke and paid the hackmen to help carry it out. Any one who doubts the truth of this can try the effect of raising an umbrella in a crowd when it is not raining.—Detroit Free Press.

**Whistling Buys.**

Sixty-two "whistling" buoys are employed in the lighthouse service, the biggest of them costing \$1,075 each, and being audible at a distance of fifteen miles. The sounds they utter are inexpressibly mournful and saddening. They consist of an iron pear shaped bulb, with a tube running through the middle and extending thirty-two feet downward into the water. At the upper end of the tube is adjusted a locomotive whistle, through which the air automatically compressed by motion of the waves, is liberated in horrible toots. Buys of this description are particularly useful in foggy waters.—Washington Star.

**An Irrepressible Conflict.**

"What's the trouble between you and Widgely? You were friends while you lived in the city."

"Yes, but you see we bought adjoining properties in the suburbs."

"What of that?"

"Why, he's a crank on fine poultry and I'm growing a garden!"—Chicago News-Record.

**Goes With the Tide.**

The hat that is won on a political event may look no better than any other, but the man who wears it constantly labors under the illusion that his political sagacity has rather more nor soundly.—Baltimore American.

**Why His Eyesight Failed.**

Dr. Optycuss—You are standing at eighteen feet. Can you read these letters?

Patient—No, sir.

Dr. Optycuss—Approach two feet nearer. Now?

Patient—No, sir.

Dr. Optycuss—This is strange! Come four feet nearer. Now?

Patient—No, sir.

Dr. Optycuss—Most remarkable case I ever met. Stand four feet away from the chart. Can you read now?

Patient—No, sir.

Dr. Optycuss—Great Pissistratus! am I mad? Young man, you are the most remarkable case that has come within my experience. You conquer me. You can know more about yourself than I do. Have you any idea why you can't read these letters?

Patient—I never learned to read.—London Tit-Bits.

**Mutterings of an Undertaker.**

"Put on airs, my beauties," muttered an undertaker, traveling on the elevated railroad. "Put on airs, but when I get you there won't be any airs, and one of you will look pretty much like the other."

A levy of bright and haughty damsels had boarded the train at Twenty-eighth street and their bearing annoyed the undertaker.

"I tell you," he said, "when I bury them they all look pretty much the same. They don't sweat at the poor old undertaker, either. I never saw a proud looking corpse in my life, and I've buried thousands. No difference, sir! The millionaire in the icebox and the pauper you couldn't tell apart. Put a president or a senator in the morgue and I defy any one to pick him out from one other people there."

"That's what I think always when I see people putting on airs. I don't worry me in the least. I remember the time when the undertaker will be laying 'em out and when a live newsway will be worth fifty of 'em."—New York Herald.

**Asked Once a Year.**

On the night of March 8, 1891, Mr. Wickwire brought home a package.

"What have you there, my dear?" asked his wife.

"A clock," said Mr. Wickwire, with perhaps a trace of something unusual in his tone; "a newfangled clock, that runs a whole year with one winding. Hereafter I propose to go to sleep in peace."

His words came true, but on the night of March 8, 1892, he was awakened with a great start. He was dreaming at the moment. He was in a railway wreck, and, as he thought, the broken driving rod of the overturned engine was slowly piercing his vital organs. He awakened, as before said, with a start, and found his wife arousing him with her elbow.

"What's the matter?" groaned the husband.

"Did you wind the clock, Henry dear?"—Indianapolis Journal.



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Lock Box 341 Quincy, Mass.

## EXTENSION OF WATER MAINS.

The City Council held a special meeting on Monday evening, July 11th, to consider a communication from the Water Commissioners, asking for an appropriation of \$25,000 to be expended in extending the water pipes in several sections of the City, and putting in many new hydrants for fire protection. The necessity for these improvements is generally admitted, and it is conceded that they must be made as early as possible. The need of more hydrants is so apparent that no discussion is being had on that point, it is to be hoped that no free will break out in the city, to teach the people a sharp and expensive lesson before the work is done. As a matter of economy the city should be willing to increase the number of hydrants as soon as possible, for more hydrants mean less loss and better service, thus saving a considerable bill of expense for new hose every year.

When the question of purchasing the water works was being discussed by the citizens, one argument used in favor of the purchase was that the Company refused to extend their pipes in many sections of the city, and that if the works were owned by the city all citizens would have an equal benefit. This induced a great many to vote for the purchase, who would have voted against the measure if they had not this expectation. The people now want the city to carry out its implied promise and furnish water to all who are willing to pay for it.

We were surprised to see the opposition in the Council to the appropriation and the dilatory motions made to put off the work for another season. This is a repetition of the tactics used on the "Lincoln School," and will end in the same way. Councilman Federhen's objections on the ground that no ordinance was made defining the duties of the Water Commissioners; that no arrangements were made about the loan, and that the \$250,000 granted by the legislature would be sufficient to meet the award of the Commissioners to be appointed by the Supreme Court, seem to us to have very little bearing on the question at issue. There is no particular ordinance passed defining the duties of the Water Commissioners, yet, but until such is passed the Commissioners act under a vote of the Council, which if it passes this appropriation, will be an ordinance for this particular occasion, which will give authority for the acts of the Commissioners. The same rule will apply to the matter of payment. The order offered by Mr. Bryant, provides that the money shall be raised by a loan for which the treasurer shall give the bonds of the City according to the act passed by the legislature this year. This order if passed, makes all the arrangements necessary for the payment of the amount appropriated and gives authority for borrowing the money. The argument that the \$250,000 may not be sufficient to meet the award of the Commissioners who shall decide the amount to be paid for the works, has still less weight.

The city of Quincy has bought the "Flag in the Bag," and now must pay the price whatever it is, if the award be one million of dollars, the city must go to the legislature next year and ask for liberty to borrow more, if the award is only half a million, we shall have some to spare and need not worry about this appropriation.

Whatever view we may take of this question there is no good reason for delaying the work. Every day we lose is a financial loss. The revenue must increase wherever new pipes are laid and the money received will help to pay the expense incurred in laying pipes. There are hundreds of houses far distant from hydrants whose owners feel too poor to pay the heavy fire insurance rates now demanded. There are others equally distant whose rates are higher than ordinary because no means of putting out conflagration are near at hand. Many others have polluted wells or no wells at all. In fact from whatever aspect the matter be viewed, the necessity of extending the water service at once is apparent. Only a comparatively short period remains for the performance of the work before winter and delay is very costly. If, as some of the Council assert, the Water Commissioner has no right to act in the absence of an ordinance of the City Council, how would it please these brilliant lights of the Council if the Water Commissioner should stop the water supply until such time as these Councilmen should awake to the necessity of the occasion and appropriate the necessary funds. Those who raise technicalities should beware lest they prove a boomerang. The citizens are sharply watching the opponents of public necessities and improvement.

## CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The trouble at Carnegie's Mills in Pennsylvania is a sharp reminder of the imminent danger to which this country is exposed from the constantly increasing conflicts between employers and their workmen. Every year strikes and lock-outs are becoming more general, and the feelings engendered by these contests more intensely bitter. Men who have amassed immense fortunes by manufactures are becoming so overbearing that they look on the laborers in their employ as mere machines, having bodies to work for their bosses, but no souls. On the other hand, there are workmen who consider all employers are rogues and oppressors, whose only object is to cheat their workmen of their wages. These feelings are pandering to by the worst members of both classes, until scenes like those at Homestead are looked for every day. The capitalists have a great advantage

over the laborer; he controls the legislation of the country, and the laws on the Statute book are the mere transcripts of his will. To such an extent has this pernicious practice gone, that the workmen have almost lost all confidence in legislation, and are beginning to consider the question of taking the law into their own hands.

The issue was presented in Homestead, by the intervention of Pinkerton's Janizaries. It has been quite common to pay for a band of armed mercenaries to protect their properties. In the instructions given to Pinkerton's men at Homestead, when arms were put into their hands, they were told to use them; this meant to shoot down the strikers if any resistance was offered. This practice of private individuals hiring armed mercenaries, and letting them out to rich vagabonds would not be tolerated in any other civilized country; in England it would be a cause of a revolution. It is far worse than the hiring of the Hessians by the English during the revolution. We believe that the events in Pennsylvania will open the eyes of the American people to this corrupt practice, and that Pinkerton will not be allowed to traffic the character of Sir Dugald Dalgetty. The state has a right to use armed force to suppress riot, but no act of law can ever allow one set of private citizens to arm and fire upon other private citizens and to commit willful murder. If a rich man may hire 100 men, by the same right he may hire 100,000 to make war upon private citizens. This state of affairs cannot be tolerated. The Pinkertons must go.

## SAVINGS BANK FOR WEST QUINCY.

It is strange that in a ward larger than many towns in the state, there is no savings bank, no inducement for the thrifty to put away some of their earnings. There are certainly in West Quincy many bright business men, and some of them quite wealthy, who have both brains and money enough to start a bank and to conduct it successfully. The present Quincy Savings bank is doing an enormous business and is worthy of it, but it is too far away from a vast number of the working people. If a bank were in West Quincy, it would constantly advertise itself by its presence, and hundreds would place money in it who now never think of such action simply because the occasion does not quickly and constantly present itself. The very children would be taught habits of economy and saving, and the heads of families could and would put away snug sums from their earnings to provide against the hard time of old age, strikes, lockouts, sickness etc. It would pay the West Quincy Business Men's Association to call a public meeting to discuss a plan for the formation of a West Quincy Savings bank.

## CITY VS. PARTY.

It was a bright idea to cause the City Council to hold open sessions. The hopes political as well as the jealousies and the deficiencies of the mental culture of the members plainly appear. But one of the most disgusting features is to witness private quarrels affect city business, and retard pressing necessities in public improvements. It appears to us that when officials are elected, they are not chosen simply to advance or to oppose the political aspirations of any man or set of men. They are not selected to be republican nor to be democratic councilmen, but to legislate for the best interests of the city. When measures are proposed for the benefit of the whole or a part of Quincy, they should receive cordial support. This habit of nagging and fighting measures simply because they are proposed or advocated by a political or personal adversary, is mean work and poor policy. Some day some of these kickers will kick too high and fall down severely hurt and may have to explain to their constituents why they opposed measures of vital necessity, and perhaps their explanation may cause them to be relegated to political obscurity.

## SHALL SCHOOL STREET BE WIDENED.

In this age of progress, there is one needed improvement which suggests itself to the people of Ward 3, it is the necessity of widening School street, from Franklin street to Granite street. It is obvious to every person passing over this street that the railroad bridge is too narrow and that it should be widened by at least ten feet. It is certain that in the near future this must be done, and it can be done now fifty per cent. cheaper than any other time. There are no buildings on the line that need be moved, and the land damages will never be less than at the present time. Our City Council is not the kind to act without prompting, and needs stirring up.

Who will take the first step in this good work?

## PROMPT JUSTICE.

Considerable feeling was aroused by an article recently in the Ledger which severely criticized and condemned certain exercises at the Washington school, Quincy Point. In those the Irish and the Yankee brogues were caricatured much to the disgust of the audience. The matter was brought to the notice of the members of the School committee, Rev. H. E. Cotton, who has special charge of that building, and he at once severely reprimanded the offending parties for their stupid exhibition of lack of common sense and consideration. It is a pleasure to know that Rev. Mr. Cotton will stand up for such nonsense and that the interests of the public in general, without fear or favor will suffer no detriment while he is at the helm. Now that the proper steps have been taken to correct the wayward and to prevent a repetition of any such lack of intellectual acumen, the matter may as well be dropped, as malice was very probably not intended.

## WATER STREET.

The Commissioner of Public Works has made a commencement on Water street and made a good job so far as far as Hammond avenue. He ought now to make it passable at the end near Quincy

Avenue. It needs repairs at that end of the street as much as any part of the city and as the Commissioners hand is in, the expense of graveling the street and making a possible sidewalk even on one side will not cost a great pile of money.

## THAT DRAIN ON WATER STREET.

The Board of Health has at last become aware of the necessity of doing something about this drain, and have taken some steps to be taken in due season. At this season of the year the work can be done much better and cheaper than at any other time, and we hope that the Board will not let the opportunity pass to make a permanent improvement in this locality.

## LOCALS.

The Street Railway carried 14,427 on July 10th.

Wm. Sullivan won a gold medal at Boston College recently for excellence in French.

The month of July is dedicated in an especial manner to the Precious Blood of Our Saviour.

The base ball game on the 14th between the West Quincys and Athletics was won by the former. Score 17 to 7.

The Public Schools of the city closed their doors on Wednesday June 29, not to reopen till Monday, Sept. 12.

With the money received from publishing the Golden Rod, the editors have purchased a flag 10 by 20 for the High School building.

By the readjustment of the postmaster's salaries, Postmaster Adams of Quincy, and Wilde of Wollaston each receive an increase of \$300.

All signs point to a speedy end to the labor troubles. The hot heads in each organization are being pushed to the rear and the cool men are coming to the front.

The people of North Weymouth are delighted because the selectmen have granted the right to the Quincy & Boston Street Railway Co. to extend its tracks into that town.

The Neponset Junior four-oared rowing club took a prize in the regatta at Lynn on the Fourth. The Neponset Rowing club was presented with a silk banner. This is the third banner they have received during their organization of about four years.

On the last day of June the South Braintree Sunday school children held their annual festival. The exercises consisted of recitations and an operetta entitled "Grandma's Birthday." The hall was draped in bunting and the stage was decorated with flowers.

The residents of Ward 4, feel very thankful to Druggist Willard of South Quincy for his generosity to the Willard School. His last gift was some fine photographs. The Gleaners by Millet, The Madonna from the canvas in the Sistine chapel and the Coliseum at Rome.

The parade on July 4th does not seem to have aroused much admiration for the ability of the committee. It is to be regretted that Ward 4 had no part in the parade. A little energy could have organized a local turnout in each ward to march through it and then join the main procession at some central point.

Saturday, July 2, was the feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin to St. Elizabeth, and Sunday the 3rd, the Feast of the Precious Blood. Other particular feasts of July are those of Our Lady of Mount Carmel the 16th, St. Vincent de Paul the 19th, St. Anne the 26th, and St. Ignatius of Loyola the 31st.

On June 22, Mr. Patrick Milford and Miss Mary O'Brien were united in matrimony by Rev. Fr. Cunningham. Miss O'Brien was dressed in white spotted muslin as was also her sister, Miss Nellie who was bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Milford received their friends in the evening at St. Mary's hall where a general good time was enjoyed.

The following prizes were given for the best features of the Centennial parade:

Blue-ropes—1st, \$15 to Police Patrol; 2nd, \$10 to English Dog Cart; 3rd, \$5 to Colored Jockey in a sulky.

Mechanics—1st, \$15 to Peter J. Williams; 2nd, \$10 to C. W. Gray; 3rd, \$5 to W. E. Drake.

Trades—1st, \$15 to F. H. Crane & Son; 2nd, \$10 to G. H. Bent & Co.; 3rd, \$5 to E. M. Litchfield.

June has been called the month of weddings and Quincy verified it this year particularly in Ward 4. The first marriage took place on June 16th, when Miss Annie T. Shea of Common street became the wife of Mr. John Scholard of East Braintree. Father Roche officiating. The bride was attired in a drag figured china silk and was attended by her sister, Miss Lizzie Shea. Mr. Nicholas Scholard was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Scholard gave a reception to their friends in the evening after which they left for their new home in East Braintree.

On Tuesday, June 28, St. Mary's church was filled with a large number of people to witness the marriage of Miss Mabel Pendis and Mr. James Fennessy. Fr. Roche performed the ceremony and celebrated the nuptial Mass. Miss Pendis was attired in a tan colored travelling dress. Miss Esther Pendis was maid of honor and Mr. Patrick Mannix was best man. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the bride's home, and Fr. Roche in an appropriate speech and in the name of the teachers of St. Mary's Sunday School presented Mrs. Fennessy with an oak sideboard. Mr. Mrs. Fennessy left in the afternoon for a tour to Congress, N. Y., and Medway, Mass. On their return they will reside at No. 8 Rogers street.

## Went Too Far.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he had lost the object of his affections. "Alas!" he said, "I flattered her till she got too proud to speak to me."—Exchange.



## Behind Time.

It's your own fault if you are behind time. There was a time when one watch was about all a whole family could afford, and when the purchase of a clock was about as serious a matter as the purchase of a house is now. There isn't anything very formidable about the purchase of a clock or a watch in these days. The astonishing thing about time-keepers now is their cheapness variety and excellence. Don't be behind time. There is not the least excuse for anything of the kind, when for a few dollars you can buy a handsome Marbleized clock that you cannot tell from a genuine French clock costing \$30 or \$40. Always a fine display at

## WILLIAMS'

Jewelry Store.

112 Copeland Street.

## SPRING UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY.

Ladies Wrappers, Tea Gown Pattern, \$1.25

—NEW LINE OF—

Light and Dark Prints, 5 cts. and upwards.

White Spotted Muslins, 15c. 25c. 33c.

—NICE LINE STAMPED GOODS.

CHILDREN'S CAPES. Small Wares, Etc.

THE MISSES FLYNN

12 Hancock St., Quincy.

Dr. G. R. England

DENTIST.

14 Chestnut Street

QUINCY.

Connected by Telephone.

## WAKENING.

The broad white curve of the beach,  
That lies like a bended arm,  
The anxious waves that seem ever a-reach  
To kiss it and die again.

And still the hovering sky,  
And still the splendid day,  
And the white sails, and the sea gull's cry,  
And the sun path over the bay.

How many and many a time  
Have I questioned the stranded shells,  
If they knew, perchance, of the magic  
Cling.

Where the answer of dreaming dwells,  
And harking the water's kiss,  
Content have I dreamed alone,  
In the glorious thrill of a day like this,  
And a wistful want unknown.

There speed the outbound ships,  
Here lie the sunshine warm,  
With the spent waves pressing their curving  
Lips.

On the white shore's bended arm,  
Then for what is the day more fair?  
Why bluer the deeps of space?  
Oh, the sun on the gold of a woman's hair,  
The love in her eyes, her face,  
—Charles W. Coleman in Lippincott's.

## A FLOOD MYSTERY.

TRAGIC FATE OF A COUPLE ABOUT WHOM LITTLE WAS KNOWN.

One Incident Only of the Terrible Destruction of Property and Loss of Life by the Rise of Water in Western Rivers, Floods and Death.

During the floods of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers and their tributaries the daily papers chronicled hundreds of cases, humorous, tragic and pathetic, which occurred along the banks of these streams from the junction of the two great bodies of water to points below St. Louis. But while hundreds of cases have been described, there have been also hundreds of cases that have not been mentioned.

Homes have been swept away, prosperous men made paupers within a few hours and poor dummies beaten down while pleading in their pitiful way for aid. Among the incidents of the flood, too, have been a few instances of genuine heroism which stand out as a welcome relief to the usual somber lines of life.

Among the strangers recently located in this locality just above St. Louis was a man from Iowa. He had settled in a little cabin near the river, and knowing no one was unaware of his danger till he found himself in the center of a sheet of water five miles wide and rapidly rising. Unable to escape, he was driven to the step of his cabin, and prepared his frugal meals there for two days. Two men who saw him finally risked their lives to save him, and succeeded in bringing him safe to dry land.

Other similar cases have occurred, in striking contrast with those numerous instances where the possessors of small boats and skiffs have compelled unhappy wretches to give them almost their entire possessions for merely passage to land.

A pathetic and mysterious incident occurred in a southern suburb of St. Louis, in the Happy Hollow, where poverty and squalor usually reign, which embodied in itself very evidently the elements of an interesting romance. Happy Hollow on one side of the street or alley or creek (River Du Pore) doesn't know Happy Hollow on the other side, and doesn't desire to. The poverty and misery, and usually the crime, of each individual is surly and desires no companionship. Hence when a gray haired gentleman and young girl moved into the neighborhood and took a little shanty down on the levee no one asked any questions, for no one cared anything about them. They attracted no attention except for their neat appearance. Their clothes were clean in spite of their manifest poverty, as were also their hands and faces. After Happy Hollow recovered from its shock of surprise at this phenomenal cleanliness, it went its way without another thought of the strangers.

The new residents of Happy Hollow had not been there long when the flood came. By the end of a second day they are cut off from escape and on the third their little shanty was swaying to and fro. The few rough spectators who cared enough to note their distress were indifferent. One or two who had boats called over and asked how much money he had, and when the old man shook his head sadly, they turned off with a laugh and went to the nearest saloon.

One man, less brutal than the others, sprang into a skiff and started over, but he was drunk and, capsizing the little boat, he went to the bottom like a lump of lead. The skiff righted itself and floated along on the water, and the old man saw the only chance for escape drifting away. Springing into the water, seething waters, he succeeded by almost superhuman efforts in reaching the little boat, only to find that the oars had been lost. Just as he became aware of this fact he turned and saw the little shanty, shanty from its foundations, slowly drifting down the ceaseless stream, while the young girl stood in the doorway.

Casting a look of regret behind him, he sprang from his boat, which was a haven of safety, into the water once more and caught the edge of his shanty as it came past. Climbing into the rickety doorway, he had just clasped his companion in his arms when a pile of driftwood struck the little building, tore it to pieces like a child's playhouse and the muddy, roaring waters swallowed up forever two human lives.

A diver for a morning paper found among the debris washed ashore next day several books with other things from the little shanty. Among them were "Histoire de la Poésie Provençale," by Paulin; Kant's "Kritik der Reinen Vernunft," and well thumbed copies of Homer and Shakespeare. Each work was in its original tongue, and had evidently been read before. The name of the owner on the fly leaves or inner cover had been carefully cut out, and the secret of their lives, if there was one, was buried with the owners in the muddy and turbulent waters of the great Mississippi.—Detroit Free Press.

Setting the Verdict Aright.  
Years ago an elderly and brusque jurist from Sandusky used to hold district court here, and on one of his visits a beautiful young woman was tried before him and a jury on a charge of stealing eighty-five dollars from a man. She was clearly proved guilty, but the jury, impressed by her youth and beauty, found a verdict of not guilty.

"Mr. Clerk," remarked the old judge, "pay the eighty-five dollars to the prosecuting witness, it having been clearly proved in this court that the defendant stole it from him, and you may also pay these twelve fives their fees and let them go."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Worth More.  
"What do you mean evening for waiting at entertainments?"  
Walter—Five shillings; but if there is to be singing I must ask six.—London Tit-Bits.

Exact Knowledge.  
The importance of exact knowledge in many things cannot be overestimated. A doctor was asked by a mother if arrowroot was healthful food for a babe. He told her it was, and the mother fed her child on that alone till it was nearly starved. Had she known that arrowroot contains little but starch, which alone cannot long support life, she might not have furnished so apt an illustration of the proverb that "A little learning is a dangerous thing."—Housekeeper.

## DO YOU EVER DRINK

**SODA!**  
If so, try one of our 20 different kinds of Syrups. South Quincy people say they are fine.

—TRY ONE AT—

**WILLARD'S, 27 SCHOOL ST.,**  
South Quincy.

I would advise all persons in need of first class goods usually kept in a Drug Store to call at

## A. C. Durgins'

ALL PATENT MEDICINES AT CUT PRICES.

Perfumes and Toilet Articles.

TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, SPONGES and SOAPS.

All of First Class Quality.

Prescriptions Compounded at Lowest prices.

Durgin &amp; Merrill's Block, Quincy.

## SAVILLE and JONES

**Do You Wear Overall's?**

IF YOU DO YOU KNOW THAT THE OVERALLS AND JACKETS MADE BY CARTER & CHURCHILL, OF LEBANON, N. H. [THE LEBANON OVERALL] ARE THE BEST.

FOUND ONLY IN THIS CITY

## SAVILLE and JONES.

## C. S. Hubbard's

—YOU CAN FIND—

A complete line of Ladies Cotton Underwear, Night Dresses, Chemises, Drawers, Under Skirts, Outside Skirts in both white and colored. Ladies and Children's Corsets in drab and white. All styles in Ladies Shirt Waists, at

**MISS C. S. HUBBARD'S,**  
158 Hancock Street, Opposite Post Office.

## Hammocks

**Oars, Rowlocks, Fish Lines, Hooks, Rope, Anchors,**

## FRANK F. CRANE,

4 Chestnut Street.

## BUY YOUR

DRY GOODS,

—OF—

CLAPP BROS.,

Largest Stock.

Lowest Prices.

Give us a Call.

## MRS. J. J. PHELAN'S

17 Copeland Street.

A FINE LINE OF

PRINTS,

GINGHAMS

AND WOOLENS

On Hand.

CHILDREN'S CAPS &amp; MITTENS

MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

Lowest Prices in the City.

Give us a Call.

## HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH

I draw my chair before the fire,  
My dressing gown falls on my knee,  
The faithful friends who never fail  
My books are ranged around me,  
The cheering music. In all these  
No lonely heart can find a care,  
With one thing more my life is true,  
And that I love my own life.

And how could I stand by the fire,  
The faithful friends who never fail,  
My books are ranged around me,  
The cheering music. In all these  
No lonely heart can find a care,  
With one thing more my life is true,  
And that I love my own life.

The black wind whistles,  
The fire burns its morning,  
What need I, poor, lonely,  
I am not Miss Langham,  
We'll rest content without  
No more emotions, then,  
Or only this, faded by time,  
To close my eyes and think.

"The midnight and the fire is low,  
Hour after hour my thoughts  
And leave my mind to wander  
About the well remembered  
"Tis better thus, no doubt,"  
There's something in the air,  
I'll wrangle her in the self same  
Perhaps she won't say "No!"  
—Almond Viny in

TAKE HIM  
\$500 Reward will be paid for delivery of Robt. White, tall, dark, 30 years old, 5 feet 10 inches tall, and slim, with a big scar on the right side of his face, and a scar on his left arm. He is wanted for robbery and murder. Killed by passing a counterfeit note. When last heard from was making plans to leave the country.

By the time the reader isled, a crowd of half a more men surrounded him.

"Now if that fellow is he the Tonto Basin country it be much of a trick to take the first speaker reflectively bating with himself the ad of making the attempt."

"If you hear me he ain't be taken in, and the fellow it is going to have, the fellow they have been after these years and ain't they say he's right?"

"Well, a fellow ought as soon as he sees him, as he is going to have, the fellow they have been after these years and ain't they say he's right?"

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"



## HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH SINGLE.

I draw my chair before the fire,  
My dressing gown falls on my knees.  
The faithful friends who never tire—  
My books—are ranged around to please  
The changing wind, in all the air,  
No bonfire of my soul is there.

With no thing more my bliss were ripe,  
And that I seem—no more, my pipe,  
The genial fire at its heart,  
And Roswell standing by its side,  
There's Fidelity, hiding in the rear;  
Here's Liberty and Sympathy's guide,  
Fidelity, Fidelity, Fidelity,  
The friends I love—no more, my pipe,  
Locker and Prout together stand,  
And Dobson ready to my hand.

The black wild shrubs under the street,  
The fire burns in more cheerful light,  
What need I, I say, love's bitterness?  
I am not Miss Blanche Amory,  
We'll rest content with one defect,  
No more emotion, thanks, for me,  
Only this, I tell you, my dear,  
To love my eyes and think of her.

"The midnight and the fire is low,  
Hour after hour my thoughts will stray,  
And leave my trinity lonely,  
Along the wall remembered way,  
The better this, I think, Heigho!  
There's something wanting, pussy, stay—  
I'll wait for her in the street strain,  
For she will not say 'No' again."  
—Remond Vincy in Temple Bar.

## \$500 REWARD.

"That isn't a bad reward!"  
"No; if a fellow could catch him,  
he would make pretty good wages.  
Let's see," and the second speaker  
began to read the postal card that  
the postmaster at Hard Scrabble had  
just tucked to the door of the store  
that constituted the "office," so that  
every one might read:

TAKE HIM!  
\$500 reward will be paid for the arrest and  
conviction of Babo White to the sheriff of Yavapai  
county. He is about twenty-five years old,  
of good tall and slim, with light complexion,  
and has a big scar on the right side of his face.  
He is well known for robbery and other crimes. If  
any satisfactory proof of his identity,  
which has been heard from was making for the  
Yavapai county.

By the time the reader had finished,  
a crowd of half a dozen or  
more were gathered around him.

"Now if that fellow is headed for  
the Yavapai county it wouldn't  
be a bad idea to take him," said  
the first speaker reflectively, as if  
debating with himself the advisability  
of making the attempt.

"If you hear me, he isn't going to  
be taken in, and the fellow that tries  
it is going to have his hands full.  
They have been after him for two or  
three years and ain't got him yet.  
They say he's right on the spot,"  
remarked another of the crowd.

"Well, a fellow ought to know him  
as soon as he sees him from that de-  
scription," hazarded the first speaker,  
"if he got up close enough to see the  
scar, and then all he'd have to do  
would be to turn loose at him if he  
didn't throw up his hands when you  
told him. Besides, nobody but him  
would try to cross over the moun-  
tains into the basin with this snow  
on the ground. Blamed if I don't  
think I'll go after him."

"Well, somebody ought to round  
him up," asserted some one in the  
crowd; "he's been foolin' round here  
long enough, jes' havin' his own way,  
sorter as if the country belonged to  
him. Durned if I wouldn't go with  
you, Hi, if I didn't have to take this  
grab-over to the boys in camp."

"Well, if any of you want to go,  
all right, I'm going," replied the  
man addressed as Hi.

It was not the first time that Hi  
Lansing had been on such expedi-  
tions. He was one of those men for  
whom danger seems to have a fasci-  
nation. At his remark Frank  
Crandall, a young fellow who had  
been standing quietly by, volunteer-  
ed to accompany him. The crowd  
turned toward him with more inter-  
est than they had thus far evinced  
during the entire proceedings. It  
was but a few minutes since he had  
come among them, fresh from the  
east, to take charge of one of the  
mines which had been closed down  
by the winter's storms. For weeks  
he had been cooped up in the isolated  
settlement, and he longed for some-  
thing to break its monotony.

"Well, get your horse and gun and  
come," replied Hi, and in an instant  
the two men had left the room to  
arm and equip themselves for the  
chase, while the loungers gathered  
around the stove to discuss the prob-  
abilities of their success. In a few  
minutes the two men rode past the  
door, each armed with a rifle and six-  
shooter, and the crowd, stepping  
out, bade them goodby, with the oft-  
repeated warning, "Be keerful and  
don't let him get the drop on ye."

The crust of the unbroken snow  
cracked crisply under foot as the two  
rode on fast, leaving the little settle-  
ment in their rear. For some time  
neither spoke, but at last the silence  
was broken by Lansing asking his  
young companion, "Did you ever  
try this kind of thing before?"

"No," replied the young man, "I  
never have."

"Well, then, you want to be keer-  
ful. If you don't lose your head,  
you're all right. The only danger is  
that we may run on him before we  
know it."

"And if we do, what then?" asked  
the young man.

"Well, he will probably commence  
shooting, and if he does, and you  
aren't hit the first rattle out of the  
box, why you must get off'n your  
horse and get behind something and  
shoot back. If he ain't anything  
but a good kid, and keep a shot-  
gun. Whatever you do, don't let go of  
your gun. But what we want to do  
is to see him first, and then we've got  
to play on him, and all you have to  
do is to tell him to throw up."

"And if he don't throw up?" asked  
Crandall.

"Why, then you let him have it.  
The reward will be paid just the  
same."

The apparent indifference with  
which Lansing spoke of the entire  
matter, much as if he were discuss-  
ing the best method of hunting a  
wild animal, shocked the young man;  
but he had committed himself too  
far to withdraw. Besides, he had

that feeling that all men have when  
they are young—the curiosity to  
know whether or not he could rely  
on himself when danger threat-  
ened. "We should strike his trail on the  
hills here, if he is really headed for  
the basin country," said Lansing.  
They had been riding for several  
hours in silence through the snow,  
unbroken by aught save the scat-  
tered pines that here and there dot-  
ted the mesa. Before them towered  
the mountains through whose passes  
the men whom they were after would  
have to pass in his search for safety  
in the half settled wilds beyond.

As the two men rode along, scan-  
ning in each direction the snow-  
covered mesa, Lansing suddenly wheeled  
his horse to the right, and when  
Crandall joined him he pointed to a  
narrow trail where two horses had  
passed through the snow.

"That's him. He's driving one  
horse and leading another, and he  
hasn't passed by very long, either.  
See, the snow hasn't had time to  
drift in it," said he.

With the discovery his whole de-  
meanor had changed. A new look  
came into his eyes and his voice  
sounded strange. He even grasped  
his weapons in a manner different to  
that he had heretofore displayed.

"He's right ahead, and we want to  
look out," the older man continued  
as they began to follow the trail. As  
they approached the summit of each  
hill they would stop their horses,  
and Lansing would dismount and  
crawl to the top so that he might  
look, without being discovered, into  
the valley beyond, in order that they  
might not come on the fugitive too  
suddenly.

They had traveled this way for  
several miles, when, reining in his  
horse, Lansing pointed to what  
seemed an old road leading off to the  
right of the one they were following,  
and said:

"That's the 'cut-off' into the basin.  
I thought he would take it, but he  
probably doesn't know the country.  
You had better take it and ride on  
ahead until you strike the road we're  
on again. Then, if you can't find his  
tracks, you had better ride back to  
meet me until I do. I will follow  
the trail up."

The young man tried to expostu-  
late with Lansing for the great risk  
he was assuming in thus following  
the trail alone, but his companion  
was obdurate, and cutting the argu-  
ment short by again warning the  
young man to be on his guard, he  
rode on, following the trail in the  
snow, while the younger man, find-  
ing objection useless, took the "cut-  
off" road. He had no difficulty in  
following it, and wondered why the  
men they were in pursuit of had not  
taken advantage of it. The whole  
pursuit seemed almost like a dream  
to him. The snow, unbroken save  
by his horse's footfall, stretched away  
mile after mile in every direction,  
with here and there a pine through  
whose branches the wind seemed to  
sob and sigh, making the only noise  
that broke the stillness of the wintry  
afternoon. It added to this feeling,  
not a thing in sight. He began to  
depict in his own mind the manner  
of man they were pursuing. He had  
almost forgotten his name.

After all, what had the man done  
that he, Frank Crandall, should be  
seeking his blood? Perhaps, like  
himself, the man had mother and  
sisters to grieve over any misfortune  
that would overtake him. These  
and a hundred kindred thoughts  
passed through his mind. The sun  
was fast declining as he passed from  
the "cut-off" into the main road  
again. The air was getting chilly  
with the coming of evening, and the  
snow in the distance took on colors  
of pink and purple where the rays of  
the setting sun touched the moun-  
tain peaks. He scanned the main  
road eagerly to see if the man they  
were in pursuit of had passed, but  
the snow that covered it was un-  
broken.

Then he rode back on the main  
road in the direction from which he  
had come, to meet his comrade and  
the fugitive. He had just ascended  
one of the many rolling hills when  
in the distance he discovered a man  
riding one horse and driving another.  
At the sight his heart almost stood  
still. He dismounted, and leading  
his horse to one side concealed him  
in a clump of young pines. Then he  
returned to the roadside and waited.  
The man was urging his horses for-  
ward, but they seemed to be weary  
and made but slow progress. Cran-  
dall felt his heart beat faster and  
faster at the length of time it took  
the man to reach him.

He examined his revolver and rifle,  
cocking each, to see that they were  
in order. It seemed to relieve the  
tension of his nerves. After he had  
done this, he knelt down so that he  
could fire with surer aim, and wait-  
ed. He did not care much now  
whether the man resisted or not. If  
the fugitive resisted, he would  
have to stand the consequence of re-  
sistance. It was nothing to him.  
He could hear the footfall of the ap-  
proaching horses in the snow, and  
he cocked his rifle so as to be ready.  
The setting sun shone full in the  
man's face, but Crandall forgot to  
look for the scar that the notice had  
said was on the right cheek, although  
he had resolved to do so particularly.

When he first discovered the fugi-  
tive he scanned the road behind him  
to discover Lansing, but the nearer  
the man approached the less Cran-  
dall cared whether Lansing came or  
not. He let the man ap-  
proach nearer and nearer, so that  
his aim would be the more accurate.  
He could not afford to throw away  
the first shot. The face of the man  
grew more and more distinct. He  
seemed to be oblivious to his sur-  
roundings. Crandall felt almost dis-  
posed to let him pass, but the thought  
that every one would think him a  
coward if he did so spurred him on,  
and, rising erect, he ordered the man  
to surrender.

The horse that the man was driv-

ing in front of him, frightened at  
Crandall's appearance, swerved from  
the road, leaving the two men facing  
each other. For an instant Crandall  
looked straight into the other's eyes.  
Then the man raised his rifle from  
the pommel of the saddle, and Cran-  
dall fired. The horse which the man  
was riding sprang from the road and  
at the same moment its rider's  
gun was discharged. The smoke  
from Crandall's own gun blew back  
into his eyes, and he turned from it  
to follow the movements of the man  
at whom he had fired.

As he saw the man still erect in his  
saddle, he felt the feverish haste to  
fire again, come over him that men  
feel when they have shot, and mus-  
sured, and know that their life may be  
the forfeit of their failure. He threw  
another cartridge into the chamber  
of his rifle, and raised it to his shoul-  
der, but before he could fire the  
man reeled from his saddle and fell,  
while his frightened horse galloped  
off through the pines.

Crandall stepped toward him, hold-  
ing his rifle prepared to fire again, if  
necessary. As he did so the man  
raised his hand and said simply:

"Don't fire—you've got me."

The snow was already red with  
blood where he lay. For the first  
time Crandall looked for the scar  
that the description said was on the  
right cheek. For an instant he did  
not see it, and his heart seemed to  
stop beating with the fear of having  
made a mistake, and when on draw-  
ing nearer he saw that it was there,  
that only the pale face which had spread  
over the man's face had made it in-  
distinct, he could have cried out with  
joy at the feeling of relief that passed  
over him.

"Are you badly wounded?" he  
asked.

"I don't know how bad it is. It is  
here somewhere," the man said,  
placing his hand on his breast as if  
he were certain of the exact spot. "It  
feels pumplike," he added. Stooping  
down Crandall unbuttoned and took  
off the man's pistol belt and threw  
it into the snow, where lay his  
rifle, and then he tore open the  
man's shirt. As he did so his fingers  
came in contact with the warm  
blood, and he involuntarily drew  
back with a feeling of disgust.

"Did you find it?" asked the man,  
who was watching him closely, and  
who had observed the movement.

Recalled to himself by the ques-  
tion, Crandall again tore at the shirt,  
exposing the breast. Where the  
blood did not cover it it looked like  
marble, despite the dark hair on it.  
He could not see the wound on an  
account of the blood until he had  
wiped the latter from the breast, and  
then he found it.

"What do you think of it?" the  
man asked.

"There it is," replied Crandall. He  
could not say more. The appalling  
tone in the man's voice for some  
hope—some encouragement—made  
him feel faint and sick.

"What do you think of it?" the  
man repeated in a querulous voice,  
and as he did so he coughed until his  
mouth filled with blood, and he spat  
it out on the white snow.

Crandall shook his head and walked  
toward where his horse was tied.  
He felt that if he watched the wound-  
ed man any longer he would faint.  
Noticing his walking away, the  
wounded man said:

"For God's sake, don't leave me.  
Now that you have killed me, stay  
with me, and don't let me die like a  
dog."

The voice was one of entreaty, and  
Crandall returned and seated himself  
in the snow by the man's side. The  
sun had gone down and the twilight  
had come on, bringing with it the  
chill of night. Crandall covered the  
wounded man's body with his over-  
coat and raised his head from the  
snow. Almost unconsciously he no-  
ticed that as the patch of red made  
by the blood grew larger and larger,  
the face of the wounded man grew  
whiter and whiter. He never took  
his eyes from Crandall's face, while his  
breath came quicker and shorter, as  
if he breathed with labor. With  
each breath the blood seemed to bub-  
ble from the wound in the breast.

One of the man's hands fell from  
under the coat that covered him. As  
Crandall raised it from the snow its  
coldness sent a chill through him.  
Once he had asked the wounded man  
if he could do anything for him, but  
the man had only shaken his head in  
reply. Crandall felt like reviving  
himself for what he had done, and  
wondered why the wounded man did  
not reproach him. Even when he  
expressed his sorrow at having shot  
him, the dying man said gently:

"Don't mind it. It's too late now."  
The twilight gave way to darkness,  
and still he sat there. He could not  
hear the dying man breathe without  
leaning over his face. He did not do  
this but once, though, and then the  
dying man had opened his eyes and  
looked up into his face inquiringly.  
Crandall would rather have staid  
there until morning than to have  
caught that look again.

Suddenly he heard a voice call to  
him. He started as if he had been  
fired at, but it was only Lansing.  
As he answered the call Lansing rode  
forward, and seeing the outstretched  
form on the snow said:

"By God, you got him!"

"Hush!" replied Crandall, fearful  
lest the wounded man would hear  
the exulting tone which grated on  
his own ears as nothing had ever be-  
fore done. But not minding the ad-  
monition, Lansing dismounted, and  
striking a match held it close to the  
man's face. It was pale and cold  
and the half opened eyes were  
glazed. They did not even reflect  
the light made from the match, but  
from the partly opened mouth a  
tiny stream of half congealed blood  
seemed to be still flowing down over  
the beard.

"That's him, and it's a pretty good  
day's work we have done by earning  
that reward," said Lansing coolly as  
the match went out.

Somehow, though, as Crandall lay

awake through the night within a  
few yards of the body, to keep the  
wolves from it so that it would be  
unmannered in the morning when  
they would lash it to a horse and  
take it into the settlements for iden-  
tification, he wondered why Lansing  
could sleep so soundly. As for him-  
self, the rigid form covered with  
only a saddle blanket, lying where  
the snow was red instead of white,  
was always before his eyes, even  
when he closed them.—Buckey  
O'Neill in Argonaut.

## The Hillside Farmer.

The man was plowing a patch of  
corn on a hillside farm with a horse  
thinner than the soil was. As I rode  
up to the fence he stopped to see  
what I wanted.

"Pretty hard work, isn't it?" I re-  
marked.

"Kinder," he said, mopping his  
face.

"Why don't you plow deeper?" I  
suggested.

"Down to the bed rock now," he  
said, with a grin.

"How many acres have you?" I in-  
quired.

"Seventy."

"I guess you don't work it right,"  
I said, with the air of a man who  
knew all about the business. "You  
ought to turn the whole farm over."

He looked at me lazily for ten se-  
conds.

"Well, who in thunder'll I turn it  
over to?" he asked in mild surprise.  
"Thar ain't nobody round here ez  
kin afford to take it. They've got  
more now than they can pay taxes  
on. Maybe you'd like to try it, mis-  
ter. I'll swap the whole thing for  
that hoss you're ridin' and throw the  
old woman and children in to boot.  
What do you say?"

I said goodby hurriedly, and went  
away in the same ratio.—Detroit  
Free Press.

## Experience as a Slave.

"Queer experiences," said Henry  
Cooper, a retired Boston sea captain,  
as he rolled to a seat in the rotunda  
of the Southern. "Well, I had one  
that was queer enough. It was in  
the fifties, while I was a man before  
the mast. I shipped one night from  
Havana for a voyage to Good Hope,  
but we didn't go there. We went  
up to Congo and got a cargo of  
slaves. The queer thing of it all  
was that the crew never got sight of  
the captain, and when the first mate  
came on deck he was a mask.

"The craft, a swift sailer, was ap-  
parently unarmed, but a twist or  
two with a handspike was enough to  
bring six ugly looking 18-pounders  
on deck. We were not molested,  
however, and on our return we  
stood off the coast of Cuba and all  
the crew but four were sent ashore  
in the longboat. As we passed into  
the boat the masked mate put an en-  
velope in each man's hand. Mine  
contained \$250."—St. Louis Globe-  
Democrat.

## A Bornean Weapon.

The Bornean "mandau," or "head  
taker," is a modification of the Bur-  
mese "dah." It is a heavy thick  
bladed cutlass, from twenty to thirty  
inches long, and the edge is ground  
from the right side only, the left side  
being forged slightly concave. The  
blade is also slightly curved to the  
right, so that the cutting action of  
the weapon is like that of an enor-  
mous gong. Only two strokes can be  
dealt with the mandau—from  
right to left downward and left to  
right upward.—Chambers Journal.

## Exaggeration.

An Irish judge who was much an-  
noyed by loud conversation in the  
courtroom cried out:

"Silence! Keep silence in the court!  
Here I have decided a dozen cases this  
morning without hearing what one  
of 'em was about."—Harper's Young  
People.

## TOO ACCOMPLISHED.

Story of a Runaway Parrot from Which  
a Bad Night Was Derived.

Said a bird dealer the other day:  
"Some of these birds you see are old  
friends of mine. I have them sum-  
mer after summer, and I know them  
and they know me. Do you see this  
parrot here? There's a funny story  
connected with him, which perhaps  
you would like to hear. His mis-  
tress is a good deal of a traveler, and  
she used to take the bird everywhere  
she went. He has been succeeded in  
her affections to a large extent by  
a younger and handsomer bird, and  
now spends a good deal of his time  
with me. She took him to Brazil  
once, and there he escaped and flew  
away into the trees, where he joined  
a flock of his own kind.

"His mistress was in despair. She  
hired a dozen natives to hunt Jacko,  
and it would have been easy for them  
to capture him if it had not been for  
the watchfulness of the wild flock,  
who would detect the hunters long  
before Jacko could, and would fly  
away in alarm and the domesticated  
bird would follow. They chased him  
all the forenoon until the plantation,  
from one grove to another, but when  
it was time for the noonday siesta  
not a native could be persuaded to go  
a step farther. The best that could  
be done was for his mistress to keep  
watch herself of Jacko's movements  
until the Indians would consent to  
take up the hunt again. This she  
decided to do.

"Secreting herself in a little knot  
of trees, of whose berries the parrots  
were exceedingly fond, she waited  
quietly. Before long the flock came  
clattering and jabbering down on  
the trees and her beloved Jacko was  
among them. The birds had been  
chased so much all morning that  
they had not had time to eat or to  
get acquainted with their new arrival.  
So after a good meal on the  
berries they began to inspect Jacko.

The bird, who had lived a solitary  
life for years, seemed delighted to  
get among companions again and as  
if to give them a treat for their hos-

pitality and also show off some of  
his accomplishments he began to  
shout, 'Jacko wants a cracker! a  
cracker! a cracker!' But before he  
could finish all his companions had  
flown away shrieking in terror.

"Jacko flew after them, but they  
would not let him come up with  
them at all. They were of course  
much swifter on the wing than the  
fat runway, and they soon left him  
out of sight. When the bird saw  
that he was avoided by his newly  
found mates, he could not tell why,  
he hopped dejectedly while among the  
branches and before long listened to  
the cooing of his mistress, and fly-  
ing back to her shoulder, rubbed his  
head in her hair, saying 'Poor Jacko!  
poor Jacko!' in a way which was  
really pathetic."—New York Tribune.

## A Negro's Strange Pet.

He had a rattlesnake coiled about  
his neck, and everybody gave him  
the right of way. He was colored  
man just about ready to enter the  
sacred precincts of old age. Al-  
though he attempted to impress peo-  
ple with his "accustomedness" to the  
situation, he couldn't successfully  
conceal his mirth. One eye was  
shut to conceal the twinkle, his  
mouth was screwed into a series of  
tight wrinkles over the butt of a  
voluminous cigar to restrain it from  
opening into a cavernous howl: haw!  
haw! His tread was of the martial  
kind, and a straw hat was stuck on  
the back of his head with a suspicion  
of jauntiness.

Young ladies who met the strange  
combination shrieked a half sup-  
pressed and captivating little shriek  
and darted across the street. Men  
kept out of striking distance, while  
small boys followed bareheaded and  
wide-eyed to participate in the enter-  
tainment.—Florida Times Union.

## Encouraging Bright Sayings.

"The way to promote originality in  
children is to leave the mind as long  
as possible in direct and living con-  
tact with things, and to do that it is  
necessary to avoid any great appear-  
ance of interest in or astonishment  
at the judgments the child forms or  
the phrases it uses. As soon as the  
child begins to find its own opinions  
interesting, instead of, as before,  
finding things interesting, farewell  
to originality.

Will any one say that if girls were  
taught how the minds of children  
might be kept fresh, they would not  
value the knowledge and when the  
time came try to turn it to account?  
We hardly think so.—Popular Sci-  
ence Monthly.

## A Clincher.

An Episcopal and a Methodist  
clergyman were recently discussing  
the merits of their respective  
churches. "Well, anyhow," re-  
marked the Episcopal brother, as a  
clincher, "we have the Apostolic  
Succession." "That's all right,"  
cheerfully responded the Methodist,  
"but we have the Apostolic Proce-  
ssion." "What's that?" queried the  
other. "Why, the itinerancy," was  
the reply, "which gives to all our  
churches a noble procession of  
apostles."—New York Observer.

## HOW IT WAS PLAYED ON DAD.

He thought he was getting the better  
of the Tin Peddler, but He Didn't.

You know how a pig is on the farm  
unless confined to a pen—always  
wanting to get somewhere else. One  
day one of our pigs got into the stable  
and was kicked by a horse, one eye  
was put out and his jaw broken, and  
though he got well his jaw was  
turned to the right and his snout  
mashed flat. It would set one laugh-  
ing just to look at him. He had only  
fairly recovered from this adventure  
when he got caught in a rail fence  
and twisted his spine until he was  
bent almost double.

When he got out of bed again he  
was the oddest looking pig in four  
states. When he walked he had to  
go broadside on, and he never knew  
which pair of legs was in front or  
which behind. One day a tin ped-  
dler happened to come along and no-  
ticed the animal and quietly asked  
the "old man" how much he'd take  
for that pig.

"Wall," replied father, winking at  
Tom and I, "hogs is up, you know."

"Yes, I know that pork has ad-  
vanced."

"Guess that pig ought to bring  
three dollars."

"I'll give you two."

"He's worth a dollar more, but  
bein' it's I'll take it," said father.

For the next two weeks we crack-  
led and cracked by a horse, one eye  
was put out and his jaw broken, and  
though he got well his jaw was  
turned to the right and his snout  
mashed flat. It would set one laugh-  
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three dollars."

"I'll give you two."

"He's worth a dollar more, but  
bein' it's I'll take it," said father.



## A REMARKABLE JUMP

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

Her Horse Took the Bit Between His Teeth and Made a Terrible Run—An Almost Miraculous Leap Over an Open Drawbridge—A Plucky Woman.

Many years ago I was an eyewitness to an accident which befell the empress of Austria, and which was so terrible that her escape from death seems to me even now a miracle.

Elizabeth of Austria, as she liked to call herself, was at that time not only the most daring but also the best rider in the world. No man or woman ever knew better how to take an obstacle than this most charming of all crowned women. Though her majesty was then already a grandmother, on horseback she could give odds to the best Hungarian and English riders. The party at the event of which I am writing consisted of the empress and a large number of Austrian and foreign gentlemen riders, who seemed to have gathered together from all parts of Europe. Most of them were known as prominent horsemen. This was not surprising considering that the empress would never take the field in company of poor riders.

On this occasion the empress rode a very spirited young horse, which she had obtained in Lanesborough when on a visit to England, and to the training of which she had personally attended for nearly a year. Everything went well after the start until we crossed a highway leading to a small Hungarian country town a short distance off. Passing a white painted milestone the empress horse shied, and suddenly becoming uncontrollable it dashed down the road in the direction of the town. From appearance it was evident that the animal had succeeded in taking the bit between his teeth and that no earthly power could stop it on its mad runaway.

Although we all followed the empress, none of us seemed to gain upon her. Flying we passed through the little town, much to the amazement and terror of the few people in the streets. A short distance beyond the town was a shipping canal, and to our horror we saw that the drawbridge spanning the canal was open so as to permit the passage of some boat. In a moment we realized that the empress was running straight into the jaws of certain death.

Faster and faster we went on in pursuit, but faster and faster also seemed the empress' horse to fly. Now it had reached the open bridge. Would it stop? Before we had time to think we saw the animal dash up the incline of the open bridge like a flash of lightning. For a moment we could not but close our eyes and a shudder convulsed every man in the cavalcade. It was a terrible moment—a moment during which fear and horror alternately kept us motionless in their pangs. When we opened our eyes again, still riding as fast as our horses could go, the fair rider and her runaway had disappeared.

We had no doubt that the inevitable had happened and that Elizabeth of Austria was drowned in the slow and turbid waters of the canal.

The idea was a terrible one. My pen is too weak to describe the confusion among us and the agony of suspense that followed and seemed to make each rider quiver in his saddle. Almost unconsciously we had stopped our horses just before reaching the incline to the open draw. As a matter of fact our excitement was so great that we did not even notice that one of our number, Count Szepany, if I remember well, was also missing. All our faculties naturally had followed the empress only.

There we were, halting before that terrible bridge like a pack of cowards, with nobody among us plucky enough to ride into death with an empress.

A few seconds later the incline of the bridge was lowered again, but nobody of our company seemed to even attempt to pass it.

From the pangs of fear and horror we had passed into those of amazement. Several hundred yards beyond the bridge we beheld riding toward us a lady on a foaming steed. It was the empress, and at her side the only gallant man of the crowd, Count Szepany. Her majesty firmly sat her horse, and appeared as cool and collected as if nothing had happened.

Smilingly did she make fun of us and our anxiety. Her fine railway was just as much justified as it was inoffensive when she saw the pitiable figure we cut in her calked presence.

The empress' horse was very lame, and closer examination showed that it had dislocated its right hind fetlock. In jumping the open draw between the wings of the bridge the hind feet of the empress' horse had caught one of the iron rails at the edge and torn off one of its hind shoes. The most extraordinary feature of the accident was how the horse ever could have gone down the incline without breaking its own and the rider's neck. The only explanation for this small miracle, however, might be found in the fact that the empress never lost her presence of mind for a moment when on horseback, and that, though the animal was uncontrollable, she must have sat it to perfection. With regard to Count Szepany, he was unable to give any account of his escape. Moreover, he did not even remember whether his horse made the jump before or after the empress. He simply said that during the jump he closed his eyes for a second, and that he then experienced a sensation as though the water were bubbling over his head.—Harper's Young People.

**A Scythe as Old as Moses.**

An Egyptian scythe, dug up on the banks of the Nile in 1891, is exhibited among the antiquities in the private museum of Viscountess Petrie, London. The shaft of the instrument is of wood set with a row of five flat saws, which are securely concealed in a groove. This discovery answers the oft asked question, How did the stone scythes of the harvest-harvest—St. Louis Republic.

**London Women of Drives Out Driving.**

Lady Londonderry drives through in a beautifully turned out carriage, dressed in electric blue, and wearing a small piece of blue tulle in her black bonnet. Viscountess Curzon, in lovely gown of shaded fawn with lovely blue velvet sleeves, a deep collar of cream gauze, and a wide trimmed high hat, drives with great skill a pair of dark browns. She is usually accompanied by her little daughter, and her conveyance is the neatest of park phaetons. Lady Mildred Denison drives

her father, Lord Londonderry, in his own mail phaeton. She wears a light coat and a dainty little hat with pink roses. Mrs. Sam Lewis has a pair of dark browns in her park phaeton, which attract much attention. Lady White is more plentiful than ever in the Lady's mile. A pair of horses is the smartest, though many neatly turned out things, drawn by a single animal, look very well. No one drives better than Lady Curzon. Countess Grosvenor comes near her in skill and Lady Brooke is perhaps equal, but she cannot be excused. Among morning pedestrians are often seen the Countess of Romney attired in her favorite dark red and the Marchioness of Downshire in black and white.—London Star.

**Patent Grave Marker.**

The expense of a funeral in a large city has grown to such proportions that the average man commits more extravagance in the act of dying than he ever did during life. It has been suggested that a simple and easily form of grave-stone that usually erected would meet all the requirements of affectionate remembrance and respect, and the suggestion has been carried into effect in the patenting of a "grave marker." This is simply a memorial tablet. It consists of two metal plates bent so as to form a holder for leaves or tablets, adapted to be suspended from a frame to receive and retain objects desired to be kept as mementos of the deceased.

The tablets beneath the outer plates can be designed in any desired shape and may have sides of mica or transparent material to protect the tokens any object such as photographs, sketches, etc., can be inserted. For instance, a sketch of the life of the departed or a portrait or a lock of hair can be placed in the receptacle where it is securely protected from the weather, and as it is covered by mica it will last for many years without bleaching or decaying.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**Antidotes for Snake Venoms.**

Snake bites are always dangerous and the venom spreads very rapidly, particularly in warm weather. The following recipe is perfectly reliable and, being simple, is easily obtained. Take an onion and cut it crosswise and hold one half of it on the wound until it turns green. Apply persistently and the onion will finally draw out all the poison. Many old woodsmen will not be without several onions at certain times of year when in the woods.

The old white haired drake that first gave me this recipe has spent the best portion of his life in the swamps, where the rattlesnake, copperhead and other deadly reptiles abound, and he assured me he has never known it to fail. A strong ligature should be tied tightly above and below the bite to prevent the poison spreading through the system. Copious drafts of brandy should be given freely. A little ammonia taken internally is very good also. The above simple remedy is equally as good for bees as for man.—Richmond Times.

**Chinese Weddings.**

The chief incident in a Chinese marriage is the arrival of the bride in her bridal clothes before the house of her chosen one. This is a de facto fulfillment of the contract. The wedding day is determined by the parents of the groom. The imperial calendar names the lucky days, and on such days the so-called "red celebrations" take place both in the city and country. The same bridal clothes may be worn several times. That the chief part of a Chinese marriage is the arrival of the bride at the house of the groom is illustrated by the fact that the sons are often married without being present at their own weddings. It is not believed to be fortunate to change the wedding day when once decided. If the future husband, therefore, happens to be called away on the wedding day the marriage takes place by sending the bride to his house.—Exchange.

**Caught a Partridge on the Fly.**

A Deering Nimrod tells a good story of a recent adventure with a young partridge. These chickens of the woods are noted for the celebrity with which they disappear from the intruder who blunders into their covert; but in this particular case one of the flock upon being scared up by the dog flew directly toward the hunter. The latter, seeing the young partridge coming, held up his hands and caught it as he would a ball. The little creature was much terrified at first, but immediately regained composure, so that when the hunter put upon the ground it stood contentedly a moment eyeing the hunter and then leisurely hopped away.—Portland Press.

**Exercise and Blood Circulation.**

The circulation is controlled mainly by the action of the heart. When the activity of this organ is increased, there fore the general circulation will be improved. Now, the heart is stimulated to action by the presence of blood in its cavities, and muscular exercise, by hastening the flow of blood, will be instrumental in sending more blood through them in a given period of time, and consequently in stimulating the organ to increased activity.—Dr. J. M. Rice in Popular Science Monthly.

**Koi Fishes.**

Lady—Have you given the goldfish fresh water?

New Servant—No, ma'am; they have not finished the water I gave them the other day.—Exchange.

**Animal Wisdom.**

In moving to a new place of residence we found on the premises a large cat which had been left there by the former occupant. She was not of the real domestic kind, but lived principally in the barn, occasionally venturing into the house to obtain her food. On one occasion, much to the surprise of my wife, she came up to her and moved several times, turning each time toward the door leading to the barn. This she repeated until Mrs. N. was induced by curiosity to follow her, when she led the way to a barrel half full of straw, up the side of which she climbed, all the time moving and looking at my wife, and there were five kittens, cold and dead, piled up.—"The cat went away satisfied."

She would sometimes scratch the children, and we were fearful she would seriously injure them, and one day I said in her presence that "I would shoot her." She was missing for about six weeks, and of course I had then "got off the action."—Forest and Stream.

## BREVETTES

STAGE GLINTS.

Sir Arthur Sullivan realized \$20,000 by his song, "The Lost Chord."

Two Paris theaters have discharged the women ushers and put on men.

Funds are being collected to purchase the house in Halle where Handel was born, on Feb. 23, 1685.

The demand for leading men is growing all the time, and the right men from the ranks don't seem to come.

It is reported that handsome Arthur Pearce, of the "King Kaliko" company, has married an Englishwoman with a large fortune.

Massenet has great confidence in his new opera, "Werther," composed in 1880. He is writing another opera in five acts, called "Thais."

W. S. Gilbert is the author of Charles Wyndham's new play, a new play, described as "the best Charles Wyndham on the stage."

London has forty-four theaters, with a capacity for seating 70,000 spectators, its music halls and other places of amusement number 475, with a capacity of more than 300,000.

Benjamin Thompson says the net profits of his thirty-two weeks' season with "The Old Homestead" were \$131,000. He played twelve weeks in Boston to \$145,000 gross, seven weeks in Philadelphia to \$75,000 and in Chicago to \$57,000.

The legitimate drama, as Davenport and Forrest understood it, has no place on the stage today. The tastes of the two actors nowadays are very strongly in favor of light and almost farcical comedy, and the most serious moods do not descend deeper than society plays.

Although alive to the exaggerations which often characterize stories about the compensation given to great artists, the London News is disposed to credit the assertion that Mrs. Patti will receive \$202,500 for her next year's American tour, or \$1,500 apiece for forty-five concerts.

**WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN.**

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the author, has given \$10,000 for building a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand.

The widow of Professor Richard A. Proctor has married her third husband. She was formerly the daughter of a merchant in St. Joseph.

Miss Mary Graham, a Wesleyan graduate, and Miss Mary A. Scott, a Vassar graduate, are the first two women to be awarded fellowships at Yale.

Miss Clara Barton is treasurer of the National Institute, an organization incorporated under a national charter for promoting the higher education of women.

Mrs. Horatio Brooks, a very energetic woman, is conducting a foundry and locomotive building establishment at Danbury, which turns out a new locomotive every day.

The appointment of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi as visiting physician to St. Mark's hospital in New York marks the first yielding of professional prejudice to favor of a woman doctor at a man's hospital in the state.

One of the largest car building establishments in the country has for the designer of interior car decorations a woman, Miss Caroline Kelly. Under her are over twenty young women who are engaged in the same work.

**WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.**

Insurance aggregating more than \$3,000,000 is now carried on the World's fair buildings.

Many relics of the Cabots, the early English voyagers to America, will be exhibited at the exposition by a committee formed for that purpose in Bristol, England, where the Cabots lived.

An international chess congress in connection with the World's fair is being advocated, and may be accounted a certainty, as some of the most influential chess associations and clubs are strongly in favor of the idea.

The \$60,000 World's fair appropriation which Greece has made will be devoted in large part to the preparation for exhibit of reproductions in cast of the many famous specimens of ancient Greek art now owned by the government.

Visitors to the exposition will be able to go comfortably and expeditiously from one part of the grounds to another and obtain advantageous views of the buildings. They may do this either in electric boats through the lagoons or by the intramural elevated electric railway.

**AROUND THE THRONES.**

Queen Victoria is completing the fifty-fifth year of her reign.

The empress of Germany plays the fiddle whenever she gets the chance.

The young khedive of Egypt is now entitled to rank as a grand commander of the order of the Bath, Queen Victoria having commissioned his decoration.

The order of the Lion of the Netherlands, which the Dutch queen regent has recently conferred on M. Carnot, is not bestowed with a lavish hand and is therefore rare enough to be highly prized.

The king and queen of Italy will celebrate their silver wedding next year, but they have expressed a strong desire that all public demonstration should be avoided on account of the country's bankrupt condition.

The king of the Belgians aspires to have one of the finest shooting estates in Europe. His majesty has just purchased a large and valuable "shoot," formerly the property of Count de Coudry. It is known as Villers sur-Lesse.

**CHATS ABOUT MEN.**

Lincoln, Grant and Harrison, the only Republican presidents renominated, were renominated on the first ballot.

The Earl of Londsdale is the most prominent patron of prize fighting in England, and he is also a patron of thirty-eight church livings.

Cyrus Thomas claims to have discovered the key which will decipher the very old of the Maya codices and probably of the Central American inscriptions.

The Japanese minister to Washington wears in his turban a magnificent opal, almost as big as a pigeon's egg, set in a frame of sparkling diamonds.

To interview Senator Gorman is not a difficult matter. That is, it is not hard to gain an audience. He is readily accessible to any properly accredited journalist.

General Meunier Secour, the dean of the French army, was born at Nancy, March 12, 1796. The next in succession is Count d'Anthoard-Vincent, born Dec. 25, 1796.

Governor Foraker's youngest son has been christened Arthur St. Clair, after the first governor of Ohio. Governor St. Clair was a gallant but bluff old soldier of the Revolution.

Boston is profoundly shocked because Bishop Phillips Brooks persists in wearing a topknot coat. This excitement is akin to that aroused by the mustache of Chief Justice Fuller.

Father Daren, a Catholic priest of Springfield, Grant, near Mass. Wrote a Paris millionaire, from drowning in the Mediterranean sea last winter, has been presented by her father with \$50,000.

The city of Nantes is proud of the distinction of being the birthplace and home of General Mellette, and on his sixty-fifth birthday, General Mellette was a son-in-law in 1814, and fought at Sebastopol and Magenta.

**FADS OF FASHION.**

A fetching floral bonnet is of vogue, rose roses in a flat, close fitting shape with a Marie Stuart front.

Shower snow white wool fabrics are very fashionable made up with borders of jacquemet red, pale copper, primrose yellow or reseda green.

Ribbon richings are among fashion's favorite trimmings this season. They can be had ready made at the shops in a great variety of colors and shades of color. Lace richings come prepared in the same way.

The Spanish flounce is being introduced by leading modists. On the plain bell skirt, about a half yard from the waist, about the front and sides only, is set a deep, ruffled flounce, with a leading edge the single line of shirring.

Holoprote, which has not been much favored this season, is coming in, as it were, at the top. The newest bonnets and hats are in a pale shade of this color and are trimmed with lilacs, heartsease, violets or jonquils intermixed with green velvet ribbon and satin lace.

Bangs are doomed, notwithstanding the fact that they are more common than ever, made beautiful than by all the jewelry and finery that was ever designed for them. However, the bangs have gone forth, and the pretty adaptable fringe of hair must now give place to soft waves with curling ends worn low on the brow.—Chicago Post.

**THE LATEST NOVELTIES.**

A flying goose in white enamel is a new scarfpin design.

Silver mountings are now made in leather pads intended to hold telegraph blanks.

A small ornamental clock is set in a carved wood case fashioned to represent a wreath of laurel.

A pocket corkscrow comes in a silver case designed to represent a cigar. A band about the middle of the cigar is reproduced in enamel.

The handles of walking sticks are now studded with small silver ornaments. Some of these represent nail heads and others are in the form of flowers de luce.

Elaborately chased buckles of gold and silver, intended for use on suspenders, have recently appeared. To them are attached short chains with wire buttonholders to go over the buttons of the trousers.

A peculiarly shaped pearl has been used by a New York jeweler in making a novel watch chain. The gem resembles a horse chestnut and the jeweler has fashioned in gold an imitation of half the outer shell. In this the pearl is set, making a very good imitation of nature.—Jeweler's Weekly.

**RAILROAD JOTTINGS.**

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway company has finally decided to make Velasco its southern terminus and shipping point.

The general manager of the Wisconsin Central railroad is reported to have said that all the trains on that line will be run by electricity before the Columbian exposition is over.

The statue of Marshal Ney, which had stood for forty years on the spot where he was executed, has been removed to make way for a railroad track, and one of the historic sites of Paris is effaced.

The Pullman Palace Car company is building twelve handsome coaches for the Southern Pacific company for use in through traffic between Chicago and San Francisco. The cars will have two drawing rooms and will be somewhat longer than those now in use.

Pittsburg, Lake Erie and Chicago is the name of a new road that has been incorporated in Ohio. It is the purpose to make this road part of a new route between Pittsburg and Chicago. The Ohio portion of it will run through the towns of Garvin, Medina, Akron, Alliance, New Lisbon, Sandusky, Napoleon and Bowling Green.

**A METROPOLITAN WILDCAT.**

A City Woman's Remarkable Experience with a Strange Beast.

A New York woman had an experience a few nights ago which she will not soon forget—one which, considering her environment, was very surprising. Her home is a ground apartment, occupying two floors, however, in one of the high class apartment houses in Fifty-ninth street overlooking the park. The library is on the second floor, and in this room she was seated one night when a peculiar noise from the family parrot, who was in his cage in an opposite room, attracted her attention.

Thinking the bird was merely restless and wanted his cage covered, she picked up a soft worn couch cover and started across the hall. At the threshold of the second room she saw crouching on the top of the parrot's cage a gray cat, which had succeeded by its weight and clawing in climbing the cage almost to the tipping angle, poor Poll was now traveling up and down the upper side in a frenzy of fright. The unequal struggle could not have lasted many seconds longer, and

urged by the crisis, though really alarmed at the unusual size and fierce appearance of the cat, Poll's mistress advanced into the room shaking the couch cover and attempting, after the manner of women, to "shoot" the cat away.

She had half crossed the apartment when the animal made a spring at her, and but for her quick movement in covering her head with the couch cover which she held her face would have received the full force of the attack. As it was, the cat claved violently for an instant at the mass of woolly material in which he was enmeshed; then, aided by the desperate push which the now terrified woman gave him, leaped to the floor and dashed into the library.

Ms. recovered her senses and closed the door between herself and the cat, then violently rang the bell for assistance. The maids responded and, after carrying Poll to a place of safety in a remote room, an attempt was made to dislodge the cat from the library. At sight of the parrot the creature began to scratch about, jumping through a brass screen with force enough to break it, knocking over bric-a-brac and loose books, and ending by sealing the window casing as if it were a tree and running out on the bare carpet pole. From this high perch he glared down at those beneath him until Mr. —'s arrival shortly afterward. He was then promptly down and leaped through a window opened for him to the pavement below, darting off to the park as soon as he reached the ground.

Police men and others familiar with Central park say that stray city cats often find homes in its sequestered corners, growing wild and raising progeny that become almost as fierce and terrible as a genuine wildcat. In this instance the animal was doubtless driven from its haunts by hunger and, getting on the ground floor, was attracted up stairs to the parrot's cage by the scent of the bird and its food.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

**Curiosities of Superstition.**

When Egypt was in the height of her power, when she was the most highly civilized and delighted in being called the "mistress of the land and sea," her people worshipped a black bull. There was some discrimination, however, even in this form of worship. In order to be an object of mad adoration it was necessary that the bull calf be born with a circular white spot in the exact center of its forehead, and the advent of such a creature in any herd was the signal of wild demonstrations from the Mediterranean to the border of the Lybian desert. Even as late as the time of Cleopatra, "star-eyed goddess, glorious sorceress of the Nile," such animals were shed with gold and had their horns tipped with the same metal. Herodotus tells of a man who died with grief because he sold a cow that soon after became the mother of a black bull calf marked with the sacred white circle in his forehead.—St. Louis Republic.

**Preliminary to the Baptism.**

When Bishop Goe, of Melbourne, was a curate a famous pugilist in the parish, who went by the name of Jim the Slogger and who had never darkened a church door, called at the parsonage one day to baptize the baby. Accordingly the bishop repaired to Jim's house, but was surprised on being admitted to see Jim lock the door and pocket the key. "He von the parson come to sprinkle my kid?" he asked. On the bishop assenting, he continued, "Yer can't sprinkle that kid till you and me has had a fight, parson."

The unfortunate parson protested, but finding protest useless "stood up" to Jim. The battle went for the bishop, and Jim, pulling himself from the floor, muttered, "He's the parson for me." The baptism was proceeded with, and as the story goes, Jim took to church going from that day.—Pall Mall Gazette.

**At a Feast.**

There is a new shape for the dinner table—a triangle. The L. is seated in the middle of the table, and the hostess at the meeting of the two longer ones. This arrangement brings the entertainers and the entertained nearer together than at the ordinary square or round table. A single cloth is not used on these triangular tables, but rather narrow scarfs of brightly open work. Between the scarf and the center piece the space is filled with bonbon and salted almond dishes.—Food.

**A Gas Burning Grate.**

In a house stove introduced in England the gas is burning on triangles and can be reversed. After fresh coal has been added at the top the reversal is made, and the green coal is thus brought to the bottom in an easy manner. By this means the gases from the coal, passing upward through the red portion of the fire, prevent the fire from becoming almost entirely consumed before reaching the chimney.—New York Journal.

**She Was Amazed.**

The humor of those who go down to the Academy to see pictures is apparently inexhaustible. The following was overheard: A lady went up to a picture by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A. R. A., and after studying it for some time asked her companion, who had a catalogue, the name of the painter. Upon hearing it, "Macbeth!" she said: "Macbeth! I thought he died hundreds of years ago."—London Tit-Bits.

Observations made to determine the longitude of Montreal show that the transmission of the electric current across the ocean and back occupied a trifle over one second, the distance being 8,000 miles.

The mere fact that chance has directed the finding of a penny in the street shows that the coin has been in the pocket it will presumably bring good fortune.

In the year 1886 the Kentucky legislature was petitioned to change the name of a man who thought that "Mr. Schia fenhansenleischlester" was an undignified cognomen.

A human hair varies in thickness from the 25th to the 60th part of an inch. In other words, it is more than ten times as coarse as the web of a silk worm.

There is a man in Montezuma, Ga., who has had his arm dislocated at the shoulder thirty-eight times and his leg dislocated at the hip eight times.

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Grandma's Cookies,	12c	by can	10c
Reception Flakes,	10c	"	15c
Fancy Grahams,	10c	"	15c
Out Meal Wafers,	10c	"	15c
Vanilla Creams,	20c	"	18c
Cream Crisp,	10c	"	14c
Sultana Fruits,	15c	"	16c
Fig Bars,	15c	"	16c
Wine Wafers,	20c	"	18c
Water Thins,	15c	"	16c
Soda crackers,	10c	pkg.	15c
Commonwealth Butters,	12c	"	10c
1-2 Bbl Broken Fancy Cakes	8100	"	

**Boston Branch Grocery,**  
DURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK

**Durgins' Drug Store.**  
"RELIABILITY"

WE PUT UP PRESCRIPTIONS WRITTEN BY ANY PHYSICIAN WHETHER WRITTEN UPON MY BLANKS OR THOSE OF SOME OTHER DRUGGIST SKILLFULLY, ACCURATELY AND PROMPTLY OF THE BEST MATERIAL OBTAINABLE.

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### ENTERING IN.

The church was dim and silent  
With the hush before the prayer,  
Only the solemn trembling  
Of the organ stirred the air.  
Without, the sweet pale sunshine,  
Within, the holy calm,  
Where priest and people waited  
For the swelling of the psalm.

Stood half abashed, half frightened,  
Unknowing where to go,  
While like a wind rocked flower  
Her form swayed to and fro:  
And the changing color flattered  
In the little troubled face,  
As from side to side she wavered  
With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment;  
What wonder that we smiled,  
By such strange, sweet pictures  
From holy thoughts beguiled?  
Up, then, rose some one softly,  
And many an eye grew dim,  
As through the tender silence  
He bore the child with him.

And long I wondered, losing  
The sermon and the prayer,  
If when sometime I enter  
The many mansions fair,  
And stand abashed and drooping  
In the portal's golden glow,  
Our Lord will send an angel  
To show me where to go.

—Sunday School Visitor.

### The Glacial Balance.

The glacial balance is sensitive. A very slight continuous preponderance of supply over wasting might, in a few years, betray itself by really formidable and altogether irresistible effects. Without one additional degree of cold, it is conceivable that a persistently augmented deposit of snow upon the Greenland and the Scheldt, although otherwise scarcely perceptible, might enable the Rhine glacier to overwhelm Driel. But this would be an exceedingly small step toward the restoration of a former state of things, when an ice stream close upon 250 miles in length, starting from the same source, crossed the frozen or nonexistent Lake of Geneva, and debouched by Col de Lyons.

Without severe cold, as well as heavy precipitation, ice could not possibly have gained so great an ascendancy. And this was no local phenomenon; it was simultaneously prevalent over widely separated tracts of the earth's surface. —Edinburgh Review.

### The Sling Among the Isostatics.

The inhabitants of Palestine made use in very ancient times of the sling, the most skillful in its use being the tribes of Benjamin, whose boast it was never to miss their aim. What makes their skill appear more surprising was that they managed the sling with the left hand. The men who came to David's help at Ziklag were no less adroit. They used it with either the right hand or the left. The sling was also the favorite weapon of shepherds, who with it drove away wild beasts preying on their flocks. This makes David's victory over the giant Goliath less surprising, as he had no doubt great practice in the use of this instrument while guarding his father's sheep. —Harper's Young People.

### A Coming Star.

Manager—Your daughter would make a fine appearance on the stage. Has she any talent?

Proud Father—Well, when it comes to elocution, she can elocute all the girls in town right out of their boots, but when it comes to music she ain't there. She can't play nothing, and as for singing she can't tell one tune from another.

Manager—That won't matter. She'll do splendidly for topical songs. —New York Weekly.

### Nature's Franks in Old Missouri.

Stories of great happenings over the country are being reported daily, but it is hardly probable that the record of Audrain county, Mo., during the past two weeks can be beaten in any other county in the Union.

Charles Canada, near Chapel Grove, started off with a three legged colt born and then a neighbor, Mrs. Green, came in the field with a chicken with two heads and necks, well developed. Near Martinsburg a mare foaled two colts, a male and a horse. Then a farmer near there plowed up a fine perch in his field and when he placed it in a tub of water it revived and appeared to be as lively as any other fish. A rain of frogs fell on the farm of David Saire, and he saved six of the batrachians and brought them to town to show for the truth of this story.

These stories began to circulate around, and then a man from near Laddonia brought into the city a snake which he had killed on his farm. The reptile had a number of legs, like those of a small alligator. To cap this a hunter living near the same place shot an animal in a tree and brought down a beast that was half rabbit and half squirrel. He has the skin to show for his story. —Cor. Philadelphia Press.

### Death of an Eccentric American.

Harry Livingston, the descendant of the illustrious American statesman whose death has just been announced, had lived in Florence thirty years. He was universally nicknamed El Americano. Though very eccentric, he was a general favorite. His chief amusement was driving six, eight, ten and even eighteen horses to his carriage. Finally the municipal authorities, fearing accidents in the streets, forbade him to drive more than six horses.

After this he drove out with a six in

### AT CRAB ORCHARD SPRINGS.

Where Judges and Grave Senators Dance "Old Dan Tucker" with Bayish Zest.

"I have just come from Crab Orchard Springs, Ky.," said Ralph Walderson, of Boston. "I go there for a brief spell, not so much for the benefit of the water as to enjoy the charming society of the place. It is unlike any health or pleasure resort on the continent. It is a veritable landmark in all its characteristics. Crab Orchard is patronized nearly exclusively by Kentuckians, and there you see the pretty bluegrass woman and the vigorous bluegrass man at their best. There are no frills or furbelows about them. They represent all that is best and noblest in Kentucky life and manners. None of your insolence of wealth or arrogance of position do you see there. Everything is old fashioned, without the least show of ostentation. The class of Kentuckians who patronize the place belong to the old regime, and the warmth of their hospitality imparts to every phase of life a genial glow that does not characterize another summer resort of this country."

"I was there one summer when Senator Vest, of Missouri, and Justice Harlan, of the United States supreme court, both Kentuckians, visited the Springs, as is their custom every year. The chief dance—and one from which more genuine pleasure is extracted than from all your new fangled 'Newports,' 'Boston dips,' etc.—is 'Old Dan Tucker.' Everybody, old and young, indulges in it with a heartiness that is inspiring. Now in 'Old Dan Tucker' there must always be one more gentleman than there are ladies, and that's where the fun comes in. At the end of the set there is a mighty rush and scramble for the men for a lady partner to escort off the floor. One night Mr. Justice Harlan and Senator Vest were in the same set, at the end of which they found themselves in a terrible predicament, as things go in 'Old Dan Tucker,' for the unlucky man who gets left by the ladies is in a sad plight indeed."

### Burial Alive for Indian Lepers.

Surgeon General Sir William Moore does not think that the terrible disease leprosy is more prevalent in India now than it was in former years, in spite of the impression to the contrary which led to the appointment of the commission now investigating this subject. Railways, it is observed, have enabled lepers to flock to the large centers where they can find better opportunities of living on alms. The only reason which may have increased the number of lepers is, he believes, the suppression by the British government of what is called "sutnah," or the burial alive of lepers, which was formerly a common practice.

This horrible remedy for the leper's sufferings was, we are told, always adopted with the consent of the leper himself, who—frequently declaring to his relatives and friends that he was tired of life—would ask them to perform "sutnah." Then a hole was dug and the leper escorted to the grave with flags, drums, "tomtoms" and other native unmusical instruments. The leper was simply placed in the hole in a sitting posture and the earth filled in.—London News.

### Disinfecting Food for Starving Russians.

Disinfection has been used recently for an unusual, if not novel, purpose in Russia. Owing to the need for food for the starving peasantry, committees were appointed for the purpose of organizing a collection of scraps left after meals in the large cities. Many such scraps were collected from hospitals as well as from social gatherings. Thus arose the alternative of conveying contagious diseases to the peasants whom it was intended to benefit, or of destroying the food. In the face of the terrible scarcity in the country, the latter alternative was clearly to be avoided, if possible, so the question was referred to the bacteriological institution of Odessa for solution, which came to the rescue with the suggestion that morsels of bread left over by persons infected with contagious diseases should be dried at a temperature of 250 degs. F., or to be submitted to a current of steam of similar temperature for at least one hour, when they would be thoroughly disinfected. —London Hospital.

### Berlin's Great Circus Man.

The funeral of the dean among the circus directors of Europe, Ernest Renz, who died a few days ago at Berlin, was like the cortege of a prince. A military band marched in front of the hearse, which was drawn by six horses; the coffin was buried under a pyramid of flowers, among which there were wreaths from high official and military dignitaries; all the best known of the German circus directors followed in their carriages, and a deputation, consisting of three members of the troop of the famous Russian Cossack circus had come from Warsaw on purpose to put a floral tribute on the grave of the man who first converted circus riding into a fine art. —San Francisco Argonaut.

### Fruit in Colorado.

Colorado is usually thought of only as a mining state, but with the success and spread of irrigation she is pushing to the front as a fruit producing state. A very large crop of the most luscious watermelons in the country is raised in Colorado, and the product is of such importance that Watermelon Day is a special holiday all over the eastern portion of the state; the governor usually attends the festivities at the watermelon growing center, and excursionists attend in thousands. This year Colorado has produced 2,000,000 quarts of watermelons. —Exchange.

### Nailed Himself to a Post.

Anson Smith, of Shelton Center, a wooden legged veteran, tells a funny story about himself. Mr. Smith set to work to make a frame for the support of his tomato vines. To keep the posts steady while nailing the slats he placed his left or wooden leg against them and drove the nails home with a vim. After nailing one end he started to go to the next, but found to his surprise he could not move. Visions of paralysis flashed over his mind, but on examining carefully he found he had driven the nail through slat and post into his wooden leg, and that he was nailed fast to the tomato frame. —Ansonia (Conn.) Sentinel.

### Familiarity Breeds Contempt.

The death of a fireman and the injury to an engineer who sat down on the track and were struck by a train a few days ago on the Chicago division of the Pan Handle shows how careless railroad men sometimes become. The same kind of an accident was narrowly averted on the Indianapolis division of the Pennsylvania a few days ago. One of the best known engineers on the division and his fireman sat down on the track while waiting for a train, and both dropped asleep. Fortunately the engineer of the meeting train saw them in time to stop, and their lives were saved. —Indianapolis News.

### A Mean Man.

The monumental mean man dwells in the Quaker City. He shouted from his window the other morning: "Ha, milkman! You needn't leave but a pint this morning—my wife died last night." —Yankee Blade.

### She Gets the Name.

A woman might as well propose; her husband never admits after marriage that he was the one who did it. —Acheson Globe.

### Early Study of Electricity.

Dr. Gilbert, who was the trusted physician to England's maiden queen, Elizabeth, brought more light to bear upon electric science than any other man of his time. He claims to be the creator of electricity, forgetting God, the first cause. He drew his first and best experiments from amber, but he found many other substances besides amber contained electric power or the power of attracting light. Glass rubbed together produces electricity, so do sulphurous crystals, and many other substances. Diamonds became a powerful attractive force for light. —New York Telegram.



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## FESTIVALS OF THE MONTH.

The month of August is singularly rich in the number and variety of its religious festivals. Scarcely had it begun than the Church places before us the feast of St. Alphonsus Liguori, (Aug. 24) the founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and the last doctor of the universal Church. St. Dominic, (Aug. 4) is known to us as the first promulgator of the Rosary and the founder of the Dominicans, or Order of Preachers. Living as he did in the first quarter of the thirteenth century, he found much and successful labor in the subjugation of the heretical and violent sects then threatening the South of France. He died in the year 1221, leaving behind him a monument to his memory in the noble order that he founded, and which has shown even in our late day such bright examples as those of Lacordaire and Father Barker. August also presents us with the memories of the Transfiguration of Our Lord. The story of the patient and loving St. Lawrence is told us on the ninth. St. Clara, (Aug. 12) speaks to us of the manner in which holy women might imitate the religious life of the Franciscan monks. After the Feast of the Assumption, (Aug. 15) we are reminded, Aug. 16, of St. Joachim the venerable father of the Blessed Virgin Mary. St. Bernard, the last of the Holy Fathers of the Church, comes before us on the twentieth. St. Jane Frances de Chantal the first founder, under St. Francis de Sales, of the Visitation nuns, is commemorated on the twenty-first. Other feasts of special note are those of St. Louis of France, Aug. 25, St. Augustine, Aug. 28, and St. Rose of Lima, Aug. 30.

## THE ASSUMPTION.

The Feast of the Assumption, also called in old countries, Lady Day, is set apart by the Church to emphasize her belief to the effect that after death, the body of the Blessed Virgin was miraculously taken up into Heaven there to enjoy at once the honors she had merited by her virtues while upon earth. It is plain that the Church encourages and approves this belief, which is even recommended by its intrinsic reasonableness, for surely it is natural to suppose that Our Lord did not suffer that sacred body in which he himself had dwelt and from which he had formed his own sacred humanity to become a prey to corruption.

The day will be fittingly observed in all the churches of the parish, inasmuch as the noblest offering we can place upon the altar for her honor, are those young and innocent hearts that on that day will for the first time invite the Sacramental Presence of their Divine Lord to take up His abode within them. The Assumption being a holy day of obligation, binds us all to be present on that day at the Holy Sacrifice. It is, moreover, preceded, on Saturday next, by a fast day of obligation.

## RELIGIOUS LIFE IN HISTORY.

The bright galaxy of saintly founders of religious orders presented to us within this month brings to our minds many incidents connected with the general history of monastic life. It is remarkable indeed, with what steadiness the growth of the religious spirit increased during the progress of the ages, and how completely it has always accommodated itself to the prevailing spirit of the times.

The early history of the Church presents but few, if any, examples of real religious life. The Apostles, it is true, following out the evangelical councils of Our Lord, which lie at the very foundation of monasticism, may claim in a certain restricted sense to have instituted this manner of life. Yet it is none the less true that for the first 250 years monasticism if it existed at all, existed merely in the germ. There were as yet none of that almost essential community life which solidifies religious life as we understand it, and this partly because those days the fervor of the faithful had not yet grown so cold as to require that examples of heroic mortification should band themselves together for the common edification, as also because the faithful then aspired rather to the palm of martyrdom than to the solitude of the cloister.

From the persecution of Decius, about 250 A. D., to the present day the history of religious life may be divided into four distinct epochs. The first of these extending from the year 250 to the sixth century, was called the era of Oriental Monasticism, during which time, the infancy of the religious institution, furnished such great founders as St. Paul the Hermit, St. Anthony, St. Basil, St. Paphnutius and St. Augustine. It was followed in the sixth century by what is called the period of Western Monasticism. During this period, extending to the eleventh century flourished the Benedictines, founded by St. Benedict at Monte Cassino toward the end of the sixth century. Out of the Benedictine order sprang in the course of time certain modified or reformed orders, such as those of Chrys, Camaldoli, the Carthusians, the Cistercians and the Franciscans. The third period was called that of the Mendicant Orders, so called from the four principal institutes that flourished in that time, extending from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries. It was then that St. Francis of Assisi founded the Franciscans, St. Dominic the Dominicans that the Carmelites and recent Augustines sprang into existence. These four last are the real Mendicant orders of the Church which gave their name to their period. In this period were also instituted the famous Equestrian Orders many of which did brave service in the wars of the Crusades, and prominent among which were the Knights Hospitallars of St. John, the Templars, and

the Tontine Knights. Akin to these, save that they lacked the glamor of war were the orders for the redemption of captives, the most prominent of which were the Trinitarians and the order of Our Lady of Ransom, whose object was as their name indicates, to ransom Christians held in captivity by Moors and pagans of Africa and Asia.

The fourth or modern period extended from the sixteenth century to the present day. This period presents us with the Society of Jesus, instituted in the early part of the sixteenth century by St. Ignatius Loyola, and the Redemptorists, instituted in the last century by St. Alphonsus Liguori. Besides these we note as other orders of this period, the Passionists, the Barnabites, the Lazzarists, the Marists, the Paulists, the Oratorians and several less well known in this country.

The record of such a history must certainly present facts of the greatest lustre. The lives of their various members stand as illuminated pages in the book of Christian history, and indeed, little as we esteem them from the standpoint of pure worldly advancement, we may well say that were their lives never begun the progress of the world would now be ten centuries slower than we find it now to be.

## DO YOU WANT WATER?

If you do, ask for it. Twenty-five thousand dollars have just been appropriated for the extension of the water service. A large amount still remains to be used. The proper plan is to ask the water commission to extend the pipes to the localities specified in the petition. They cannot know that you want the water unless you tell them so. Neither can citizens expect the city to borrow money for the public benefit unless the public is willing to guarantee to pay a reasonable interest upon the cost of the work of extension. Many streets are in pressing need of water protection from fire and must have the water for house purposes. Norfolk Downs and Wollaston Park are to have immediate extension of water pipes and are to have hydrants where no houses now exist. And why? Simply because the land owners have guaranteed to pay the city a certain percentage annually. The works now belong to the city and the citizens have a right to their benefits. There are miles of streets where the houses are unprotected these places can all have the water if they ask for it. Start your petition soon and get the work done now before winter. The Democrats should not be bashful about asking. The Mayor, like a square man has given them a representative on the commission and he is there to see that they get their rights.

## THE PARISH PICNIC.

This event will take place at Lovell's Grove, North Weymouth, on Wednesday, August 17th. A large attendance will doubtless be present as very few opportunities for enjoyment have been afforded people in the parish who are not affected by the trouble in the granite business, who have employment elsewhere and enough of them alone can make the picnic an undoubted success. The church revenues have suffered severely by the lock-out and it is hoped that all good members of the parish will work strenuously to further the success of the picnic.

## THE LABOR TROUBLE.

Whichever way the controversy may terminate both sides have probably learned a lesson that their opponents are not easily vanquished and that it does not pay to quarrel. Labor and capital are really partners. Laws may be made and things may be claimed as rights which though theoretically true, are in practice very harsh and very much opposed to the public welfare. Under this head, these troubles become public matters because they seriously injure others besides the contestants. The public then has a right to demand that its interests be no longer menaced and to require that this foolish contest of endurance be ended. Are there no wise prudent men in either organization who have courage to fight the battle of the public?

## Widen School and Granite Streets.

Agitation for proper streets on which to conveniently transact public business is characteristic of progress in the right line. The Monitor again calls attention to the inadequate condition of School street from its junction with Franklin street and of Granite street to Brewers corner at its junction with Water and Copeland streets. Now is the time to perform this necessary widening because it can be done now at a comparatively low cost. The damage to estates on School street would be almost none at all. Granite street would cost something, but since the work is unavoidable, the sooner it is done the better. Nearly all the vast shipment of stone from the Quincy Adams station, passes over School street, which a fair minded man must admit is not fit to be a public way in a fast growing city like Quincy. The granite business must be accommodated with sufficient outlets for its teams and other citizens have also the right of passage even though stone teams be also on the road. The widening of these streets is a great public necessity and the citizens will certainly appreciate the work of the councilman who will give the matter unrelenting attention and labor.

## Water Street Improvement.

The Commissioner of Public Works sometime ago commenced the fixing of this much neglected thoroughfare east of Franklin street, but it seems somebody got tired too soon. The gutters have been paved and the sidewalk raised on a part of the street, but the sidewalk between Hammond Place has been left in a very dangerous condition. If a person steps into one of the holes left in the sidewalk, falls and breaks his leg or arm, the city will have to pay a huge bill of damages. This sidewalk should not be left a single day in its present condition—prevention is better than cure.

## SAVE YOUR MONEY.

If the present bitter struggle, in the granite business, teach the young men the vital necessity of saving their money in good times, it will not have been an unmitigated evil. Most young men of our church have talents and ability beyond the average. Their skill is well known in their various occupations is acknowledged. As a rule they are gifted with fine muscular powers, and vigorous health. But they are remarkably foolish in the use they make of their advantages. They squander their money for pleasure that in many cases is injurious and in indulgence of habits expensive to health and to pocket. They ought to look forward ten or fifteen years and consider their condition at that stage of life, if they continue their waste of money and time. If they live long enough, a period will certainly come when they will not be able to work as now; when their existence, health and comfort must depend upon the earnings of former days, and if these have been frittered away in useless trifles or wasted in costly and unprofitable pleasure they have nothing to depend on, but a miserable old age, dependent upon the grudging charity of others who consider such burdens unjust.

Every young man should have a plan of accumulation in worldly affairs. He ought to look forward to the time when he must have his own home. It is his duty to become a man in the true sense of the term; a citizen, a father, and a householder. Two ways principally are suggested. One is to put away every month a certain sum of money into the savings bank and leave it there as a sacred thing to be used only to provide for him a home. The other way is endowment insurance in a first class and strong company, where the money must be paid and cannot be drawn until the end of the time limit, when good companies pay about four per cent. compound interest. Young men, what are you doing for your future home and comfort? If you are not providing for them, why not? When will you begin.

## WEST QUINCY SAVINGS BANK.

Our article on this subject in last month's Monitor has received the warmest approval. There is enterprise as well as money enough in West Quincy to make this movement a reality. But the people need a leader. Where is he? Is the largest ward in the city always to grace the rear of the procession? There is no more ability in Wollaston than in Ward 4, and yet behold how vast the difference in city affairs! The Wollastonians will not stand any nonsense and are to be highly praised for the energy with which they have labored for their ward with the result of making it one of the most beautiful of Boston's lovely suburbs. Why can not West Quincy do what Wollaston has done? Why do not the real men of Ward 4 come to the front, take matters into their own hands and boom their district? They will never get anything unless they work hard and persistently. If they cannot at present conduct a savings bank, they ought at least have a co-operative bank and keep West Quincy money in their own ward for its development and improvement. What is possible to Wollaston is possible to West Quincy. When will he men stand up and put their ward where it belongs?

## THE WALKING DELEGATE.

The most unpopular official connected with the labor associations is the "Walking Delegate." He is made a butt, at which all the shafts of ridicule and malevolence are aimed. Not only this, but he is frequently the subject of sneers, and jibes by some of the men in whose interests he is employed. This is all wrong. In the granite business as it is at present conducted, a walking delegate is a paramount necessity. In all cases where a difference of opinion arises between the employer and his workman, as to the amount of wages to be paid according to the "bill," or the quality of the work done—and these differences are only too frequent—his services are required, and he generally succeeds in straightening out matters to the satisfaction of both parties.

When a man in that position does his duty honestly and fearlessly, he is worthy of commendation from every individual connected with the business, particularly from the men, who in many cases are neglected to seek his assistance to get rights which are their honest due.

There are many employers to whom the presence of a walking delegate in their shops is a terrible bugbear. These gentlemen who make it a practice to take every advantage of their workmen that keeps them just within the law. It is no wonder if these employers, call the delegate a meddlesome interloper, and vent their ill temper on the man, but the fair minded employer, who acts honestly by his workman, has no objection to any official who does his duty, courteously and does no more. The unpopularity of the walking delegate is fast dying out, it is at present confined to people who fear inquiry into their methods of dealing with their fellowmen, and will soon be a thing of the past.

## Where Is The Electric Freight Railway?

Where is this great project that was to save the city so many thousands of dollars by reason of decreased traffic over the streets? Is it all a dream or a bluff to get the franchise simply to keep others out or to sell it for a big price?

## Headaches from Highly Colored Objects.

For persons doing much writing Dr. L. Webster Fox advises the use of paper tinted a green, blue or yellow. He also explains the cause of headaches to many persons after a night at the theater by stating that a drop curtain with poor perspective is very trying to the eye, and has been known to affect persons. The use of tobacco and quinine, says Dr. Fox, sometimes has an effect—providing color blindness. He thinks railway engineers should be tested twice a year for this. —Analyst

## LOCALS.

Mr. James Dehan has been granted a pension.

Miss Mary Manning has returned home from her vacation.

Miss E. A. Desmond has gone on a visit to Fall River.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fennessey spent Sunday in Medway.

Master Alphonsus Reinhalter of Philadelphia is visiting here.

Mr. John Burke is erecting a commodious new house on Rogers street.

Miss Bridget O'Brien of Copeland street spent her vacation in Xeposnet.

Miss Matthews of Salem visited her cousin Miss Lizzie Floeck, recently.

A party of West Quincy young ladies went to Punk-a-Dog last Sunday.

The annual parish picnic will take place at Lovell's grove, Wednesday, Aug. 17.

Mrs. David Hurley of Willard street is confined to the house through sickness.

Miss Lizzie Sullivan is to be the D Primary teacher in the new Lincoln school.

Mr. Bonclair of Atlantic took a party of 16 down the harbor last Saturday fishing.

Miss Susie Foley goes to the Boston City Hospital Sept. 1, to train for a nurse.

The Putnam Nail Co. of Xeposnet, have closed their factory for a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Marie Doherty of Charlestown is the guest of Miss Mary T. Duggan of Atlantic.

Misses Mary Callaghan and Teresa McDonnell are enjoying a vacation in the country.

Miss Katie Kelley of Boston has been the guest of Miss Mary Dauphy of Douglass street.

Father White, C. S. R., is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Timothy White of Larry Place.

Mrs. Hastings of Atlantic is confined to the house having had the misfortune to sprain her ankle.

Mr. Simon Farrell has been suffering from a cancer in the ear. He had his ear amputated recently and is improving. He is 83 years old.

The residents of Hong's Neck are preparing for their annual illumination to take place on Thursday, Aug. 18. They intend to have it far exceed that of other years.

Misses Annie and Celia Griffin of Brooklyn, N. Y., are at Miss Annie Cahill's, So. Quincy, where they will remain for the rest of the summer.

The cars on the Norfolk Downs line were run for the first time on Sunday, Aug. 7. Regular trips were run for the day and made the opportunity for a short ride.

The property known as the Longhouse Hill has been sold and will be cut into house lots. Florist Ward has bought the Cummings estate and will move his property thereto.

Mr. Horn, the recent principal of the High School, has resigned to accept the superintendency of the Braintree schools. He will be succeeded by Mr. Frederic A. Tupper of Newtonville.

The alarm from box 48 on Saturday was for a fire in a new house in the process of erection on Robertson street. The house was owned by Mr. Arthur Woodward and was nearly completed.

Mr. Peter Rowell of Atlantic, while working on a building at Quincy Point recently, fell from a staging a distance of several feet. He sustained severe injuries and was taken to the city hospital.

Fr. Francis went on a trip to the Isle of Shoals early in August. He celebrated Mass at the hotel on the Island on Sunday, Aug. 7, for the first time it was ever celebrated there. There were 110 present at the Mass.

The Savin Hill Yacht Club held an illumination in Savin Hill Bay last Friday evening. There were several yachts in the bay, each one brilliantly illuminated, which made a very pretty sight. The festivities ended with a concert and dance.

Mrs. Allen of So. Boston came to visit her cousin Mr. Downey of Atlantic, recently, in hopes of improving her health. She was there but a short time when she died on Thursday, Aug. 4. Her funeral took place from the Sacred Heart church, and the burial was in Brookline.

Mr. Charles F. Wilde, station agent at Supt. Allen of the Old Colony demanded of him to pay the amount of the recent burglary \$570 to the company. Mr. Wilde refused to pay the amount and severed his connection with the road. A clerk from the Boston office is in charge for the present.

Tools of the Ancients.

An investigator, who lived during two years in a tomb at Gizeh, has collected evidence to prove that the tools used in working stone 4,000 years ago had jeweled cutting edges, like modern tools. He says that the builders of the pyramids used solid and tubular tools, straight and circular saws and many other tools supposed to be modern. In some specimens of granite a drill had sunk one-tenth of an inch at each revolution, indicating that the pressure was at least two tons. Nothing is known of the material of the tools. As the diamond was scarce then, it is probable that corundum was used. —New York Sun.

## The Prayer Test.

The story of a little girl who wanted a goat and prayed for it in the following manner: "Voices a common sentiment, nowadays in regard to prayer: 'Oh, Lord, I want a goat and have told you so many times. Now, I am going to say it just once more, and if in the morning I don't see the goat—well, I shan't be mad at you exactly, but I certainly shan't be pleased.' —Milwaukee News.

## Ladies' Shirt Waists

50 cts.

Wrappers all sizes

and Prices.

White Skirts and Underwear.

RUSSET AND

FAST BLACK HOSE.

Nice assortment of Win-

sor Ties, fancy articles,

small wares etc.

THE MISSES FLYNN

12 Hancock St., Quincy.

## HAD TO GIVE IT AWAY.

Harry Found the Experience Too Delic-  
tious to Keep to Himself.

An old celt Boston bachelor lives with his housekeeper in a pretty little house with an L on Maverick street. One day during a hot spell he had company, consisting of his married sister and her two sons, who came to spend the day.

They remained and spent the night. Harry, the elder of the two boys, was assigned to sleep with his uncle, and Joe was to sleep with his mother in the spare bed—that is, if sleep were a possible thing.

All retired about half past 10 o'clock, and after tossing and floundering around in his bed for an hour or two, the old man, not being used to a bedfellow, turned to his nephew and said:

"Harry, I can't stand this any longer; let us slip out on the roof of the L; it will be so nice and cool out there."

Suiting the action to his words, the old gentleman got up, and slipping on a pair of slippers stepped through the open window to the roof, his nephew following suit.

When slightly cooled off Harry began to look around and soon espied a long wooden beam running from the end of the roof to the end of the house.

"I'm going to set up there on that beam, uncle," he cried.

When he had reached the desired position he said to his uncle:

"You're missing it, uncle; the wind comes over the roof of the house in a fine breeze, and you can't feel the least bit of it down there."

The idea of a cool breeze was too much for the old man, and with great difficulty, owing to his flowing nightdress, he managed to get as far as the end of the beam.

The wind did feel good, and the old bachelor felt fully repaid for the trouble of climbing up.

Presently the sound of some one whispering was heard by the two on the beam, and they strained their ears.

"Oh, uncle, it is some women over in that window," whispered Harry, pointing to a window in the back of the house next to the L.

The old man looked and great beads of perspiration stood out on his body as he saw dimly outlined in the black of the window no less than three unmistakably feminine faces.

What could he do? There they stood, wildly gesticulating to each other and evidently from their actions, taking himself and Harry for ghosts.

With a hurried caution to his nephew to be motionless the old gentleman tightened his hold on the beam and remained rigid, hoping that something might induce the watchers to leave the window. For fully twenty minutes he remained thus, and then one of the faces disappeared and in a few seconds returned re-enforced by several others.

At the sight of the additional faces the old gentleman's fear overcame his well formed plan of sitting out the patience of the women, and with "I can't stand this any longer" he flopped off the beam to the roof and then into the open window, followed more manfully by Harry.

He was almost ashamed to appear on the street next day, and immovable were the cautions Harry received not to give the joke away, but in "a moment of forgetfulness" Harry told. —Boston Herald.

An Interesting Indian Legend.

A curious Indian legend was told to some people way out in Omaha by a full blooded Sioux, who lives at Pine Ridge agency.

He said the belief was that every time a new moon appeared it was a signal for all the mice in the country to gather themselves together in one spot. When they assembled they then separated into four great armies. One army went to the north, another to the south, a third to the east and a fourth to the west. These armies of mice traveled until they reached the point where, from the place of starting, the heavens seemed to touch the earth. Then they climbed up the sky until they came to the moon, which by this time was what we call full.

All of the four armies then commenced nibbling at Luna, and when they had eaten her all up the mice would scamper back down the heavens to the earth and wait for her to show herself again, when the journey and the nibbling would be repeated by the mice; and this is what the Indians of early days believed was the cause of the moon growing old and finally disappearing. —Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

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THE MISSES FLYNN

12 Hancock St., Quincy.

## DO YOU EVER DRINK

S O D A .

If so, try one of our 20 different kinds of Syrups. South Quincy people say they are fine.

—TRY ONE AT—

WILLARD'S, 27 SCHOOL ST., South Quincy.

## SAVILLE and JONES

Do You Wear an Outing Shirt.

Remember that Saville & Jones have anticipated your wants and have in stock the FINEST assortment of Outing Shirts in the City.

It is not necessary to go to Boston, or look elsewhere, we have the goods here!

## SAVILLE and JONES.

—AT—

C. S. Hubbard's

—You will find an Assortment of—

GLOVES, MITTS, BELTS, FANS, VEIL-  
INC, LACES, HAMBURGS, COT-  
TON TRIMMING, AND

Everything in Fancy Goods.

MISS C. S. HUBBARD'S,

158 Hancock Street,

Opposite Post Office.

Hammocks

Oars, Rowlocks,  
Fish Lines, Hooks,  
Rope, Anchors,

—AT—

FRANK F. CRANE,

4 Chestnut Street.

Outing Cloth MRS. J. J. PHELANS

—ONLY—

5c., 6 1-4c., 8c., and 10c.

per yard.

—This lot is—

Special Bargain,

And worth 12c. per yard.

CLAPP BROS.,

Largest Dry Goods Store in Quincy.

The Telegraphers.

I notice that the papers are very loud in their praise of the admirable service rendered during the late conventions by the United Press, a very deserving thing to do, but we think you have overlooked speaking a word of praise to those hard working and faithful servants of the public, namely, the telegraph operators, by whose skill it was sent and received, whose skill went far in permitting the papers to so quickly set the news before their readers. True enough, the telegraph operator is little thought of and seldom mentioned. Still, we think they are a very important instrument in the progress of our country and would like to be encouraged. —An Old Operator in New York Sun.

Dr. G. R. England

DENTIST.

14 Chestnut Street

QUINCY.

Connected by Telephone.

## ROSE'S FACE.

Old Rose is black and wrinkled and her hair is white and her head is gray. But to baby Ned she is still that same And a lean comparison play. A nurse, playfellow and friend she has been Through all of his four short years. His point in the four years were done And sorrow with him in tears.

Last night, at the baby's bedtime hour, As he sat on his mother's knee, He turned to look at her smiling face, A face



## ROSE'S FACE.

Old Rose is black and wrinkled and bowed, And her smiling face is like a faded rose. But to baby Ned she is all that's fair, And a beam of sunshine on his face. A nurse, playful and fond, she has been, Through all his four short years, Has joined in his frolics with keen delight, And soothed with him in tears.

Last night, at the baby's bedtime hour, As he sat on his mother's knee, He turned to look at her smiling face, A face that was fair to see; And he said, as he gazed with enraptured look,

"While his arms fold her neck in his arms, You've the prettiest face I ever saw, Vagabond that of dear old Rose."

—Mrs. J. T. Greenleaf in Good Housekeeping.

## HE DIED LIKE A MAN.

The year 1854 is memorable for the number of wrecks which took place during its course among Atlantic steamers. The loss of no fewer than five large vessels had already been chronicled, when, on the 23d day of October, news reached New York that the Arctic, of the Collins line of Liverpool steamers, had gone down under circumstances of peculiar interest and horror.

She was one of the finest vessels of her time. She was a side wheeler, had cost \$200,000, and was insured for \$500,000.

On Wednesday, Sept. 27, 1854, she was on her return trip to New York with 231 passengers exclusive of children, mostly homeward bound tourists; a crew of 175, a valuable cargo and a heavy mail, and had gotten within sixty-five miles of Cape Race, the southeastern extremity of Newfoundland, when, exactly at noon, while steaming through a dense fog, she was struck by the propeller Vesta, bound from St. Peter to Granville.

Although the Arctic had two men in the lookout at the time of the accident, the fog was so thick that the Vesta was not sighted until within a minute of the time of the collision.

The Arctic was making twelve miles an hour and the Vesta eight, and they struck head on. The stern of the Vesta struck about twelve or fifteen feet abaft the stern of the Arctic. At the moment of collision the Arctic was on the crest of a large wave of swell, while the Vesta was in the corresponding trough, and the bow of the Arctic being elevated the Vesta struck her below the water line. The anchor of the Vesta was driven through the timbers of the Arctic and broken, and part of it was left sticking in the office. The Arctic was pierced in three places, two of the awnings being below the water line. The Vesta had about ten feet of her bow literally stove in and crushed off, and when Captain Luce, of the Arctic, hurried on deck and saw the Vesta, he thought she must immediately go down.

He dispatched his first mate, Mr. Gomeley, and a boat's crew to the Vesta to offer assistance, and turned his own vessel in the direction the Vesta had taken, and, reaching her vicinity, he steamed twice around her.

He found to his surprise that no assistance was needed. The Vesta, though in appearance a nondescript craft, was provided with a hundred, which, reinforced by 150 mattresses, pillows and other effects of the crew, kept out the water sufficiently (especially after the forecast had been cut away) to keep the vessel afloat until she reached port with the 149 persons who still remained aboard her.

Soon after the collision Captain Duchesne, of the Vesta, dispatched a boat with a crew of ten men to the Arctic to offer assistance, but in attempting to board the Arctic their boat was capsized and all but one of its crew were lost, either by being struck by the wheel of the Arctic or by drowning, or both. The single survivor was saved by the crew of the Arctic. Mate Gomeley, of the Arctic, lost his way in the fog and did not get back to his ship, but eventually reached shore.

It was not until shortly after the Arctic had resumed her homeward course that the gravity of her injuries was discovered. She was found to be taking water rapidly, and efforts were made to stop the leak in her hull by passing sails under her and by thrusting mattresses and pillows into the holes. The anchor chains were thrown overboard to lighten her bow, but the fragment of the Vesta's anchor was wedged in the timbers so firmly that it was impossible to dislodge it or to get the sails close enough to her to keep out the water.

The seriousness of the situation now became apparent to Captain Luce. The Vesta was out of sight in the fog and a considerable distance away, beyond hearing of the signal guns. He headed directly for Cape Race, and, after five days and six nights, for half an hour, the fog was then quenched by the rising water, although the steam handpumps were both at work. In another half hour the upper tiers were out, and then the great ship was a helpless wreck.

It seems strange as we look back at the occurrence of this sad day that the outcome was so appalling. But an ill fate seemed to hang over the vessel. When Captain Duchesne, of the Vesta, saw the Arctic steam twice around him, he had no idea she was seriously hurt, and afterward reported that he could have accommodated all her passengers and crew had he found out that they needed assistance. He thought when she parted from him that she had gone straight to New York.

As soon as Captain Luce found that the Arctic must sink he took measures to save his passengers. Even then, had good order and discipline prevailed, all could easily have been saved. The Arctic floated for five and a quarter hours after the collision although nobody knew but that she might go down at any moment. The sea was smooth and so remained for twenty-four hours, and boats and rafts could easily have been sent to land.

But it was not to be. A sad scene of confusion and selfishness now began to be enacted, relieved, God be praised, by some flashes of noble heroism.

Five boats remained after the first mate left. Four of these were taken by the engineers, sailors, a few passengers and the remaining officers, except Captain Luce and Third Mate Francis Dorian. The second mate, Francis Dorian, and forty-five passengers, reached shore.

Captain Luce, Third Mate Dorian and George H. Burns, messenger of the Adams Express company, started the construction and provisioning of a large raft, while some of the passengers and those of the crew who remained worked

at the pumps and fired signal guns.

The boat had been lowered to assist in building the raft, and Captain Luce and some of the male passengers were helping keep the crowd back when a panic seized those on deck and they rushed over the bulwarks onto the raft, at the same time doing sinking the boat. In this emergency Dorian cut the boat loose, and he and those assisting him hurried it away from the raft. The noble man behaved throughout with great presence of mind and labored with heroic energy. When the panic started he cried: "For God's sake, captain, clear the raft so that we can work! I won't desert the ship while there's a timber about water!"

Thus many precious time was lost. The people did not believe that those who were trying to assist them were sincere, and prevented them from providing means of escape.

The captain, when urged to leave, stated that the fate of the ship should be his and his little son's.

Master Collins, a son of the proprietor of the vessel, when offered a life preserver refused it, saying he would not take it while any woman on board was without one. He perished with his mother and sister.

Another faithful one, and one whose quiet heroism shone out brighter as the prospect became darker, was a young man named Stewart Holland. He was an engineer under instructions and but twenty-two years old. When most of his companions in the engine room took to the boats and deserted, he remained and did his best to help save those left in the ship. Just before the ship went down he was helping fire the signal guns. Dorian called to him to get into the boat with him, but he refused; and just as the waters curled over his ship's side as she went down his last gun boomed over the sea and he sank with the more than two hundred others still on the ship, most of them to rise no more, and among whom were all the women and children.

There was something so romantic and heroic in the self sacrifice of one so young as Stewart Holland that his story caused a sensation. He was a Washington boy and had at one time been employed in the navy yard here. The people of Washington felt proud of him, and in response to a general demand a subscription was started to erect a monument to his memory. A lithograph was published depicting him in the act of firing his last gun, copies of which picture are no doubt still in possession of some of the older residents of Washington. The monument enterprise failed because the design was too elaborate for the funds and interest lagged from the long delay.

In 1858 those having the matter in charge were still trying to keep the monument in it and some hundreds of dollars had been collected, but the bank in which the money had been deposited failed and this money was lost. A circular issued in 1858 states that one of the last official acts of President Pierce was to designate the open space on Pennsylvania avenue between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets as a suitable site for the proposed monument.

It is greatly to be regretted that so deserving an enterprise should have been so unsuccessful. Washington city is full of monuments to national characters, but in the whole District of Columbia there is only one monument to a local hero, and that is the monument to Greenup, the fireman, in Glenwood cemetery.

It should be a cause of pride to the people of the District of Columbia that one of their young men should have shown such Spartan courage and should have died so nobly, when all the scenes had been witnessing for five hours were enough to unnerve and frighten older men. And how sublime the thought that he knew the last gun he fired could bring no help for himself, but might bring it for others! As a local poet of the time said:

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## About as Usual.

Public Spirited Citizen (who has made sundry donations to colleges and hospitals)—Any mail of importance this morning, William?

Private Secretary—Nothing but that weekly paper from Pennsylvania that comes every Saturday.

"No circulars or anything of that kind?"

"No, sir. Nothing else except three packs of begging letters. There wasn't quite as many of them this morning as yesterday, except for one today, sir. Thanks. Then I'll go to the ball game."

—Chicago Tribune.

## Secret Politics a Misdemeanor.

Section 1,095 of the code of North Carolina is talked of a good deal these days when there is so much of what may be called secret political movements. It makes a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment to hold any secret political meeting in the state or to have any secret signs, grips or tokens of any secret political organizations, or any extra judicial oath binding any person for any political purpose.—Richmond Dispatch.

## Helped Out Wales.

"I once prevented the Prince of Wales getting indignantly thrashed by a plebeian New York barkeeper," said Richard Doolittle, a retired New York merchant. "When the prince visited America he was a very wild young man, and he had no difficulty in finding plenty of young swells on this side who could go with him. One night the prince and a party of his friends started out to see the elephant, and the spectacle made them pretty dizzy. They got separated, and the heir to Britain's throne wandered, unattended, into a down town resort and proceeded to make things pretty lively. The bartender started in to smother him, and would have done so effectually had he not taken charge of the rooster, and piloted him back to his party."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## The Respected Coyote.

Although despised by every one now, time was when the coyote was invested with divine attributes by the aborigines. Among the Navajo Indians and those of the Cahire tribe the coyote was one of the deities, the Cahires in fact believing it to be God.—Kansas City Times.

## A SNAKE RIDES A BICYCLE.

## A Big Rattler Takes Possession of a Wheel, but Tangles Himself to Death.

It has been some four or five years since one day I was riding my bicycle over a road in northeastern Kentucky which crossed a strip of woodland probably two miles wide. The road was so nearly obstructed by an almost impenetrable growth of underbrush that there was barely room for a carriage.

I was riding very slowly, enjoying the silence and beautiful scenery, which was rendered the more enjoyable by the sun as it cast its last golden rays over the dense foliage, and the thought never struck me that my heart would palpitate any faster by encountering a much dreaded foe.

I was descending a gentle slope about 200 yards long, and on account of the descent I was coasting at a lively rate when I glanced ahead, and there, only a few paces from me, lay a huge rattlesnake stretched across the road directly in my course. I was greatly frightened and put down the brake as hard as I could, but was so near that I could not stop before coming into contact with him. He seemed not to care for me, and still lay stretched at full length with much more ease than I was enjoying.

I was afraid if I tried to run around him that he would spring upon me, and not being able to stop my wheel in time I determined to run directly over him.

When the front wheel struck him both his head and tail gave a quick slap against my feet, but I pressed the pedals with all my might, and when, as I thought, I was over him I looked back over my shoulder, but could not see him anywhere, and not until I heard his body slapping about and heard him buzzing could I locate him.

I found that in some difficult way he had succeeded in getting between the rows of direct spokes, and by crawling as the wheel rolled he managed to keep his position.

I was not particularly pleased to have a close contact with such a reptile, neither was I willing to have my wheel ridden by such a rattling concern, but I conquered my jealousy and determined to get it possession of some of the older residents of Washington. The monument enterprise failed because the design was too elaborate for the funds and interest lagged from the long delay.

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The mother spoke triumphantly.

"I knew it," she said. "Did you permit him?"

"No, mamma, I did not. I told him you had always taught me that I should not permit any young man to kiss me."

"That was right, that was right, my dear," said the mother encouragingly. "And what did he say to that?"

The girl blushed, but was undaunted.

"He asked me if you had ever told me I was not to kiss a young man."

The mother began to feel that possibly she had omitted a vital link in her instructions.

"What did you tell him?" she asked.

"I said I didn't remember it, if you had."

The girl stopped and the mother broke out:

"Well, go on, go on."

"I guess that's what you heard, mother," and the daughter went for the storm to burst.—Detroit Free Press.

## Modern Oratory.

"Oratory is by no means a lost art, but the power to address vast audiences properly is exceedingly rare," said Tyler A. Cowton. "Now, an oration that cannot be heard by an entire audience is worse than labor wasted."

In the college class of Greek oratory speakers addressed entire armies, and if we are to believe the historians, did so successfully. They trained their voices for just such occasions, and the result was that they possessed the lungs of a Stentor and their thoughts were written in thunder. One Greek orator, we are told, used to exercise his voice on the seacoast during storms and could make himself understood at a considerable distance despite the roar of the wind and the pounding of the breakers.

It is a pity that modern orators do not take like pains to fit themselves for their labors instead of popping up with peevish whistles and performing occult pantomimes to the disgust of several thousand people. The gestures and grimaces of nineteenth-century orators are so clumsy and ill timed that no man of woman born can divine their thoughts from their dumb show."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

## About Heads.

The head of the one Rhineland is wide as the temples, if the hat is the exact length, in nine cases out of ten it has to be stretched sideways in order to make it fit. English heads are wide, but not so pronounced as those of Germans. The head is more of a "sliding scale" with them as to the relative length and breadth. The Celtic head is almost invariably round or oval and without pronounced phrenological "lumps."

For general smoothness of the cranial protuberance the Italian comes next to the Celts, either of the two besting the classic Greeks in that respect. Old as it may seem, and cannot declare that the Turkish skull is almost identical in shape, size, etc., with that of the enlightened nineteenth century inhabitant of the United States.—Chicago Tribune.

## Tensile Cast Iron.

Experiments with malleable cast iron by the admiralty of St. Petersburg, Russia, have been successful. A trial bar, heated to red heat, was folded and refolded several times in succession, and at the end only one scarcely perceptible crack showed. Another bar that was folded once under hydraulic pressure broke after taking a persistent curve. A third bar, heated to cherry red, could be forged and lengthened into strips. Its tensile strength was almost equal to that of ordinary Siemens-Martin steel.—New York Sun.

## Two Offerings.

I was somewhat disconcerted one Sunday, when the vicar's Easter offering was being collected, by a man and woman who brought a basket of fish which she insisted on personally offering at the altar. She was not such a pleasant person to deal with as a colonial farmer I was once told of by a friend who looked very much distressed at passing the plate on a similar occasion, but explained his apparent shortcoming by remarking in a loud aside, "You'll find a pie on the vestry table."—Cornhill Magazine.

## Locomotives in a Tug-of-War.

Owing to a dispute as to who should use the switch first, the crews of two trains that met at the Third street crossing of the North Penn railroad instituted a novel pushing match Monday which may cost them their situations. Both engines were shufflers and each had about a dozen cars attached. A third man, John Gray by name, was sent to remedy the trouble. He ascended the pole, fifty feet in height, and swung the lamp around so that it would come within his reach. Then he started to fix it. The next moment the few people watching him in the semicircular saw him lean over the front and fall to the ground, striking upon his head. The Notre Dame ambulance was called, but the man was dead before it reached him.—Montreal Gazette.

## An Electric Lineman Killed.

An electric light went out on the wharf last evening. It was on the top of a high pole on Moisan's wharf, below that of Pacific Electric. A lineman, John Gray by name, was sent to remedy the trouble. He ascended the pole, fifty feet in height, and swung the lamp around so that it would come within his reach. Then he started to fix it. The next moment the few people watching him in the semicircular saw him lean over the front and fall to the ground, striking upon his head. The Notre Dame ambulance was called, but the man was dead before it reached him.—Montreal Gazette.

## Allies of Crimes.

In the month of June some thousands of young lawyers were graduated in the various law schools of the country. Nearly all of them began to practice in some shape at once.

Just before the time for the graduation proceedings at the schools the court of appeal of New York state was pronouncing a decision which should

have been read carefully by all these young lawyers, and by their older brethren as well.

The decision was in the case of a murderer who had been convicted two years before and condemned to death. The case had been twice brought before the supreme court of the United States, and three times before the court of appeal of the state of New York.

The court of appeal, as the result of this third resort to it in the case of a man long before condemned to death, denied the motion for a rehearing, and rebuked the means which had been used to prevent the original sentence from being carried out.

The court declared that when every opportunity had been given to an accused person to make his defense, and his conviction had been confirmed by the highest court, the contest should be at an end. The forms of law should not be used to subvert the law.

"It ought to be a subject of inquiry," the court said, "whether attorneys and counselors by vexatious proceedings can become the allies of the criminal classes and the foes of organized society without exposing themselves to the disciplinary powers of the supreme court."

It is not that this warning will not be lost upon lawyers to whom the chief use of the law is to defeat the law.—Yonkers Companion.

## The End of a Sharpshooter.

"The best rifle shot I ever saw was an ant Texan who acted as scout for the Army of the Cumberland," said Major R. B. Baer. "His name was Brownlow, but whether he was a relative of the fighting parson of that name I do not know. Brownlow was a tall, lank specimen of humanity and looked like a typical frontiersman. He wore a coonskin cap and carried a rifle foot longer than himself, with which he could put half the distance of a deer squarely between a man's eyes at a distance of nearly half a mile. He fought for sheer love of it, was always hunting for victims and used to boast that he averaged a dozen dead Confederates a week. He hung on the enemy's picket lines night and day, and when 'Old Tom,' as he called his fingering certainty of a gun, cracked there was certain to be a death.

"One day during a sharp skirmish Brownlow encamped himself in a big cottonwood tree, and was dropping Confederates as fast as he could feed bullets to 'Old Tom.' When a Mississippi sharpshooter made a sneak for another tall cottonwood about 600 yards distant, the Texan spied him; there were two puffs of smoke from among the green leaves and the two killers came down dead first, with their long deer rifles rattling after them."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

## Worship of Animals.

The religion of the Cherokees, like that of most North American tribes, is a worship of everything tangible, but particularly of animals. Among the animal gods insects and fishes occupy a subordinate place, while quadrupeds, birds and reptiles are invoked almost constantly. The "skunka"—a mythic great horned serpent—the rattlesnake, the terrapin, the hawk, the rabbit, the squirrel and the dog are the principal animal gods.

The spider occupies a prominent place in the love of life-deifying formulas, its duty being to entangle the soul of the victim in the meshes of its web or to pluck it from the body of the doomed man and drag it away to the black coffin in the darkening land. The sun is invoked by the ball player, while the hunter prays to the fire, but every important ceremony—whether connected with medicine, love, hunting or games—contains an invocation addressed to the "Long Person," which is the name for water, or, more strictly speaking, for the river. Other formulas invoke the wind, the cloud, the storm and the frost.

Another god invoked in the hunting songs is "Slanting Eyes," a giant hunter who lives in one of the great mountains of the Blue Ridge and owns all the game. Others are the Little Men, Children of the Thunder and the Little People, who are fairies that dwell in the rock cliffs. There is also a diminutive spirit which holds the place of our Puck. One important formula is addressed to the "Red Headed Woman, Whose Hair Hangs Down to the Ground."—Washington Star.

## Old Dan Rice in Wall Street.

Wider known and more beloved than a score of millionaires is a hale old gentleman of sturdy frame and resonant voice whose hearty handshake is a pleasant thing to feel in the lower town—old Dan Rice. His immense breadth of shoulders covered with light colored cords, his shock of white hair and rather rolling gait can be distinguished in any crowd far ahead of you. But when you confront him and catch the full, frank glance of his keen eyes, and hear his cheery voice, your memory runs back at once and picks up the thread of long ago when you thought this same man one of the great of this green earth. Somewhere under the magnetism of his presence you can't help but feel something like that yet.

Just now, however, met in Wall street, he seems like some ancient historical figure recently exhumed and confused in your early roster of the great with General Scott, Stephen A. Douglas, William Lloyd Garrison, et al. But there is certainly no myth about the old Dan Rice of today, for he is about as splendid a physical specimen as I have seen in many moons. The same old circus voice, with the sawdust ring to it, familiar to hundreds of thousands of the boys of half a century ago. Dear old man! What pleasure he has spread over the earth in his time!—New York City: Pittsburg Dispatch.

## Awakening New Depths.

Featherstone—Well, old man, I am glad to hear you are engaged to be married. Falling in love, sir, brings out qualities in a man that he never suspected. Ringway—I agree with you, I never knew before (sighing) that I had the capacity for spending so much money.—Detroit Free Press.

## DEATH WEEK.

## A Singular Ceremonial Which Takes Place in Rural Russia.

"Death week," the "Smartina Nedelya" of the Slavonic people, marks the end of winter in rural Russia. It is kept during the last seven days of



## BEING HIS MOTHER.

Being his mother when he was away  
I would not hold him overlong, and so  
Some times my yielding sight of him grows old,  
So quick of tears, I feel he did not stay  
To watch the faintest smile of him, nor  
Leave always his eyes clear and glad, as  
though  
Mine own dear Lord, do fill to overflow  
Let his remembrance be the light of my  
Smile ever on me! All what I desire  
Then I give me to guard with this  
sweat  
His faintest speech ever to be denied  
Mine own—being his mother! All thereof  
Then I know only, looking from the skies  
As when Christ alone was crucified,  
—James Whitcomb Riley in Lippincott's.

## THE SUNSET TRAIL.

Danny Redmond was a mail carrier on the Sunset Trail, and he fully realized the importance of his position. Traffic might stagnate, civilization might pall, but the United States mail must go right ahead, and on schedule time at that. As for the Sunset Trail, it would be its way far over the dreary plains of Kansas, across the Cimarron, and on and on into the great state of the Lone Star.

But Danny's route only extended to Crooked Creek, a town consisting of a grocery store. At this time the population of Ford county could have been easily corralled on a quarter section, and had comfortable standing room at that. Danny was an apostle to these lone settlers, and only one who has experienced the appalling loneliness of existence in those thinly peopled plains, where you can see your next door neighbor's shanty on clear days only, can realize the joy with which they heralded this blue eyed, brown haired, bunch of turbulence.

"Two o'clock," would comment some impatient denizen, consulting the sun. "Danny's here in ten minutes." Then they would look till their eyes ached afar to where the Sunset Trail tipped over the roll of prairie at the horizon. Soon their watching would be rewarded, and steadily and swiftly would the bay mare, Dolly, bear her rider down the trail in that swinging, undulating gallop of the mustang.

Purchasing some settler coming into the postoffice would appreciate the best side of the road and jog along in the path that Danny chose.

"Get out of the way of the United States mail!" would come the warning, and he would prudently "get" to the other side of the road, for Danny could and would shoot, and besides didn't he have every one of those fellows down at the office to stand at his back to the last shot? So, no matter how much of a fire eater the settler might be, he switched off when the carrier demanded the right of way.

And that was often. For that had had the idea inculcated into his being that all other powers, terrestrial and celestial, were secondary considerations when the United States mail was concerned, and he seized every opportunity to exercise his authority.

How longingly and expectantly those eager pioneers would watch the letters distributed! Though perhaps they had no grounds for expecting a letter, yet their hope did not sink until the last one was put away.

Then the return mail would be made up, and at the exact minute Danny would vault into the large Mexican saddle—almost as large as he or Dolly—and with the all potent mail securely strapped to the sides on each side, he would recommence his long ride, never stopping as he tried a flying shot at some unwieldy rattlesnake that had dragged its mottled form out on the rail to roll in the sun, and who would not be able to wiggle into the fall grass were the United States mail was upon him. Along the route the settlers would come out of their shanties, half bent, and wave their sombreros and cheer the buoyant rider.

Wabash was the only stop. It was of the same importance as Crooked Creek, only there were two houses instead of one, or rather a double house, for the owners of the claims that joined up there occupied a shanty of two compartments, one on each claim. Somehow or other the scamp would sit straight in the saddle and pull Dolly's head up higher when they approached Wabash and a pretty little bunch of a girl would come out and chat with the carrier while her spectacled father's attention was riveted on the letter packages. Dolly would probably think that Danny was getting rather weighty on one side as he bent low in the saddle, dangerously close to that pink smile.

The scolding gopher that sat up conveniently close to his burro would wonder for what reason a fellow would want to bite a pretty girl like her. But Rosie didn't seem to mind the punishment a bit. Ah, I fear Danny would feign have lugged longer at the unresponsive post of Wabash, but the United States mail must be carried on.

Night would be here he crossed the dark Cimarron, and on auspicious nights the moon was well up in the sky when he rode, with a whoop and halloo that stilled the howling of the coyotes, into Fort Dodge, where the journey done.

One day a cowboy came into the fort with a jaded mustang and a slash across his cheek, and reported that he had been chased by a band of Apaches. These children of nature had grown insolent with well feeling and little work. They often became thus at irregular intervals, and breaking from the reservation swept north upon the scattered settlers of the plains, considerably depopulating those sparsely inhabited districts. Their great father in Washington, they complained, was not giving them enough blankets, and in consequence they were compelled to trade their moccasins for "fire water."

Then a wild flight would commence for the fort and larger towns for protection. The heathen would rage about with fire and sword. Occasionally some wandering cowboy in search of a mare would share the fate of the settlers. Then the great father in Washington would order out his blue coated disciplinarians and poor Lo would start back to his reservation with becoming humility. Then a delegation would go to the great father with a report of the trouble and the people into the earth by the feet of the pale face.

Danny was preparing to start upon his route when the news came. "You oughtn't to go, Dan," they said, "for they'll strike right up the Cimarron like they always do, and you'll be full of holes if you do. You'd better hang on to some red nugger's belt before morning."

"I'm not skeert," replied he, settling himself in the saddle, "and besides the folks at Wabash and at the creek ought

## A CAST IRON MATCH.

How an Impetuous Dude with a Match for Matching His Dog Came to Grief.  
He hadn't been in the village very long—about ten days—came up from New York to spend his two weeks' vacation, and had brought his dog with him, an ugly, savage, vicious brute that had already terrorized the canine contingent, while he and the dog were the center of a circle of wide-circumference whenever they walked abroad.

It was Saturday afternoon, and he strolled down elm shaded Main street in a black and yellow blazer, a broad sash and a cigarette—dog following. He was out of matches, so he pulled up at the grocery store and postoffice to purchase some. He didn't inspire much awe among the congregated villagers, as they had already "sized him up," so that when Cy Blossom drawled out "Are comin' strapped down from Mullens barroom home," it didn't cause any great excitement, but when Cy added "with that dog of his," there was a shifting of legs and a sudden grasping of canes, umbrellas and chair backs.

"Speaking of matches," said he, as he passed two cents over the counter, took one out of the box and lit his cigarette, "there there any of you gentlemen about here that has a dog he would like to match against this dog of mine—great dog, gent's—he's got a fine pedigree—he's a trained fighter and he can walk away with any dog of ten times his weight in this village. I'll just bet twenty-five to one on that."

"Kind or think you can't get no bets on that," said Seth Hawkins, the grocer and postmaster of the village; "there's no dogs more here that's trained to fight, and I never heard of one that laid any claim to a pedigree."

"Hol on, there, young fellow," said a tall, ravenoned old fellow leaning up against the counter. "Hol on; what's that you bet, twenty-five to one that dog of yours kin walk away with any dog in the village ten times his weight?"

"That's what I said," "Wal, 'ere is my one—plunk out your twenty-five," (he plunked it out.) "Seth, you hol the stakes. Now, young fellow, jes' fetch yer dog along, an' if he kin walk away with him I'll give yer fifty cents for every pound he weighs. Come on, boys."

It made quite a procession, he and his dog and about a dozen villagers—the latter in a bunch at a respectful distance from the former—the old fellows leading, and they all tramped up to a little ramshackle old house about a mile from the store. The old fellow pushed open the gate and they all entered a little enclosure that was strewn with old lumber, barrels, pieces of iron and odds and ends of all sorts. A sign over the door of the shed read, "Samuel Borkin—old junk—pigs for sale."

"Now, mister, we all understand that dog of yours is ter walk away with mine or I'm ter git twenty-five dollars."

"That's it," said he, tugging at his dog's collar. "Where's your pup?" "There he is," said the old fellow, pointing to a heap of rubbish about fifty feet away. "We ain't got no pedigree—stall it got here, but we can walk away with him perhaps all the same."

It was a cast iron one—weighed 250 pounds. New York Herald.

Complexions Under Electric Light.  
When the electric light first came into vogue great alarm was created among the fair sex by the statement that the new light was an active agent in the creation of freckles. Since then the world has grown wiser, but still the ultra-truthfulness of the modern luminant in revealing the actualities of feature and artificialities of complexion met with in every ballroom has militated against its popularity. A prominent New York society leader has earned the gratitude of millions of her sisters by the discovery that all its objectionable characteristics can be removed by covering the face with a thin layer of white silk.

The effect on the complexion is said to be "creamy and fascinating," and it may be taken for granted that henceforth the staunchest advocates of the electric light will be found among the sex that has found a new way of causing it to render tribute to their attractiveness—Electricity.

No Hurry.  
Judge Wakefield, of Waco, Tex., has a son of whom he is very proud. He thinks the boy has a judicial mind and will grow up to be a great jurist. The boy is, however, very lazy.

A few days ago the judge said: "My dear boy, why don't you study more industriously? I want you to become a great jurist. You have not touched your books to-day." "I am not going to study any to-day," responded the indolent youth. "I don't see that it makes much difference, pa, whether I become a famous jurist a few days sooner or later."—Texas Siftings.

Complimented.  
"So you enjoyed your visit to the zoological gardens, did you?" inquired a young man of his adored one's sister. "Oh, yes! And do you know, we saw a camel there that seemed its mouth and eyes around awfully; and sister said it looked exactly like you when you are reciting poetry at evening parties."—Exchange.

Varnish from Seaweed.  
A kind of seaweed which is plentiful on the coast of China furnishes an admirable glue and varnish. When dried it is waterproof, and it is employed to fill up the interstices in bamboo network, of which windows are frequently constructed in that country. It is also utilized to strengthen and varnish paper lanterns.—Washington Star.

## CLEOPATRA.

The world is bitterer than wine left long. And sadder are my tears than salted seas. Wretchedness! Because that Antony is dead—his body lies in Rome, his soul in Egypt. When all the birds sing sweetly I feel that I am alone.

Say, who should I not follow after him? Dark are the ways of death, methinks, and dim. But what of that? "The more disastrous fate I have alone in Egypt's ill-starred desert. I feel the gods are in my favor. Let me see first in the realm the face of Antony!" —Sister M. Best in Philadelphia Ledger.

MARIPOSA.  
You children know them pretty things—Mariposa flies? Genevieve Colorado poses, prospecting round their mountain peaks, most anywhere, setting under some looking pine—a list him to the ruin of the wind—contentedlike as yer pretty little faces—a scoldin' old Pete's talk.

Wal, I'm a-goin' ter put up a yarn about one uv them this time. You never hear. Think Uncle Pete savvies nuthin' only 'bout lumps, scalps, gold-diggins 'n' snow shoes? Hain't much on posies gittin' gully.

Yessiree! That's a gun in't; 't'wack! wouldn't he no story, I s'pose. Durn little coyotes, nuthin' but killin' an' karkasses suits 'em. 'Tain't injins; though some can't see much differ twixt them an' greasers—what you calls Mexicans. Some uv them is considerable nixed; the "per-and Castle blood" they blows about zib't on the surface. Castle s'poud be more to the point.

But Mariposa wuz purty as his posy, in her Mexican way—eyes like midnight in a gulch, four black as his wavin' pines, a voice like wind in their tops.

Wal, one day I wuz s'gittin' to'rd Del Norte to dicker 'bout an alfalfa deal. Nigh to ter town I see somethin' loomin' upsez I:

"Some feller's takin' cattle to range." Then I recognized Tom! Hain't sound no other wuz Tom in flannel shirt and "chaps," the wind layin' his broad brim "prairie king" back and showin' his face as he hoped past. Nigh the Rio Grande bridge my broncho most shed me ez Tom cum thunders back.

"Hi, grand! Mariposa, didn't I see, admiring his slim finger, most one with his beard, ez he set past to'rd town. He was nigh out uv sight afore his prime appetite cum painin' an' cussin' after him! old Diaz—clawin' the air, making it blue with an Sunday school talk—sudden he waded into the water, and sides, gon' lickety bump, a-workin' ten miles perpendicular to any mile ahead."

I huffed, then shuk my head. Resky foolin' with Diaz, thinks it's bad blood. They've scrapped agin, and Tom's a-drivin' Diaz's cattle over their range, on Diaz's back, over him. He's tryin' ter run Tom down, like's not; but I didn't swar ter Tom. (I didn't, I hain't met him gon' to'rd way.) I wuz ter beater this of ole Diaz goes ter town.

"Trial by jury?" sez I: "trial by gun's my ticket. Them families 'ud of settled their squabbles, ez lawyers hain't got the cluck on 'em."

"Totter side my town Diaz wuz foun' dead, a bullet hole in his head, sized here of a little gun of Tom's. What with family 'scapes," Diaz been seen chasing after Tom an' Tom's comm' on his broncho from the side my town—with nuthin' but say "epin' he'd drive Diaz' cattle over range for mischief; Diaz chased him an' he entred him, but Diaz followed, yit he'd take his oath he hain't shot Diaz—all that went agin him. The story didn't assay well, but wuz judged ter 'settle' the old western rough," the papers said. A greaser hed hung fer killin' a Ute, an' the fella wuz ter go to parishery.

I tuk int'rest in that trial, both fer Tom's sake—I knowed him since he wuz no bigger'n a cat's-paw—and be- cause I knowed the settin' of the world, I knowed it; twain't much, but leave a lawyer to build Pike's Peak out ter foothills.

You see I'm gittin' to my story from all pints 'twonet, like injins wuz cum at our stockades, but I'll git that ez normally settin' the world, I knowed it; twain't much, but leave a lawyer to build Pike's Peak out ter foothills.

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"Don't let me see that trial, Don! believe in spirits, but I cum mighty nigh takin' stock in thar lead that horse, I cum down hill, across ther bridge an' out the old place 'fore I knowed."

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You children know them pretty things—Mariposa flies? Genevieve Colorado poses, prospecting round their mountain peaks, most anywhere, setting under some looking pine—a list him to the ruin of the wind—contentedlike as yer pretty little faces—a scoldin' old Pete's talk.

Wal, I'm a-goin' ter put up a yarn about one uv them this time. You never hear. Think Uncle Pete savvies nuthin' only 'bout lumps, scalps, gold-diggins 'n' snow shoes? Hain't much on posies gittin' gully.

Yessiree! That's a gun in't; 't'wack! wouldn't he no story, I s'pose. Durn little coyotes, nuthin' but killin' an' karkasses suits 'em. 'Tain't injins; though some can't see much differ twixt them an' greasers—what you calls Mexicans. Some uv them is considerable nixed; the "per-and Castle blood" they blows about zib't on the surface. Castle s'poud be more to the point.

But Mariposa wuz purty as his posy, in her Mexican way—eyes like midnight in a gulch, four black as his wavin' pines, a voice like wind in their tops.

Wal, one day I wuz s'gittin' to'rd Del Norte to dicker 'bout an alfalfa deal. Nigh to ter town I see somethin' loomin' upsez I:

"Some feller's takin' cattle to range." Then I recognized Tom! Hain't sound no other wuz Tom in flannel shirt and "chaps," the wind layin' his broad brim "prairie king" back and showin' his face as he hoped past. Nigh the Rio Grande bridge my broncho most shed me ez Tom cum thunders back.

"Hi, grand! Mariposa, didn't I see, admiring his slim finger, most one with his beard, ez he set past to'rd town. He was nigh out uv sight afore his prime appetite cum painin' an' cussin' after him! old Diaz—clawin' the air, making it blue with an Sunday school talk—sudden he waded into the water, and sides, gon' lickety bump, a-workin' ten miles perpendicular to any mile ahead."

I huffed, then shuk my head. Resky foolin' with Diaz, thinks it's bad blood. They've scrapped agin, and Tom's a-drivin' Diaz's cattle over their range, on Diaz's back, over him. He's tryin' ter run Tom down, like's not; but I didn't swar ter Tom. (I didn't, I hain't met him gon' to'rd way.) I wuz ter beater this of ole Diaz goes ter town.

"Trial by jury?" sez I: "trial by gun's my ticket. Them families 'ud of settled their squabbles, ez lawyers hain't got the cluck on 'em."

"Totter side my town Diaz wuz foun' dead, a bullet hole in his head, sized here of a little gun of Tom's. What with family 'scapes," Diaz been seen chasing after Tom an' Tom's comm' on his broncho from the side my town—with nuthin' but say "epin' he'd drive Diaz' cattle over range for mischief; Diaz chased him an' he entred him, but Diaz followed, yit he'd take his oath he hain't shot Diaz—all that went agin him. The story didn't assay well, but wuz judged ter 'settle' the old western rough," the papers said. A greaser hed hung fer killin' a Ute, an' the fella wuz ter go to parishery.

I tuk int'rest in that trial, both fer Tom's sake—I knowed him since he wuz no bigger'n a cat's-paw—and be- cause I knowed the settin' of the world, I knowed it; twain't much, but leave a lawyer to build Pike's Peak out ter foothills.

You see I'm gittin' to my story from all pints 'twonet, like injins wuz cum at our stockades, but I'll git that ez normally settin' the world, I knowed it; twain't much, but leave a lawyer to build Pike's Peak out ter foothills.

Things looked rocky fer Tom, thar ain't a doubt of it. I couldn't stan it. Wy, I teachin' him ter shoot jacks wuz he warn't no higher'n sagebrush. I couldn't breathe tel I wuz out, gallopin' round the shoulder uv Lookout moun'tain, over the mesa.

"Don't let me see that trial, Don! believe in spirits, but I cum mighty nigh takin' stock in thar lead that horse, I cum down hill, across ther bridge an' out the old place 'fore I knowed."

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## VOL. VI.

1877

JOSEPH S.

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PHYSICIANS PR.

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had been buried alive. This evidence of the cause of death was of course conclusive, and the woman was released.—Yankee Blade.

**The Cashgirls' Friend.**  
The noon closing of one of the large stores on Sixth avenue compelled me to wait outside for a friend. In less than ten minutes the crowd changed from shoppers to the shopgirls. How they chattered! How happy they appeared! A half holiday meant a great deal to them.

Presently five little cashgirls came up behind me, and from the giggles and whisperings I learned that one had found a package in the store and had escaped with it undetected.

They speculated as to its possible contents, and finally the finder agreed to "divide" if they would not tell on her, "honest true." So from under her skirts she brought a small parcel.

I confess I, too, was curious to know what it held. The finder of the parcel opened it, and loud shrieks and roars of laughter came from those five young throats as a pair of the smallest size of boys' bathing tights was held up to view.—Cor. New York Recorder.

**Men and Piano Playing.** "I can remember," said the old musician as he fumbled sheets of music, "when to see a young man who was not a professional musician playing the piano or the violin was a particularly interesting and unusual spectacle. I mean of course in this country. On the other side it was not considered an effeminate accomplishment, as it was in the United States in the early years of this century, to possess an intimate and practical acquaintance with some musical instrument, and to be able to play on an instrument upon which a man could insist, at those times without subjecting himself to unpleasant criticism. But, bless my soul, everybody plays something nowadays! I have, of a class of twenty-two pupils, seven young men who are really clever piano players; and there are young women who excel as amateur violinists."—Minneapolis Times.

**Bullfights in South France**

A Spanish bullfight was held yesterday afternoon at Nîmes, in the Roman circus, and was regarded as a great success. Six horses and two bulls were killed amid wild enthusiasm and excitement. Upward of 20,000 persons witnessed the sight. Bullfights are a popular amusement in the south of France, although unknown and indeed prohibited in the north, Paris alone being since 1889 an exception. This sport is tolerated by the French police on the understanding that the bull is not to be injured, and that the horses are to be protected by body guards and by tipping the bull's horns. Any other attempts at killing are made in defiance of police regulations and northern opinion to introduce Spanish bullfights in the south of France.


The other day at Mont de Marsan, near Pau, several horses were killed by bulls in one of these fights, the bulls being killed in their turn by Spanish matadors. The prefect stopped this cruelty with great difficulty, and only in obedience to positive orders from Paris, so strongly was local opinion in favor of it. Yesterday afternoon at Avignon a forero named Metelo was wounded in the course of a bull fight.—Cor. London News.

**A Sad Meeting After Many Years.**  
An affecting scene occurred at the jail Friday. It was the meeting of Colonel H. Clay King and Mrs. Hunter, his sister, who resides in Texas, and whom he had not seen for thirty-five years. She married at an early age, left Tennessee for Texas with her husband, and has not been between that time and Friday set foot in Memphis. Even members of the family did not expect her, but it seems that she was unable to endure the thought of her brother being led to so awful a punishment without at least bidding him goodbye.—Memphis Commercial.

**All on Account of a Horse.**  
Fire broke out in Geneva, O., on Friday morning. The local fire engine was manned by a volunteer fire company, and a fractious horse was attached to it, which became frightened and ran away, disabling the engine and leaving the town to the mercy of the flames. Before aid was received from neighboring towns \$175,000 worth of property is claimed to have been destroyed.

**Wearing Yachting Caps.**  
The large number of yachting caps seen in up town resorts nowadays might naturally give rise to the belief that the city is full of yachtsmen, and that the popular craze for yachting is on the increase. A very silly and cynical yachtsman sat in a cool corner of a well known up town cafe the other afternoon and commented as follows upon the appearance of a group of yachting men, each wearing a yachting cap: "I will wager a bottle of wine to a glass of water that not one person in that party knows a spinnaker from a twobase hit. Probably not one of them has ever been on a cruise. Your genuine yachtsman does not wear his yachting cap on shore." — *New York Times.*

**A Fault in the Treatment.**  
A certain Irish orator, whose daughter was going to marry Emma, died of consumption. The day before he died some friends asked him how his cold was. "It ought to be all right," he answered, "for I've been up the entire night practicing on it."—San Francisco Argonaut.



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**Russian Forests and Rivers.**

A European student of forestry has been considering the effects of the removal of forests in southern Russia. There immense growth is lined the banks and guarded the sources of the Volga, the Don, the Dnieper and other rivers, insuring a full, perennial flow. But a spirit akin to the "enterprise" which has destroyed wide forests and desolated wide areas in the United States has devastated the Russian wilderness and left a wilderness of different character. The result as seen in the great rivers is deplorable. The "Mother Volga" grows yearly shallower; the steamers find scarcely seven or eight feet of water in midstream; and the ferries pursue their makehike course from bank to bank in search of the ever shifting channels.

hooked, the sources of the Dnieper creep downward and its chief tributary, the once noble Worskla, with a flow of some 220 English miles, is now dry from source to mouth. The exhaustion of the springs indicates that the river will not reappear. The Titjug, a river in the Don region, has likewise disappeared; valley and bed are filled to the banks with sand and earth.—Syracuse Standard.

**What a Lie Did.**  
The madness of suicide as a relief from mental anguish was vividly illustrated a few years ago by an incident which occurred in an Italian town. Moretti, a tailor, was sent to prison on a charge of fraud. His sweetheart called upon the police officer to ask how long Moretti was likely to be confined and was told that he would be held for four months.

thers. The policeman had been in-  
timated to say this by the girl's  
mother, who disliked the match  
overwhelmed with grief and there-  
by driven to despair, the poor girl  
put an end to her life by poison. A  
few days later Moretti was released  
from custody, the accusation against  
him having been proved false. He  
returned home to find his affianced  
bride a corpse. Frenzied at the  
sight he, too, destroyed himself.  
The lie wrought a double tragedy.—  
Boston Transcript.

**A Legal Wreck.**

Legal Tender—Dearest Irene, let me lay my case before you, and you shall judge whether I am in error in stating my claim for years. You know I have been courting you a long time, and by a fair trial you say you have found me defending that which is right; why not, then, consent to my prayer for your hand and heart? Dearest Irene, I plead. Do not say no. Let me have your answer. I do not demur.

Irene—I am afraid, Legal, you are too brief, but my decision is—if you give security for the costs of every

But he made a motion for his hat, and the arguments were dismissed then and there.—*Boston Courier*.

**Piano Beds.**  
Of all the modern inventions in space saving furniture the piano bed is the most horrible. To think of having a voiceless piano ever present! I would be haunted always by the melodies it should sing by the sight of the keyboard that is not there. It would be like the sight of the phantom ship to the shipwrecked mariner to a lover of music, and would tantalize past all endurance the musician. —New York Herald.

**Two Professions.**  
When Professor Rokitanski, of Vienna, was asked if he had any sons, he answered "four."  
"And what professions have they

A couple of his sons are preachers and the other two are doctors.—Exchange.

Tobacco was taken to Europe by the Spaniards early in the Sixteenth century; was introduced into England by Raleigh in 1555.

Never mix pansies with other flowers, they are a thousand times more lovely by themselves; indeed most flowers are.

[illegible]

absent, holding the carafe high in the air, watching the thin stream of water coalesce with the green dirt and turn with it into an opalescent milk. The soliloquy was renewed. "After what has happened there nothing left. I might change my name. I might go to Brazil or Africa. I might have some object that I could not get away from myself. And yet life is pleasant; ill spent mine has been, many times have I found it grateful. After all, it is my life that is short; it is youth. What that goes, as mine seems to have gone, outside of solitude there is little charm in anything, and I am not a person of great performance and impenetrable that nature has devised. And whether that isolation came to me tonight or decades hence, what matters it?"

at the bottle down empty. Before drinking he undid the package which he had bought from the chemist. First he took from it a box about three inches long. It was a tiny package and with it two little instruments. One of these he adjusted to the projecting tube and with his finger felt carefully the point. He threw off his coat and rolled up his sleeve. From the phial he filled the syringe and with the point prick the bare arm and sent the liquid spurting into the flesh. Three times he did this. He reached for the syringe and left it untasted. The lights turned pale and he glowed more vividly, as if turned by an electric current. He turned his head. Behind him the languor continued, sweet even, and more enveloping, till from sweetness it was almost pain. The room grew darker, the colors waned, the lights behind the falling veils sunk thin, fading one by one; a single spark lingered; it wavered a moment and vanished into night.

Leigh had ended his life by his own act in a condition to which large quantities of absinthe contributed. — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**How Monkeys Treat a Sick One.**  
Monkeys, with some noble exceptions, are some degenerate vulgar savages when in their treatment of the sick. On the new Jungamaal at Delhi monkeys swarm on the trees on the banks and treat their sick comrades in true monkey fashion. The colony by the canal being overcrowded and as a consequence unhealthy, did, and probably does still, suffer from various unpleasant diseases. When one monkey is so obviously unwell as to offend the feelings of the rest a few of the larger monkeys watch it and take a favorite opportunity to kick it out of the canal. If it is not drowned at once the sick monkey is pitched again after it regains the trees, or either drowned or forced to keep aloof from the flock.—London Spectator.

**Cleared by Opening a Grave.**  
A gentleman who had lived for considerable time out of the county died apparently a few days after return. It was alleged that his cause had followed suspiciously on the eating of a pudding prepared by his stepmother. She was hence arrested and charged with his murder. The grave was opened for the purpose of making an analysis of the contents of the man's stomach. It was then discovered that the man had turned completely over in his coffin and was lying on his face.



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## FEAST OF SEPTEMBER.

Among the prominent festivals celebrated during the month of September we may note, those of the Nativity of Mary, Sept. 8, that of the Name of Mary, Sept. 11, and that of the Seven Dolors, Sept. 18. Nothing is known about the place, date or circumstances of the Blessed Virgin's birth. Joachim and Anna were her parents, and this belief, the earliest authority for which is the tradition of Apostolic days, was current in the East. This teaching is found in the apocryphal gospel of St. James. It was recognized by the earliest fathers of the Church.

It is very uncertain when the feast of Our Lady's nativity was introduced. The earliest mention of it is by a writer of the ninth century. It is placed in the list of holy days by the emperor Manuel Comnenus in the middle of the twelfth century, and the Copts as well as the Greek Church have adopted it. The feast of the Blessed Virgin's nativity is now of universal observance in the whole Church, on Sept. 8. It is not a holy day of obligation everywhere, but yet on account of the sublime meaning which the event implied it is certainly worthy of being held sacred by all sincere Catholics.

The feast of the Name of Mary has for one of its primary intentions, the acknowledgment by Catholics, of the power of the Blessed Virgin to aid us in our necessities when we call upon her name.

One of the most beautiful festivals in honor of the Blessed Virgin is that of her Seven Dolors. St. John mentions that Mary, with other holy women and St. John, stood at the foot of the Cross when the other Apostles had fled. At that time, the prophecy of Simeon, "and thine own soul a sword shall pierce," was most perfectly fulfilled; and very naturally the sorrows of Mary have been a subject for contemplation consequent upon that of the sufferings of her Divine Son.

## Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

Wednesday, Sept. 14, was the Feast of the exaltation of the Holy Cross, a feast that is extremely ancient in the Church. What renders it most celebrated are the two battles achieved by Constantine and Heraclius against their enemies, the Pagans. Constantine, the first of the Christian emperors, being about to proceed to battle, beheld in the heavens the figure of a cross around which appeared the words, "In hoc signo vinces." (I.e. In this sign thou shalt conquer.) The great general filled with confidence thereupon attacked the enemy, under the standard of the cross and was victorious. Heraclius was at war with Chosroes, king of Persia, whose forces were infinitely superior to his own. The Persians had already taken Jerusalem, killing 80,000 men, making a prisoner of the patriarch, Zacharias, and carried away the Holy Cross of our Savior, which St. Helena, the mother of Constantine had caused to be raised there. The emperor Heraclius, nothing daunted attacked the forces of the Persians upon the first favorable occasion, and putting them to flight, finally obliged them to restore once again the Sacred Cross.

After his victory Heraclius re-entered Jerusalem, clothed in his royal vestments, and bearing upon his shoulders the recovered Cross. But as he was about to pass through the city gate which leads to Calvary, his progress was arrested by an invisible hand. The patriarch Zachary, who accompanied him, took the liberty of suggesting to him that it was not with such pomp that Jesus Christ had carried the same Cross so he should not dare to assume the burden of the precious wood, without first divesting himself of those ornaments. The emperor immediately doffed his regal attire, and with naked feet passed on without resistance to place the sacred Cross in the very spot whence Chosroes had taken it away. The Church in recognition of the sublime honor due to the relics of that sacred instrument which sealed our redemption, has set apart one day of the year when the cross is to receive special marks of veneration.

## The Circumlocution Office.

Charles Dickens, in one of his novels describes the "red tape" system by which English officials block any measure which does not bear the aristocratic stamp. Judging from the manner the improvement of the drain on Water street, hangs on, it would seem as if we were tending that way in our young city.

Several years ago a large appropriation was made to fix this drain, but the official who had charge of the business did not attend to it until the drain was full of water, making the cost double what it ought to be, and leaving the drain in as bad condition as he found it. It would seem as if his example is about to be followed this year.

Early this summer the attention of the authorities was called to this matter, and it is only now when the rainy season is near, that there is some talk about opening the drain, and probably some time before winter sets in an attempt will be made to better its condition. The drain is at present nearly dry, and the work can be done thoroughly, and at small cost; if it is neglected now, the expense will be doubled, and little or no improvement in the condition of the drain will be the result. This drain would make a first class place for the cholera germs to locate and then spread through the city. Why have we a Board of Health?

"PREVENTION."

The population of Quincy is estimated at 20,000. The valuation is \$15,564,420.

## READ CAREFULLY.

We call the attention of the readers of the Monitor to the two reports of the sub-committee of the School Board regarding the method of choosing teachers for our schools. The purpose of the majority is very plain, viz. to comply with the state law, and to abolish opportunity for favoritism and partiality in the selection or in the rejection of candidates. They also wish that applicants must first prove that they are intellectually qualified, after which their other capabilities may be tested with reference to the special work to be done. Unless a superintendent of schools be a man of great prudence and tact, the present method of selecting teachers, will inevitably make numerous critics and even personal enemies for him on account of the occasion for accusation of injustice, partiality, or personal prejudice. Our readers will make no mistake if they carefully scrutinize and weigh every word of both reports.

To School Committee of City of Quincy:

The sub-committee appointed at the last regular meeting of the Board to consider the subject of competitive examination for candidates desiring employment as teachers in our schools, have carefully viewed the matter and beg leave to submit the following report.

The selection of fully competent instructors of the children in the schools is a commission of vital importance entrusted by the citizens to a school committee, with the expectation that the full intent and purpose of the law be realized, and that no effect be omitted to obtain results as far as practicable in proportion to the dignity and gravity of the interests involved.

It is evident that GENERAL DISSATISFACTION EXISTS.

Regarding our present method of choosing teachers, and hence it becomes our duty calmly and judiciously to consider whether or not another plan should be pursued which is in operation in many of the best educational cities, and which is generally considered indispensable to the school and equitable distribution of desirable public salaries positions, and which is of the greatest value in obtaining talent which, by actual test of comparative scrutiny, has proved its superiority. We consider that our schools ought to be conducted in accordance with the law of the State. This distinctly requires that the school committee shall personally conduct the examination of the applicants for employment as teachers, as is shown by the following quotation from the

PUBLIC STATUTES OF MASS.

Chap. 44, Sec. 28. "The school committee shall select and contract with the teachers of the public schools; shall require full and satisfactory evidence of the good moral character of all teachers who may be employed, and shall ascertain by personal examination their qualifications for teaching and their capacity for the government of schools."

It is evident from the emphatic words of this statute that the law does not permit or consent to the delegation of this duty, but insists that it be regarded as the special and personal obligation of the school committee. Under our present method our school board does not ascertain by personal examination either the qualifications for teaching or the capacity for government required of candidates for employment as teachers in the Quincy schools. Consequently we think that this present illegal system ought to be abandoned, and that other methods be adopted which is in strict compliance with the

NUMEROUS ADVANTAGES

Are derivable from competitive test of candidates.

It affords evidence of their comparative talent, knowledge and judgment; it gives the occasion for interview between committee and candidate, by which the former can gain personal information as to many individual qualifications essential in applicants, and if these be deemed intellectually, morally and physically suitable, observation of their governing capacity may follow.

Under our existing method none of the committee has personal knowledge of the ability of the teachers who may be employed; his only opportunity for observation occurs after their appointment and it is then limited to the teachers in the school under his immediate supervision. To our mind, the purpose of the law is plainly to require this scrutiny before employment in order that the schools may not be deteriorated by the introduction of incompetent teachers.

These tests will also be efficacious in

REMOVAL OF SUSPICION

Of partiality, favoritism or undue influence in the rejection or the selection of teachers. This we consider a matter of great importance. When the supply of teachers exceeds the demand, the members of the school board are approached and their influence solicited for reasons not always based upon actual qualifications for the position desired. This we claim, is the inherent weakness of the present method, that it gives ample scope for the exercise of partiality and favoritism, quite as much in the exclusion of worthy and capable candidates as in the selection of the inferior.

It should be our duty to place our method of choosing our teachers so far above the suspicion of injustice or partiality, that the citizen of Quincy may have perfect confidence that these positions are open to all worthy and qualified candidates and that no one can be accepted for any other reason than that of actual merit, or rejected for any cause except inaptitude for the duties required. This desirable confidence can be assured to us solely by a system of free public competitive examinations conducted at advertised times and places. The competitive examination of teachers is generally in vogue in the principal cities of the country and thus is recognized as the BEST METHOD OF SELECTION.

Were these tests introduced here, the fame of the Quincy schools would attract large numbers of teachers from other places who desire to know our methods of instruction. There would be no lack

of candidates of home or of outside talent. These examinations would be a complete refutation of the constantly repeated assertions that Quincy girls were not accorded fair opportunity to teach in the schools, and that practically they were not desired. It is idle to deny that these accusations have been generally, even unjustly, made.

These competitive tests would place residents and non-residents on an equal footing and assure to the board the confidence of all who believe in fair play and no favor.

It is evident that better choice can be made from a large number of applicants who have satisfied the committee as to their qualifications, than for a few who have never been tested or even seen by any member of the board and who are generally selected in a hurry to fill an unexpected vacancy. These tests would lessen the excessive labors of the Superintendent of Schools in many ways, and to the profit of the children. We deprecate the loss of time suffered by the present manner of compelling the Superintendent to travel long distances, some-times out of the State, in order to view the work of applicants whose qualifications frequently might be shown to be inadequate by actual test of competition. We regard the

SUPERINTENDENT'S PROPER WORK

As that of an educational expert, and regret that so much of his valuable time is necessarily to be spent outside of our school rooms and away from the children. By these examinations it is highly probable that a large list could be made of successful candidates who live in or near Boston, so that their work could be readily scrutinized without making the long and often repeated journeys now imposed on the Superintendent.

It may be objected that observation of work actually done in schools is the best test of merit. To the inexperienced, this might be a valid assertion. But to those who know of show schools and show lessons in almost every locality this report is of no weight. For teachers who have applied for a position elsewhere, and who daily expect a visit from a superintendent of school or committee man, it is an easy matter to drill or train their scholars upon a fixed line of work in the several branches expected, so that an excellent impression may be produced upon the visitor. That this exhibition is of little practical value is proven by the experience of the committee after such teachers have been employed and their daily work inspected.

THE PROPOSED SYSTEM

Is in line with civil service reform, the principles of which are recognized everywhere as the fairest method of dealing with the problem of obtaining competent public service. Justice should rule our action. Justice to the schools and in equal measure justice to all applicants for position. No other way so conducive to fair play as a comparative test of the qualifications of candidates. We do not hold that the result of these oral and written tests should be absolutely final. But when among a large number some candidates may be entirely superior, we think it will be safe to expect from most of these the additional qualities which make the ideal teacher. A committee on examinations could easily require answers which would manifest the comparative judgment, tact, firmness, governing capacity and general ability of applicants.

We think that two much prominence and importance are given to the experience of teachers elsewhere visited, and that their capacity to teach in our schools, and under a system which many of them have never practiced, is not or ought not to be eminently superior to the qualifications of applicants who have made a full course of studies

IN QUINCY SCHOOLS,

and have also supplemented this by years of service either as trainers or assistants here, in daily observation of the work done in our schools and by our best teachers. Put all applicants to the same test of competitive examination.

Believing then that competitive examinations both oral and written, would be in accordance with the emphatic demand of the law, and that they would result in great profit and give general satisfaction, we respectfully recommend that a committee on examinations be appointed, whose duty shall be to hold at stated and advertised times competitive tests of applicants for employment as teachers in the Quincy schools, and the names of all who have satisfactorily passed these examinations, be entered on the books of the Superintendent of Schools, to be considered and to be chosen in the order of their merit, to fill vacancies in the teaching force of our schools.

AMAROSE F. ROCHÉ.

H. A. KATH

Minority Report.

To the Board of School Committee of the City of Quincy:

I think it my duty to dissent from the opinion held by the majority of the sub-committee on competitive examinations for teachers, and, therefore, I recommend the rejection of the project under consideration.

It will readily be admitted that on every occasion it is desirable to obtain the very best teachers possible with the means at our command. It will be admitted also, I think, that the Superintendent of Schools is the functionary upon whose wisdom we rely almost entirely in the matter of choosing teachers. The present method of selection offers to the Superintendent excellent opportunities for becoming acquainted with the character of the work done by the candidates, both through personal inspection and by means of the testimony afforded him by those who have had closer and more extended relations with these applicants.

In the observation of a teacher at work, every special excellence or defect, in fact, every individual characteristic, is revealed to the trained eye of an educational specialist, such as the Superintendent of Schools is expected to be.

The system which the majority of this sub-committee offers to the approval of the Board is one that makes an examination, oral or written, a measure of practical fitness. Such an examination would furnish, to be sure, some proof of scholarship, but it would give no evidence that the candidate possessed good health, moral soundness, enthusiasm, persistency, or self-control, all qualities of the highest order, and all necessary to the make-up of the perfect teacher.

To substitute this system for the one now in use, would be, to me, an error of the gravest kind.

J. M. SHEAHAN.

Quincy, Aug. 30, 1892.

LOCALS.

The Lincoln School is not yet ready for occupancy.

Oct. 21 will be celebrated in the schools as Columbus Day.

Mrs. Ellen Keenan of Douglas street is very sick at her home.

Quincy employs 79 regular teachers and 5 special for her schools.

The choir of our churches will commence rehearsals this week.

A Catholic church will be erected in the future at Hough's Neck.

Mr. John Harkins has gone to St. Laurent college, Montreal.

A brick sidewalk is being built around the Norfolk Down railroad depot.

Miss Mary Foley has returned from Newmarket, N. H. where she has spent the summer telegraphing.

The old machine shop on Crescent street formerly worked by Badger Bros. is being pulled down.

About 60 new pupils entered the Willard School last Monday. There is one new teacher, Miss Lillian Wiswell.

An unusually large number of pupils entered Boston College this term. There are several boys from Quincy attending there.

Miss Margaret Buckley who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Shea of Bunker Hill Ave., has returned to her home in England.

Miss Annie O'Brien has gone to Comer's College. Miss Margaret O'Hara has entered French's College and Miss Mary Harkins has entered Burdett's.

The alarm of fire on Monday morning was for a house in Braintree owned by Mr. Thayer and occupied by Mr. Raymond. The loss will not exceed \$50.

The sewing teacher, Miss French, will commence her duties in the grammar schools of our city next week. The boys as well as the girls are expected to sew.

Mr. Wm. T. Deasy was surprised recently at his home by his friends in Quincy and elsewhere and presented with a gold watch. He enters St. John's Seminary at Brighton.

The new depot at West Quincy is nearly completed. It is quite an improvement. It will be heated by steam and lighted with electric light and will also be provided with city water.

It is reported that John R. Graham has sold the boiler manufactory building at the Point to the Street Railway company. The company will probably use it for a car house and power station when its cars are extended in to North Weymouth.

Beginning with the first Sunday of October the regular services will again be resumed in the different parts of the parish. These will consist, on Sundays, of low Mass at eight o'clock and high Mass with sermon at 10:30 o'clock. In the afternoon there will be, as usual, Sunday School, Vespers and Benediction.

The following teachers have been engaged for the Lincoln school:—Principal, Wm. A. Reed; Misses Grace W. Emery, Minnie E. Donovan, Mary McCall, Alice L. French, Elizabeth Sullivan, Velma Curtis and Gertrude Leonard. The principal of the John Hancock is Howard S. Freeman; Miss Pearce and Miss Welsh have been transferred here from the Adams.

The two new school districts are the following:—

John Hancock School District:—Beginning at the corner of Buckley street and Copeland street and extending in a northerly direction through said Buckley street and its extension to Quarry street, thence turning and running easterly by a straight line to Gas Place, thence westerly by Granite street to Fort street, thence southerly on Fort street and Pleasant street to Water street, thence westerly on Water street to Copeland street and thence on Copeland street to point of beginning.

Lincoln School District:—Beginning at a point on Copeland street opposite Buckley street and extending in a southerly line to Station street, thence through Station street to the Granite branch of the Old Colony Railroad, thence following in a southeasterly direction the line of this railroad to the Braintree line, thence easterly on the Braintree line to the main line of the Old Colony Railroad, thence northerly on this main line to Water street and thence westerly on Water street and Copeland street to point of beginning.

In every case the middle of the street is understood to be the dividing line.

Paper in Corea.

Paper manufacture is one of the chief industries in Corea. The paper is made in the most primitive manner from the bark of a tree which is indigenous to the country and which is closely allied to the mulberry.—Chicago Herald.

Driven to It.

Twitter—What is this I hear about your falling in love with a girl at your boarding house?

Jack Birdsall—I had to do something; I heard that love took away one's appetite.—New York Herald.

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## BURIAL OF A PARROT

WHOLESALE MOURNING OVER A MUCH LOVED HOUSEHOLD PET.

The Unfortunate Creature Said "By By, Lora, By By," and Yielded Up the Ghost—The Funeral Was a Large One and the Furnishings Were Gorgeous.

There was a strange scene in Noe Valley, away out Castro street, on Thursday, and those who witnessed it will not soon tire talking of it. To most of those who took part in it the occasion was fraught with more of curiosity than of deeper interest, but it was not so with all. In a little front parlor at 1414 1/2 Castro street stands a big empty birdcage. Rising from the top of the cage a staff on which a flag, hoisted half mast high, tells the visitor that the one time occupant is dead. All around the little doorway where she fluttered in and out bits of black and white still further emphasize the fatal fact, and bouquets of flowers fitted into feeding and drinking cups and hanging from the swinging perch where Polly used to swing are tokens to her memory.

It was only a parrot, this recent dweller within those walls of wire, but seldom has a bird left more sincere mourners behind it, and many a man or woman would be pained to think that such an elaborate funeral was in store for him or her. Less than two years ago this poor parrot was hatched out in the wilderness of Panama. John Stranaghan, an honest sailor lad, came into possession of the bird on his first coastwise trip, and brought it to his home in Noe Valley. Just one year ago it was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Tache, and in their pretty little home on Castro street the bird really began to live the life that has now so suddenly ended. The parrot's name was Loretta, but owing to the difficulty parrots find in pronouncing the letter T she called herself Lora, and those who knew her and loved her learned to accept the abbreviation. Lora was the pet of the entire neighborhood, but she was the apple of Mrs. Tache's eye.

There were tears in both of Mrs. Tache's eyes last evening as she related the sad story of the death of her pet. Accomplishments of poor Lora, and appearance the bird had been quite like any other green parrot with gold trimmings. Her size was roughly but kindly stated by Mr. Tache, who is a carpenter. "She just fitted into a box 12 by 3 inches," said he. And there stood the bird on a pedestal just in front of the empty "cottage." It was a dainty box, more like a young lady's glove box than a coffin, covered with blue silk and lined with the same in quilted squares. Yes, in it poor Lora had been laid out. By the silken handles on either side the pallbearers had carried it to the grave side, and there in the darkened parlor it now stands with the other evidences of a woman's strange devotion to the memory of a dead bird.

The lessons that Lora learned in her home on Castro street seem all to have been forgotten. She could not only talk and whistle like other parrots, but as a singer she had an enviable record. Her singing of the choros of "Auld Lang Syne" is said to have made many of the residents of Noe Valley weep copiously, and Mrs. Tache herself was very much overcome last evening in endeavoring to give the reporter an idea of Lora's rendition of "Auld Lang Syne." "She had a sweet and lovely voice," said this fond mistress of a pretty pet, but Mr. Tache did not seem to agree with her. There was also a slight difference of opinion as to the cause of Lora's demise. Both agreed that the parrot died of cholera morbus, but Mrs. Tache declared that the disease was due to Mr. Tache feeding the bird on watermelon, while the latter contended that death had been due to too frequent bathing at the hands of Mrs. Tache.

Whatever the cause, poor Lora was taken ill on Monday last. She was "off her feed," as Mr. Tache puts it, all the afternoon, and when night came she could muster up no words from her voluminous vocabulary save "Poor Lora! Poor, poor Lora." It should be mentioned here that she never referred to herself as Polly, and never made the stereotyped suggestion regarding the proverbial cracker. Just as Monday was turning into Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Tache, snugly stowed away in the adjoining bedroom, heard a terrible scream. They knew at once that Lora was on her last legs. Mrs. Tache promptly got out of bed and went to the rescue. She also did what a mother would, have done for a dying child. She took the bird to her bosom and sat with it on her own bed. Poor Lora lived but a short hour longer. After the one shrill scream there came but these words, "By By, Lora, by By." They were the last words indeed. Written by the afflicted mistress these words are still pinned to the wires of the empty birdcage. The writer and her husband are as subdued in their grief as if a child had been taken away.

The funeral took place at 4 p. m. on Thursday. The neighbors turned out in goodly numbers. The house at 1414 1/2 Castro street was crowded, and there were more flowers than city officials have sometimes been honored with. But the most unique feature of the occasion was the hearse. The son of a neighboring grocerman offered the services of his goat wagon. Certainly nothing could have been better suited to such a service. The goat was a well trained animal and did not run away. Two little girls, Gay Spencer and Maggie Delmore, carried the casket out of the house and placed it in the little wagon. Then taking their places, one on each side, and the other children walking two by two behind them, they led the way up Castro street to Clipper, where at 424 a grave had been dug to receive all that remained of Lora. The older people stood by when the blue casket was exchanged for a coarser one, and when the earth was filled in above the lowered coffin there was more than one genuine sob audible.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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## TIMELY WARNINGS.

### Cautions From State Board of Health.

#### Local Branch Urged to Provide Hospitals for Cholera Patients.

#### Water Supplies and Drainage Arrangements Should be Guarded.

The State board of health has issued a circular giving practical suggestions relative to cholera.

It is a timely circular sent out, not only in view of the ravages of cholera in foreign ports and cities, but looking to the possibility of its breaking out in the towns and cities of Massachusetts.

It recognizes what some people do not, the infectious nature of cholera, but it says the presence of imported cases ought not to prove a source of alarm to a community if there is proper sanitary care and supervision.

The circular refers especially to the necessity for care in the disposal of all vomited and excretory matter, and the prevention of any infection of food, water or air.

It also cautions the public against association with even healthy persons coming from infected districts, and declares that all such persons should be under the surveillance of the police.

As to sick persons arriving in a city or town it says they should not be allowed to dwell in the midst of a crowded community, but isolated in a house with an open space around it, and when any doubt arises as to the character of the sickness the board of health will send an expert to diagnose the case.

It recommends the cheapest furniture and furnishings in the sick room, so that they may be finally burned.

A word of caution is also given as to general cleanliness in furniture, clothing, utensils and especially those used in the sick room.

Quoting the circular, it says:

The local board of health should provide a hospital where all cases which cannot be properly isolated at home should be treated. The hospital should be provided with a furnace or crematory, removed from other buildings, where the excreta from patients, and old clothing, may be burned, and a room should also be provided where bedding and clothing from the hospital and from other places can be exposed to prolonged heat at a temperature of at least 212 degrees F. (100 degrees C.).

In addition to other precautions, which have been mentioned, the following considerations relative to the modes of propagation of cholera should be borne in mind:

a. By leakage from privy-vaults and cesspools, and also by surface drainage, the infective material of the cholera discharges may gain access to wells or public water supplies, and thus impart to great volumes of water the power of propagating the disease.

b. The careless disposal of cholera discharges, by suffering them to pass into public or private water-closets, sewers or cesspools without disinfection, infects the sewage therein contained, and possibly the effluvia evolved by such sewage. The effluvia from privies or even from improperly cleansed vessels which had once contained such discharges may like wise be infectious.

c. The infective power of cholera discharges attaches to bedding, clothing, towels and other articles which have been soiled with them, and renders them as likely to spread the disease in distant places to which they are sent as in like circumstances the patient himself would be. The infective material of cholera is not discernible by the unaided sense of sight or by smell, and may become attached to clothing, linen, bedding or other articles without being detected by ordinary means. Hence all such articles should be thoroughly disinfected by prolonged boiling or by soaking in the saturated solution of carbolic acid for 12 hours before being removed from the rooms devoted to the care of the sick.

It is also recommended that immediate and thorough examination of the public water supplies should be made by local boards of health, especially when such supplies are liable to the least suspicion of contamination. If pollution is discovered, immediate measures should be taken for preventing its continuance.

The surrounding of private wells should also be examined with reference to possible sources of infection. Careful attention should be given to the removal of house refuse, old and garbage, and accumulation of filth in neglected places.

Local boards of health are urged to make thorough inspection of the water supply and drainage of all public institutions, school houses, railroad depots, picnic and camp grounds, travelling shows and all places where people are accustomed to assemble.

The following existing statutes relative to dangerous infectious diseases should be carefully complied with:

CHAPTER 102, ACTS OF 1890.

When a household knows that a person within his family or house is sick of smallpox, diphtheria, scarlet fever or any other infectious or contagious disease, he shall immediately give notice thereof to the board of health of the city or town in which he dwells, and upon the death, recovery or removal of such person, such of the records of said house, such of the articles therein as, in the opinion of the board of health, have been subjected to infection or contagion shall be disinfected by such household to the satisfaction of said board of health. Any person neglecting or refusing to comply with either of the above provisions shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$100.

CHAPTER 98, ACTS OF 1884.

Section 2. When a physician knows

that a person whom he is called to visit is infected with smallpox, diphtheria, scarlet fever or any other disease dangerous to the public health, he shall immediately give notice thereof to the selectmen or board of health of the town; and if he refuses or neglects to give such notice, he shall forfeit for each offence not less than fifty nor more than two hundred dollars.

Section 3. The board of health in the several cities and towns shall cause a record to be kept of all reports received in pursuance of the preceding sections, and such record shall contain the names of all persons who are sick, the localities in which they live, the diseases with which they are affected, and the names of the persons reporting any such cases. The board of health shall give the selectmen committee immediate information of all cases of contagious diseases reported to them according to the provisions of this act.

Section 4. The secretary of the Commonwealth shall furnish the boards of health with blank books for the record of cases of contagious diseases as above provided.

INDIVIDUAL PRECAUTIONS.

The following precautions are recommended to private individuals, and especially to householders:

1. Domestic water supply.—The supply of water for household purposes should be pure, and especially free from contamination by house drainage. Wells located in close proximity to privies and cesspools are always open to suspicion of contamination. If there is any question as to the quality of the drinking water it should be boiled a half hour before using.

2. Good, wholesome food should be eaten, such as people have found it best for them to eat at other times.

Fruit should be ripe and sound, and vegetables should be fresh and properly cooked. Excess in eating and drinking indigestible food should be avoided.

Care should be taken to secure a milk supply which is above suspicion. In case of an epidemic, all milk should be boiled.

3. Every householder should carefully attend to the condition of the water closets, privies, cesspools, drains, cellars, stables, yards, outbuildings and sheds upon his premises, and cause them to be kept in a cleanly condition.

DISINFECTION.

The following disinfectants are recommended:

1. Milk of lime. Milk of lime may be prepared by sprinkling one quart of water gradually upon a quart of quicklime in broken places in a metallic or wooden vessel. When the lime is reduced to powder three quarts of water should be added and the whole kept in a covered vessel.

2. Chloride of lime. (One part of lime to 50 parts of water.) The chloride of lime should be fresh, and may be used either in powder or in solution.

3. Solution of potash soap. (Three parts of soap to 100 of hot water, or one pound to four gallons of water.)

4. A saturated solution of carbolic acid. If the crude acid is used, it should be dissolved in the warm soap solution. 1 part of carbolic acid to 20 of the soap solution. Pure acid may be dissolved in water with the soap (1 part to 20).

5. A temperature of at least 212° F. (100° C.) for an hour, either by boiling, baking or steam heat.

For the disinfection of excreta.—The excreta of cholera patients should be received into metallic or earthen vessels and mixed at once with equal parts of milk of lime. Chloride of lime may also be used in the proportion of two heaping tablespoonsfuls to each pint of liquid excreta.

For disinfection of the hands, etc. The hands and other parts of the body which may have become exposed to infection from excreta, soiled clothing or bed linen, should be washed in a solution of chloride of lime (1 part of lime to 50 parts of cold water) or a saturated solution of carbolic acid.

Bed linen, shirts and such articles as can be washed should be washed in strong soap and subject to a boiling heat for half an hour, or they may be placed in the carbolic acid solution for 12 hours.

Clothing which cannot be washed should be subject to heat above 212° F. Articles of leather and rubber may be treated with carbolic acid solution. The exposed wooden or metallic surfaces of furniture should be washed with cloths wet with solution of carbolic acid. The floors of sick rooms should be treated in the same manner. The cloths thus used should be burned.

The sick room should not be used by others until the walls and floors have been scrubbed with cloths wet with solution of carbolic acid and the ceiling whitewashed. The doors and windows should be kept open for at least 24 hours afterwards to allow a free admission of out-door air.

Concrete, asphalt, brick and other pavements are known to be carriers of cholera infection, and should be disinfected with milk of lime.

Up-district, feather bed and mattresses should be subjected to steam heat in a disinfecting apparatus. Where this is impracticable they should be drenched by burning.

Straw and excelsior bedding, rags, old clothes and other articles of little value should be destroyed by fire.

The use of proprietary disinfectants and patent remedies for cholera should be avoided.

SUGGESTIONS TO PHYSICIANS.

The board recognizes that success in the preventive treatment of cholera depends very largely for its efficiency on the willing aid of the attending physician. His position and his special training enable him to make a proper use of the means for the management and control of the disease, and his daily intercourse with the people makes it possible for him to be very useful in promoting the measures adopted for insuring the public health and in allaying needless panic.

The special points to which the attention of the practising physicians is directed are:

1. Immediate notice of each case to the local board of health of the city or town

in which the case occurs.

2. In doubtful cases the same precautions as to isolation and disinfection should be employed as in an undoubted case of cholera.

3. Disinfection of the discharges should be practiced as recommended in the foreign instructions.

4. The patient should be isolated, and where this is impracticable he should be taken to a hospital provided for the purpose.

5. The nurses and attendants should be carefully instructed as to the disinfection of their hands, their clothing, and the care of the food.

6. Excreta of the sick and other infected material should not be disposed of upon the cultivated soil, nor in the neighborhood of wells, springs or water supplies, but should be thoroughly disinfected or destroyed by fire.

7. In case of the death of the patient, the burial should take place as soon as possible, and in all cases should be private.

A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS.

The Experience of a Fond Brother Who Wanted to Surprise His Sister.

For weeks I had been puzzling over a commencement gift for my sister, who was soon to graduate, when a letter from my mother made me decide upon a pair of silk stockings. The thought that I should have any trouble in buying a pair of silk stockings never crossed my mind, and it was with a feeling of confidence that I entered one of the largest dry goods houses in the city.

A floorwalker inquired what I wanted, and directed me to the third counter to the left, down four rows, and waved his hand in a general way. After some wandering I found the "third counter to the left, down four rows," and it to the young man who presided behind it said that I wanted to see some stockings.

"Yes, sir; you mean socks," said I.

"No, silk stockings," said I, and I felt that the suggestion of a blush was hanging on my many brows.

"It's socks, sir; socks, sir," reiterated the clerk.

"But I want them for a lady," and as I said these words I grew red. The clerk looked at me and then said: "H-m-m—oh, yes! Fourth counter to the right, down two rows."

It was a young lady who stood behind this counter, and she maintained a stony silence until I asked her to show me some silk stockings.

"White or colored?"

"Why, I hadn't thought of that! Which would you suggest?" But this question seemed to freeze her, for she again relapsed into silence. "Which is the fashionable color for ladies?" I went on, bound to treat the matter as a mere business transaction. "I mean, do young ladies usually wear colored stockings?"

This seemed to make matters worse, for the young woman glared at me. I thought that perhaps I had made a mistake about color, and so I continued: "Well, after all, I guess white will do. Just wrap me up a pair of your best white silk stockings."

"Will you have clocks?" she deigned to ask.

"No, not clocks—stockings," and I looked at her in blank amazement.

"I mean, will you have them clocked or not clocked?"

Now I hadn't the ghost of an idea what she was driving at, but didn't intend to confess my ignorance. A bright idea struck me. "If you were buying them for yourself, which would you prefer?"

"What?"

"I mean, if—if you were me, which would you prefer?"

The look in her eyes I interpreted to mean, "Go no further, sir; I regard your remarks as offensively personal." So I went no further and said I would take them without clocks. My sister had a watch, and she could get along very well with that.

"What size?" was the young woman's next inquiry.

"Oh, the usual size for young ladies," said I.

"You must be more exact, sir," she said.

Well, she—that is, the person who is to have the stockings—is about five feet high. Oh, she is just the size of most young ladies. She is no larger than you are. Now, what size do you think she'd wear?"

"Sir, I don't know."

But I am not going on with this painful narration. All men who have been in the same fix will appreciate my feelings. At length, however, I could stand it no longer, and I blurted out that I wanted a pair of silk stockings for my sister as a commencement gift, that I was willing to pay for them, but I didn't know anything about buying them. In her sweetest voice she suggested she wrap up a pair of the best stockings, and that I write to my sister that if they didn't fit she could exchange them. This I did, but the sun will rise in the west before I buy any woman's stockings again.—Cor. New York Recorder.

Careless and Too Careful Writers.

"I've read," said an editor, and it was a painstaking woman editor who said it, "hundreds of rolled manuscripts, and I never yet have found one that I cared to print. I have decided that the stupidities which roll a manuscript cannot produce anything worth reading. It is such short sighted policy, too, for the rolled manuscript once read is hopelessly muddled, and must be recompiled before being presented to another editor. Later I have had one or two manuscripts sent to me with a new scheme for editorial misery. Each page of the article is folded separately, necessitating a careful rearrangement of the whole thirty or forty sheets before they can be read, and this notwithstanding the copious information and suggestion which is constantly being printed for the benefit of writers."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Deserted at the End.

William the Conqueror was a man of very gross habit of body, and at the siege of Mantes was hurt by the bearing of his horse, the pommel of the saddle striking the king in the abdomen and causing injuries from which he died in a few days. Before his death he was deserted by all his attendants, who stole and carried off even the coverings of the bed on which he lay. The body remained on the floor of the room in which the king died for two days before it was buried by charitable monks from a neighboring monastery.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## THE VALUE OF DUST.

### Its Particles Form Free Surfaces for the Collection of Vapor.

How can invisible particles be brought within the range of our vision? That was one of the first of the many marvelous discoveries of Mr. John Aikman, F. R. S., Falkirk, a distinguished physicist, whose remarkable work has revolutionized a branch of meteorology. He showed that without dust in the air there could be no fogs, no mist, no cloud and probably no rain. The particles of dust are the free surfaces, which, under certain conditions, attract the water vapor of the atmosphere to form fog. Invisible before, they become visible when clothed all over with the moisture; nevertheless, they become distinct as fog particles.

This can be easily verified. If ordinary air be forced through a filter of cotton wool into a glass receiver, it is deprived of all its dust particles. Let steam be introduced into this receiver from a boiler, no change will be observed; the vessel is quite transparent. But if a jet of steam be introduced into a similar vessel containing ordinary air, it will be seen rising in a dense cloud; then a beautiful fog will be formed, so dense that it cannot be seen through. In the former case, when there was no dust in suspension, the air remained clear; in the latter case, when the ordinary atmospheric dust was in the vessel, fog at once appeared. The invisible dust is then detected by the introduction of water vapor.

Until very lately it was thought that particles of water vapor combined with each other to form a cloud particle, but it is now found that some solid body, however small, is required for this formation. In fact, when there are no dust particles on which the water vapor can condense, there is at present no knowledge as to the point at which the change will take place. But the fine particles of dust in the air act as free surfaces on which the water vapor condenses into fog. When there is abundance of dust in the air and little water vapor present there is an overproportion of dust particles, and the fog particles are in consequence closely packed, but light in form and small in size, and take the lighter appearance of fog. Accordingly, if the dust is increased in fog, there is a proportionate increase of fog.

But on the other hand if the dust particles are fewer in proportion to the number of molecules of water vapor, each particle is more widely separated, and into visible existence as if by a creative hand, and falls in mist or rain. If the water vapor had no dust at all on which to settle, it would use the objects on the surface of the ground for the same end, as the grass, leaves, tree branches or house projections. Moisture would then be ever dripping. The occasional general rain, though at times looked up to as a blessing, would require to be given place to a constant wetness on the roads and grass.

Umbrellas need not be needed, but rain rubber protectors for the feet and legs would be in constant requisition. Even the irritable housekeeper, ever annoyed at the unaccountable appearance of dust in rooms which she left for clean, would prefer the dust necessary to this dust free air than see the walls dripping and the floor wet.—Good Words.

### A Singular Method of Treatment.

A peculiar case of poisoning by a physician was that of Dr. Stephen Ledvins, in Hungary, about twenty-five years ago. Ledvins undertook to hasten the death of patients whose cases he considered hopeless by putting them out of their misery, as he termed it, with fatal drugs. He encountered no opposition to his peculiar methods of benevolence while he practiced them on people of no particular standing. But when the doctor hastened the death of a well known land proprietor named Szalay, who was slowly dying of cancer, the relatives of the dead man presented a violent protest and demanded the prosecution of Ledvins.

The physician declared on trial he was actuated by humane motives and had merely eased the journey of his victims to the inevitable goal. This defense was not accepted by the authorities, and he was acquitted of malice, but found guilty of homicide without malice, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.—Pittsburg Leader.

### Choosing His Own Name.

There are no better stories than those of the clergy, even if the young person does not have to be sent away from the table. It is significant that marriage is rarely with provoking, while the rite of baptism and the text furnish no end of good stories.

One of the stock baptismal anecdotes is that of the hisping woman who presented her child at the font.

"What is its name?" whispered the preacher.

"Lucy, thir," whispered back the woman.

"Lucifer! My good woman, that is no Christian name," exclaimed the minister, then roared, "James Robinson, I baptize thee, etc."—New York Evening Sun.

### The Russian's Faith.

The Russian peasant is like a child, ignorant of the practical bearings of events and utterly unable to cope with them. Yet he never loses his faith in God. During the famine, when the peasantry were living, or rather dying, on bread made of pigweed, chaff and other equally nutritious and more nutritious articles, they endured in submission. "God's will is at the bottom of it," they said. "He gave and he takes away."—Youth's Companion.

### A Giant Nearly Twenty Feet High.

A giant exhibited in Europe—particularly in Rouen, where he was before the public every day for fourteen months—in the early part of the eighteenth century lacked but an inch and five-eighths of being eighteen feet high.—Million.

### Testing Diamonds in India.

The Hindus distinguish diamonds according to their color. The white rank first and are called Brahmans, the yellow are known as Kshatrias, the dusky as Vaishyas and the flawed stones as Sudras. The diamond dealers are chiefly Marwarces—a race who are the chief bankers and money lenders in India. These men are perfectly acquainted with the phosphorescent and electric qualities of the diamond, and they are also aware of the extreme uniformity of its specific gravity.

A boiling solution of some salt of zinc, called by the natives "Tutenagum bas-

pam," which solution has a specific gravity of 3.5, is used for the weight test. Into this solution the stones submitted for examination are thrown. Those that float are rejected as not being diamonds, the Marwarces knowing that the diamond has a specific gravity of 3.52.

The stones that sink are then examined. The larger pieces are rubbed with a silk handkerchief to excite their electric properties and held near light substances, as small pieces of tissue paper. Diamonds thus rubbed readily attract light substances. The phosphorescent qualities are brought out by exposure of the stones to sunlight, and then taking them into a dark room, where the diamonds give of a gleaming light.

Cut stones which have been tested as above are then examined by boys especially trained, who sort them according to their color and flaws, and it is very seldom that these youngsters make a mistake, so sharp are their eyes in detecting flaws and shades of color. The appraisement according to size is finally made by the seniors.—Mining and Engineering.

### A Curious Property of Water.

Many simple experiments show that the surface of water possesses a property which causes it to resist the passage of bodies either from above or below. This is true not only of soapy water, but of the clearest and purest water as well. A sheet of fine gauze tends to float, because its weight being widely distributed each of the numerous separate wires is resisted by the surface film so that the water cannot readily pass through the meshes.

Insects and plants utilize this fact in many interesting ways. Some water plants, whose leaves float on the water, have a very simple contrivance to keep the upper surfaces of the leaves dry. This consists of a great number of minute hairs covering the tops of the leaves. Water cannot penetrate among these hairs even when the leaves are forced down beneath the surface.

The little rafts of eggs that gnats set afloat on the water are kept from sinking and from being upset through this same principle. The tiny eggs have their points all upward, and they are glued together so closely that, while there is open space all around the point of each egg, yet the width of these spaces is so slight that water cannot readily pass through. You may agitate and upset such an egg raft, but it will right itself every time and the upper surface will remain dry.—Youth's Companion.

### One Must Be Careful.

One must be careful about using the English language in the day of liberal meaning, when the very use of the language of a society writer dare not use the phrases "the bride entered the church on the arm of her father," or "His eyes followed her around the room," because some humorist has illustrated them realistically.

This was recalled to my mind yesterday when I entered a Woodward avenue book store, where a grave gentleman presided, and asked him if he had a "pretty child's book."

"Blond or brunette?" he inquired.

"Oh-h-h!" I stammered. "Why do you ask that?"

"I suppose you want the book to harmonize, or you would not have told me the child's name."

I saw where I had erred, but had my revenge for the first thing I read in the book he handed me was this phrase, "Ellen burst into tears."

"Here," I said, "I don't want my heroine in pieces—please give me a whole one!" and I called his attention to the remarkable physiological fact.—Detroit Free Press.

### A Wealthy Squatter.

James Tyson, the richest squatter in Australia, was originally a coachman. He saved a little money and invested in stock, which turning out profitably left him the possessor of £500. With this sum, not a large one for the purpose, he began grazing, and as he worked hard and scarcely spent anything in a few years he counted his wealth by many figures. He started on fifteen shillings a week, and today he is worth over £3,000,000 and owns more sheep and cattle than any other two squatters in the world.—London Tit-Bits.

### Typographical Errors.

American authors, no less than English, sometimes suffer for the sins of the printer. A line of Mr. Aldrich's, which originally read, "A potent medicine for gods and men," was misprinted "A potent meaning," etc. And Mr. Aldrich's equanimity was upset on another occasion because in a serious mood he wrote in one of his poems, "Now the old wounds break out afresh," and was horrified to read that he had said "Now the old woman breaks out afresh."—New York Tribune.

### Retelling a Good Joke.

A Philadelphia drummer sauntered into a clothing store in Elmhurst the other day, and finding the proprietor busy with a customer he leaned against a pile of clothing and waited. Suddenly the pile toppled over and fell to the floor. The drummer hastily began to rearrange the goods, remarking as he did so, "Well, Mr. Smith, you see clothing has had quite a fall. As he kept on working he added, "And my business is picking up."

Commonplace as the remark was, it made a great impression upon an Irishman who happened to be standing by. "Begorra," he muttered, "that's a fine joke. O'll get that off on some one before night." Still with the joke fresh in his mind he sauntered over to Levy's dry goods store, chuckling as he went along.

"Aha, Mr. Levy, it's a fine joke O'll do be after hearing," he said. "Wait till O'll show you." Seizing a pile of fine dress goods he threw them on the floor, which was none of the cleanest.

Levy became indignant. "Vot's der matter mid you, anyhow? Vos you gray?" he shouted.

"Noy it's der joke O'll be after illustrating, but O'll be blessed if it ain't clean escaped me." Levy piled the goods laboriously upon the table, swearing all the time, while Pat stood cogitating. Suddenly he cried, "Be jabbers, O'll hev it now!"

With a vigorous push he sent the goods to the floor a second time, crying: "O'll hev it! Clothing's chapter than it used to be and business is getting a durned site better. How's that for a joke?"

Pat wondered why he was ejected with such rapidity, and Levy hasn't seen the point of the joke to this day.—Philadelphia Times.

## FAMOUS ITALIAN POISONERS.

### Tophania and La Spara, Who Poisoned Hundreds of Lives with Arsenic.

The most famous compound of arsenic is arsenious oxide, or "white arsenic," known to the general public simply as arsenic. It is used exclusively in the arts. It is very poisonous and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was commonly used in removing persons who were conceived by their enemies to have outlived their usefulness. Nearly all of the great poisoners in those times were women. In 1659 a secret society of young wives was discovered in Rome, some of whom belonged to the first families of the city, the sole or chief object of which was to make away with the husbands of the members.

They met at the house of Hieronyma Spara, a woman who was reputed to be a witch, and who provided them with the poison and instructed them in the use of it. When the existence of the society was discovered the hardened old hag, La Spara, "passed the ordeal of the rack without confession," but another woman yielded up the secrets of the sisterhood, and La Spara and twelve other women were hanged, and many others, guilty in a lesser degree, were publicly whipped through the streets of the city. Equally notorious and far more destructive in her operations, was another woman named Tophania, a native of Palermo, who in that city and subsequently in Naples sold a mysterious poison of her own concoction to wives plagued with obnoxious husbands.

Four drops of this preparation were sufficient to give a spouse his quietus, and so extensively was it sold that it was known throughout the country as Aqua Tophania or Aquetta di Napoli. It is now known to have been a solution of "white arsenic." We are asked to believe that this creature of wickedness carried on her nefarious trade from girlhood until nearly seventy years of age without ever having fallen into the meshes of the law, and that upward of 600 persons were poisoned through her instrumentality.

Tophania was more artful than La Spara. She dealt only with individuals after due safeguards had been built up, and she changed her abode so frequently and adopted so many disguises that her detection was rendered very difficult. She also called in the aids of religion and superstition. Her aquetta she sent forth in small vials labeled "Manna of St. Nicholas of Bari," and those who were initiated in the history of the potent elixir imagined it to be a certain miraculous oil, which was supposed to ooze from the tomb of the saint in question. When the manufacture and sale of poison had at last been traced to Tophania she took refuge in a convent, from which the abbess and archbishop refused to give her up. After some time the convent was broken into by a body of soldiers, Tophania was removed, tortured until she confessed and strangled. Her body was thrown into the garden of the convent from which she had been taken.—Chicago Herald.

A Strange Case.

In the latter part of 1878 a young lady died near Cleveland of a disease that had greatly puzzled the attending physicians, the symptoms being similar to rheumatism of the heart. The post mortem revealed one of the most remarkable facts to the medical profession. A large burdock bur was found securely imbedded in the heart, directly against the posterior surface of the aorta. It was completely enveloped with cystic tissue, which had also covered all the large blood vessels leading to and from the heart. There is only one way of accounting for the presence of the bur. It had been breathed into the air passages when the woman was a child. The specimen was sent to the museum of the Bennett Medical college, Chicago. It has been inspected by all the leading physicians of that vicinity, and all unite in pronouncing it the most extraordinary case on record.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

"Sick" Pearls in a Submerged Cage.

At the foot of a cliff under the windows of the castle of Miramar, formerly the residence of the Mexican emperor Maximilian, at a depth of eighty feet below the surface of the clear waters of the Adriatic, is a kind of cage fashioned by divers in the face of the rock. In that cage are some of the most magnificent pearls in existence. They belong to the Archduchess Rainer. Having been left unworn for a long time the gems lost their color and became "sick," and the experts were unanimous in declaring that the only means by which they could be restored to their original brilliancy was by submitting them to a prolonged immersion in the depths of the sea. They have been lying there for a number of years, and are gradually but very slowly regaining their former unrivaled orient.—London Public Opinion.

Work versus Inspiration.

The young writers who are misled by nonsense about inspiration will have a hard road to travel, and their manuscripts will very likely be thrown into the wastebasket. As Sheridan used to say, "Easy writing is blank hard reading."—Atlanta Constitution.

### An Expert in His Line.

The late M. R.—was one of the most experienced judges of red wine that the Department of Girondie has yet produced. His opinion regarding the quality of vintage was worth that of all the other noted wine tasters put together. His ability to distinguish the good from the bad, the superior from the indifferent, was as unerring as it was unquestioned.



## THE TRICK OF TIGE.

How the Dog Accomplished his Strategy  
What He Could Not Overcome.

Like the western ranchman, Florida planters "roundup" their cattle at stated intervals to take account of them. On the eve of one such roundup every one took sides in a controversy as to the ability of Tige, a famous old yellow dog, hero of much difficult cattle driving, "scared, reckless, resourceful" to bring up to the pen a particularly wild and vicious black steer, whose lawlessness threatened to demoralize the whole herd.

The scene opened with what looked like a hopeless confusion and rout. The steer allowed neither man nor dog to come within whip touch. Tige, to his supporters' amazement and disgust, kept well on the outskirts of the scrimmage, all the time with his eye on the black monster, whose following shook the air.

At last the dog made one faltering run in the steer's direction. The creature rushed upon him, and there with, without more ado, Tige started in mad, ignominious flight, tail between his legs, the picture of cowardly terror, while the bull thundered after him with lowered head and wicked horns.

"Tige turn tail! Tige run!" gasped the amazed and infuriated boys, who had maintained steadily that the dog was bold enough and able to perform the feat.

"Yes!" shouted the tall old planter, their father and Tige's owner, as with herd well in hand they galloped after the vanishing dog and steer.

"But before you shoot Tige notice where he is running to."

By all that was wonderful, straight to the cattle pen! And up to the gate the steer rushed after him and through the gate—and then where was that cowardly dog?—Like a flash of light over the wall and facing the pen gate, every muscle tense and ready for battle, his voice at the same time calling the men to come in and do the one thing he could not do—close the gate and hold the prisoner which his magnificent strategy had brought there.

The boys were filled with admiration for Tige's brilliant strategy. The hat went around, and money enough was collected to buy Tige the finest of collars, the silver plate on which bore the date of an exploit that Homer need not have scorned to sing.

"I believe Tige planned it all out," said one of the boys, "while we were sneaking around the edge of the crowd watching things."

"Not he," said Tige's owner. "That old dog settled it in his mind last night while he was listening to our talk about what a circus we were going to have a-getting that steer in."—Boston Commonwealth.

## The Poison of Rattles.

"Out of a thousand people bitten by rattlesnakes," said E. D. Bourne, of Palm Springs, the other day, "I am sure that not fifty ever really recover. So far as I know, and I have posted myself thoroughly upon the subject for over twenty years on the desert and in Arizona and Texas, there is no known cure for rattlesnake poison, in spite of the fact that many people have said that they were cured by whiskey. You may depend on it that when a man says he was cured of a rattlesnake bite, though not necessarily a liar, he is at least laboring under a misapprehension of the facts."

"There is a small snake similar to the rattlesnake in appearance whose poison is not so venomous, and negroes bitten by it place lime upon the spot or else drink enough whiskey to counteract the poison. Whiskey, if taken in a large quantity, goes directly into the blood and counteracts the poison of the snake. But the regular Arizona rattler, from five to seven feet in length, is a deadly customer to meet. It does not give any warning, but strikes the moment it is disturbed, and it can strike an object almost twice as far distant as it is long."—Pomona (Cal.) Progress.

## Fingertists.

The success of Henry Mackenzie's sentimental novel, "The Man of Feeling," was very great. Eccles, a young Bath clergyman, availing himself of the circumstance that the author's name was very little known, transcribed the whole work, with emendations, corrections, snarls and smudges, and on the strength of this manufactured copy gave himself out to be the author, and adhered to his pretension with so much pertinacity that Mackenzie's publishers were compelled to adopt legal measures to vindicate his claim. In our time we have seen a similar fraud attempted with regard to "Adam Bede."—Gentleman's Magazine.

## An Elephant Story.

An elephant train was on its way from Lucknow to Sootapore, and one elephant becoming lame knelt down and refused to go on. The elephant next in the train stopped of its own accord, and when driven on turned back and began without instructions to remove some part of the load. Instances of aid rendered by birds to others in distress may also be found, showing that the instinct of sympathy exists and takes form in action when the causes of the sufferings are such that the fellow bird can understand and see its way to remedy.—London Spectator.

## How to Go to Sleep.

Scientific investigators assert that in beginning to sleep the senses do not utterly fall into slumber, but drop off one after another. The sight ceases in consequence of the protection of the eyelids to receive impressions first, while all the other senses preserve their sensibility entire. The sense of taste is the next which loses its susceptibility to impression, and then the sense of smelling. The hearing is next in order, and last of all comes the sense of

touch. Furthermore, the senses are brought to sleep with different degrees of profoundness. The sense of touch sleeps the most lightly and is the most easily awakened; the next easiest is the hearing, the next is the sight, and the taste and smelling awake last.

Another remarkable circumstance deserves notice: certain muscles and parts of the body begin to sleep before others. Sleep commences at the extremities, beginning with the feet and legs and creeping toward the center of nervous action. The necessity of keeping the feet warm and perfectly still as a preliminary of sleep is well known. From these explanations it will not appear surprising that there should be an imperfect kind of mental action which produces the phenomena of dreaming.—American Analyst.

## She Preferred the Earth.

If the girls were only as bright when they grow up as in their childhood days what a race of brilliant women there would be. One especially cute youngster has a way of saying some unusually clever things, and great hopes for her future are entertained by her family. She was quite ill recently, and her mother tried to impress upon her the de lights of heaven, even being unorthodox enough to suggest an unlimited number of tricycles in the blessed abode, as one of these was the desire of the small girl's heart, and the devoted mother thought to make heaven more attractive by the introduction of these rather mundane charms, yet the small invalid did not seem to be enchanted at the prospect of a speedy demise, even with a tricycle as a reward for her well doing.

At last her mother inquired why she didn't want to be a lovely fluffy angel, with a tricycle whenever she wished to ride out through the golden streets, and the practical small maiden rather astonished the ex-pounder of heavenly joys by replying, "Well, you see, mamma, I'm better acquainted here."—Philadelphia Times.

## Kentucky Camp Meetings.

A writer claims that camp meetings originated in Kentucky in the year 1800 at Gasper River church, in Logan county, and became established during the great Kentucky revival early in the century. It is claimed that both Presbyterians and Methodists participated in the earlier meetings, though the camp meeting is now looked upon as distinctly a Methodist institution. The great revival is one of the curious things in Kentucky history, and its effects are still visible in other things besides camp meetings, granting these religious open air gatherings to have had the origin attributed to them. Some of the spirit of the old camp meetings survives in the "holi days" of the present, but the camp meeting has in this time developed some varieties that have no kinship with the godliness and religious fervor that swept the western country when Kentucky was yet an infant commonwealth.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Stray Dogs Bring Luck.

Mr. Pung, of the Chinese legation, is authority for the statement that a Chinaman can wish for no better luck than to have a strange dog come to the house with the evident intention of linking his future for times with those of the family. This is especially true of Peking, where stray canines, instead of being summarily dismissed from the doorstep, as is the general custom elsewhere, are taken in, cared for and their lives henceforth surrounded with the comforts most appreciated by their race. So great indeed is the superstition feeling that no pains are spared to induce the stranger to remain permanently with the new found friends.—Kate Field's Washington.

## Paid in Gold Coin.

All the employees of the elevated railroads in this city receive their pay in gold. The Manhattan railway pay envelopes are made up each month in a Nassau street bank, and about \$60,000 in gold coin is used. It has been the custom of the elevated railroad managers to pay wages in gold coin for a long while. Mr. Jay Gould is credited with having expressed the opinion that gold was preferable to paper money for this purpose, because it was nearer an less likely to result in mistakes.—New York Times.

## The Triumph of Art.

The triumph of art over nature is illustrated in the fact that an artist recently made a painting of some beech trees in an old pasture that he sold for \$20. The owner of the pasture parted company with his property at about the same time for \$150, and he called it a good sale at that.—Augusta (Me.) Farmer.

## WHY GO "BROKE?"

It Is Easy Enough, Says the Philosopher, to Make a Living.

"No man has any license to be broke in New York," the speaker was a well dressed, keen eyed youth of eighteen.

"You can earn the undying gratitude of thousands in this city alone if you will tell them how to escape the discomforts, not of simple poverty, but of downright want," said a bystander.

"What is your recipe?" inquired another listener.

"You will all grant me," said the young man, "that even the poorest 'bun' or most inconvertible gammon that runs the streets can get a 'stake,' say twenty-five cents, with out much trouble. All right. On that foundation any boy of six or a man of sixty can earn enough to house and keep him comfortably. How? Let him invest that sum in morning or evening newspapers, and keep turning over a fair percentage of his profits every day.

"Even the largest of Park row newsboys seldom earn less than fifty cents a day on a smaller original investment than the one I have used for the sake of argument. I know what I am talking about, because five years ago I was hustling around in bare feet the same as the rest of them are now, and I could make my own living expenses and have a little to spare at the end of every week. Show me a man, woman or child in this city who is a beggar and I will show you an individual who is too lazy to do even the lightest kind of work."

After these sententious remarks the youth turned and walked up Newspaper row. "There is a young star who will be with a big fortune in time," said a bystander. "I know him well several years ago when he was regarded by the other newsboys as a hustler. His clothes were nearly as ragged and his face and hands as dirty as the street gamins usually are. Five years ago he conceived an idea. He knew that there were several of his companions in the street who would rather stand behind a newspaper for a small daily remuneration than hustle around the streets and take chances of getting stuck on their papers," as they express it. He picked out two honest boys and entered into a contract with them. He agreed to pay them forty cents a day to take care of small corner stands. The young man bought all the newspapers and stocked the stands himself, and the boys were held to a strict accounting. From those two stands and what he earned himself on the streets he put \$12.50 away clear at the end of the first week.

"That money was put into two other stands that he established in the uptown district. All of them succeeded, and the number was gradually increased until a year ago he had thirteen boys at stands and eleven around the ferry entrances working for him. Today his staff is fifty strong at least. He owns two big stands under elevated stations where traffic is heaviest. The boys must be worth at least \$12,000 today if he is worth a cent. Last Christmas he bought a house in Jersey for his widowed mother, and I understand he owns some property in Yonkers that has greatly increased in value lately.

"He is the pioneer of his business in New York and he isn't a very old one at that, is he?" interrogated the boy's historian.—New York Advertiser.

## Charles IV's Ready Cash.

Lord Ailesbury thinks that just before Charles died his affairs were prosperous. "I will have no more parliaments," he said, "for God be praised, my affairs are in so good a posture that I have no occasion to ask for supplies. A king of England that is not a slave to 500 kings is great enough." "His heart was set to live at ease, and that his subjects might live under their own vine and fig tree." "I will have by me 100,000 guineas in my strongbox," the king used to say, and Lord Ailesbury heard that "there was found there at his death about £20,000."

Concerning this Burnet says: "He left behind him about 30,000 guineas, which he had gathered either out of the private purse or out of the money which was sent him from France, or by other methods, and which he had kept so secretly that no person who soever knew anything of it."—Blackwood's Magazine.

## He Stopped.

A nervous little man sat on one side of the cross seats on the top of an omnibus the other day, back to back with a young woman of the "swart" grade of complexion. The little man felt a piece of cloth tickle his neck, and thinking the ends of his cravat were sticking out he began to stuff the cloth down between the collar and waistcoat.

He was nearly scared out of his seat a minute later by hearing the girl exclaim in a loud voice: "Now, you stop! Leave my hair ribbon alone!"

The small man apologized and got off at once.—Boston Globe.

## Bombay's Monster Dam.

The most gigantic piece of solid masonry that has been erected in modern times is in the Bombay presidency. The city of Bombay, which is listed among the largest on the globe, having a population of nearly a million, was in danger of being forced to undergo a water famine. The wise men called a meeting and decided to build a monster dam—one that would inclose the entire watershed of the valley, which drains into the sea south of the city. The plans and specifications selected called for a dam of solid masonry, pyramidal in general outline, two miles long, 118 feet high, 103 feet in thickness at the base and thirty-one feet at the top.

In its finished condition it is reckoned as the acme of engineering skill. The top is provided with a beautiful driveway twenty-five feet wide, protected on each side with concrete guards, each three feet in thickness and five feet high. It incloses a lake of water eight square miles in area.—St. Louis Republic.

## A Matter of Doubt.

A minister in the east said: "My brethren, the collection will now be taken for my expenses for a trip, for I am going away for my health. The more I receive the longer I can stay." The largest collection ever made in that church was taken. And now the question under discussion is whether the size of the collection was a compliment to the preacher or much the reverse.—Louisville Western Recorder.

## HIS POINT OF VIEW.

A Woman Never Does Things by Halves in Shopping.

Women have the reputation of never doing things by halves. If any man has an idea they do, let him join one of the fair sex on a shopping tour and his mind will be at rest forever on the subject.

The women on shopping bent down her street apparel immediately after her breakfast, so as to avoid the "rush," and sallies forth.

She generally wants some triding thing which might be bought at some of the smaller shops up town.

But no, she prefers to go down town for her goods. She reckons not how hot and crowded the L cars are, for the joys of shopping are ahead of her.

She has no list of what she needs—rather, what she wants—for, mark you, there is a vast difference between her wants and needs.

It is a popular belief that man born of woman is of few days and full of muscle, but for unlimited muscle and unbridled energy your shopping woman is vastly any man's superior.

The man who attends the fair shopper generally does so in a half apologetic manner, probably for fear some woman may think he is shopping on his own account.

Arrived at their destination his energetic companion rushes madly ahead, pausing to look at some shiny handkerchiefs—"were thirty-nine, now nineteen!"—then rattling over a bunch of scissors piled on a counter, while he, superior being, stalks slowly behind, scarcely noting anything.

The shopper usually fetches up at some far away counter, and as the clerk steps up to attend, the man companion seats himself on one of these charmingly perforated stools common to shops frequented by women.

"Thanks, no," he answers the inquiring clerk, and his significant glance at his shopping friend satisfies that individual.

He's not shopping. But meanwhile the woman is, she shops all around that stool for three-quarters of an hour, and the man gets tired and swings on his perch. Occasionally there is a smile on the woman's face as she glances at her waiting escort. He smiles back in a sickly way.

Now she finishes and starts away, and joy springs up in the waiting man's heart—and a swear word in his mouth, for one of the brass tacks in the stool on which he sat has snagged his coat tail.

He is mad, but the dear little woman is so happy with her bargain that he mutters only under his breath, and is glad to be once more out in the fresh air and sunlight.

The amount of the woman's purchase is twenty-four cents and the time consumed over two hours, but that is the way women shop.

Perhaps it is because they do not "carry the purse" and like to prolong the joy of spending money, like a child with a few sweets.

Nevertheless they never do it by halves.—Cor. New York Recorder.

## The Character of Cleopatra.

What was Cleopatra's inner character? A voluptuous woman of the east, say the Romans, eager to enchain any master of a Roman army by the foulest arts; but the Roman oligarchy not only hated, but dreaded Cleopatra. To them she was not only Asia incarnate, but the representative of that "regal" sway, that rule by volition instead of by traditional order, which, with their statesmanlike instinct, they saw the triumphant aristocrat whom their system tended to produce would ultimately destroy.

They cursed her as the greatest of Asiatic harlots, whereas she was a Greek, and much more like Mary Stuart, as her enemies have painted her, a woman unscrupulous in gratifying her fancies, careless even of murder when needful—Cleopatra murdered her brother husband, just as Mary murdered her cousin husband—but who used her charms and voluptuous instruments to attain her ends, which were, first of all, the empire of the east, which her ancestors had striven for generations to acquire—and very nearly acquired—and to defeat the half civilized and headless Roman power, which she hated with the hatred of a monarch and despised with the contempt of a true Greek.—London Spectator.

## The Value of a Yawn.

Yawning is by no means as useless as it is often curiously and with other affections of the throat, in many cases giving instantaneous relief. It produces a considerable distention of the muscles of the pharynx, constituting a kind of massage, and under this influence the cartilaginous portion of the eustachian tube contracts, expelling into the pharynx the mucosities there collected.

According to M. Naegele, yawning is much more efficacious for affections of the tube than the methods of Val-salva or Politzer, and is more rational than the insufflation of air, which is often difficult to perform properly.—Medical Record.

## ELECTRICITY'S RIVAL.

The Advantages of Compressed Air for Street Car Propulsion.

In view of the objections to the overhead electric system for propulsion of cars on surface roads in cities, the annoyance from tearing up streets and the cost of plant and maintenance of the cable line, the expense of horsepower with the sanitary evils resulting from the location of stables in populous cities, the fact that pneumatic motors after a successful demonstration of their superiority have been largely overlooked seems inexplicable. These motors are only entirely free from the objectionable features of the other systems, but they furnish a mode of propulsion which is more safe and more economical than any

other with equal velocity of transit.

These assertions are made advisedly and are based on actual demonstration. In 1878 and 1879 five pneumatic motors were run for several months on the Second Avenue railroad in New York with perfect success. The position taken by the officers of the two railroad companies, both in New York and Philadelphia, was that any car running along city streets without horses in front would frighten horses, cause runaway accidents and subject companies to suits for damages. This objection of course applies with much greater force to the cable and trolley systems, which are accompanied by a loud humming noise, while the pneumatic motor can have a noiseless exhaust. But no argument or explanation availed in the face of this smothered objection.

One railroad president declared that if the motor were adopted by his company it would be necessary to kill some of his old horses, stuff the skins and mount a pair of them on a low truck in front of each car. Conditions existing now seem favorable for the introduction of a motor which, free from the objections to all other systems, with no new defects of its own, may be considered perfect. No fears are now entertained that a car running without horses in front will make astounded all of equines on the streets traversed, and this in 1879 was the only reason urged in opposition to the introduction of the pneumatic motor. The system would be particularly adapted to suburban localities and would afford better facilities for rapid transit than are now afforded by elevated roads, for while the speed would be equal to twenty miles or more per hour the stops need not be limited to stations, but could be made at any point.

With the small class of motors three cars, or two in addition to the motor, can ascend grades as steep as any usually found on horse railroads. This is a point of the greatest value for public accommodation. It will enable a company to utilize all its old cars and supply additional cars at the hours when the rush of travel requires them without additional expense for power or conductors.

The pneumatic motor would be peculiarly adapted to underground roads, as the escape of pure air would assist in the ventilation, but it is the best possible for all urban or suburban roads, whether elevated, surface or in tunnels.—Engineering Magazine.

## Is Our Sun a Dynamo?

As we look at the glowing carbon in an incandescent lamp and know that it is possible for that hairlike filament to maintain its heat and brilliancy, almost unchanged, for more than 1,000 hours, it is an object lesson for us. It is intense heat and brilliant light without combustion. When feeble man has been able to so far unravel the mysteries of heat and light as to be able to accomplish this result, a suspension of judgment at least is called for on the part of our scientific leaders who hold to the theory that the heat of the sun must be derived from combustion, and predict that the time may come when the fuel will be exhausted.

The light coming from the incandescent lamp is simply another form of motion. Is it not possible that he who sits on high as the ruler of all forces may utilize the motion of the rolling spheres as huge dynamos, and thus give us sunlight and heat without combustion?—Popular Electric Monthly.

## His Choice.

An amusing parallel to the famous story of "I prefer the gout" comes from Newcastle. Though matters are almost as much atebb there as they can be in the way of trade, ale is still flowing. A collier who had a very bad leg was plainly told by his medical attendant that his love of drink was the cause of his disease, and that he must either give up his ale or lose his leg. He had no more hesitation about the alternative than had Tomnyson's "Northern Farmer" in a similar predicament.

"If this ere leg wanna stand a drop o' good ale I'll have nowt to do wi' it. Off wi' it!"—London Tit Bits.

## What "Amen" Meant to Her.

Being taught to say "amen" to close her evening petition, not realizing its meaning and having remembrance of the street peddler, who had visited the street that afternoon, to her great delight, Little Eva finished her prayer by saying: "A man; he sells tribunes; buy me one!"—New York Tribune.

## To Teach You to Write Your Name.

Of the many queer occupations that I have heard of I think the queerest is that of "signature maker." What would you suppose it to be at first glance? A forgery? Perhaps, but he is not in that line up to date. He simply forges your style as some other teachers form your spelling style. There are many business men who have no especially characteristic signature. They want one and they go to a man on Wall street, in New York, and he furnishes it.

He asks your occupation, what kind of business you expect to engage in or are already in, and then tells you to write some notes, checks, letters and random sentences, and sign them as you are accustomed to do. With this as a basis he proceeds to write several suggestions for your future guidance. He will give you an odd capital or a twist at the end and a conformation of letters which looks well and is hard to make, and then you copy it until you are proficient. It looks like an absurdity perhaps, but when you see the signatures of men who sign important papers and big checks you must admit that they do not usually have a "John Smith" look. It is upon this fact that this man operates. He gives you a signature to live up to.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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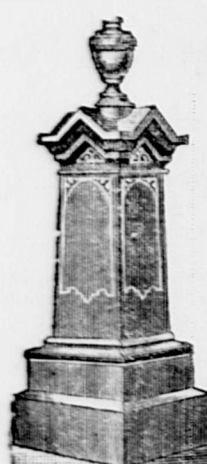
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**AN OLD DUTCH FARMHOUSE.**  
Curious and Interesting Features of Some Real Ancient Dwellings.  
The old farmhouse usually consists of a kitchen, a large living room, a chequerboard, a dairy, two small bedrooms in the garret, and at the back (forming part of the main building) the big cow stable with its huge loft, and a wide space in the middle, where thrashing and winnowing are still done in primitive fashion. Hayricks with movable roofs on four poles, various barns or sheds, and an outside kitchen called the "baking house," where the rough work is done (food cooking for the cattle, etc.), surround the main building.  
The "baking house" is often used as a living room in summer, and is more cheerful than the solemn apartment into which the visitor is invariably ushered. A wide chimney lined with tiles stretches nearly across one side of this room, but the open fire on the hearth has long ago disappeared, and given place to an ugly stove. Quaint brass fire irons hang behind it, and on either side is an armchair, differing from its humbler brethren only in the possession of wooden arms. If there is a baby in the family it is likely to be reposing in a cradle, with green baize curtains, as near as possible to the fireplace, in defiance of all laws of health.  
Two or three large cupboards, sometimes handsomely carved, and always kept well polished, stand against the whitewashed walls. One of them generally has glass doors in the upper part, and on its shelves the family china—often of great value—is exposed to view. Unfortunately these heirlooms in old families have been largely bought up by enterprising Jews.  
Sometimes, however, sentiment has proved stronger than the love of money, and the farmer has not parted with his family possessions. In a corner of the room a chintz curtain, or sometimes a double door, shows where the big press bed is—an institution of prehygienic times, which, to the peasant mind, has no inconveniences whatever. In the middle of the room a table stands on a carpet, and as people take off their shoes at the door and go about in their thick woolen stockings, neither it nor the painted floor ever shows signs of mud.  
Another table stands near one of the windows, of which there are two or three. The linen blinds so closely meet the spotless muslin curtains, which are drawn stiffly across the lower panes on two horizontal sticks, that a stray sunbeam can hardly make its way into the room, even if it has been able to straggle through the thick branches of the clipped lime trees that adorn the front of the house. On one of the tables a tray stands, with a hospitable array of cups and saucers, teapot, etc., and is protected from the dust by a crocheted or muslin cover.  
The huge family Bible, with its big brass clasps, has an honorable place, often on a stand by itself. Rough woodcuts or cheap prints and a group of family photographs, which do not flatter the originals, are hung on the walls.—National Review.

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**NEW YORK RENTS.**  
How It Happens That They Are So Much Higher Than Elsewhere.  
A professional man in another city being offered a position in New York at double the salary he was receiving at home was eager to accept until he found, on investigation, that the rent of a house here as large and as well situated as the one he was living in would equal the amount of his entire salary he was offered, and then he declined. The rent problem is the most serious of all financial problems to the man of moderate means in New York. The city has an area of 41 square miles, in which there is a population of nearly 1,500,000, while Philadelphia, with over 129 square miles of territory, has something over 1,040,000 inhabitants.  
There is an average of 683 square feet of space to each inhabitant of New York, while there is an average of 3,425 square feet for each inhabitant of Philadelphia. There is still room, however, for many more people in New York, although in one district the population is denser than in any other part of the world. But New York is long and narrow, with the business "center" at the southern extremity, and with imperfect systems of rapid transit this renders the house problem much more difficult than in other cities.  
It is not surprising, therefore, to learn from the federal census of 1890 that New York, with 312,766 families, has only 81,828 dwellings, while Philadelphia, with 295,135 families, has 187,032 dwellings. In New York there are over 181 persons to every dwelling on an average, while in Philadelphia there are only a little over 54. These statistics explain in a measure why it is that rents are so high in New York. A whole house in New York is a luxury that comparatively few people can enjoy. Only 37,604 families out of 312,766 live in houses containing no other families. Over 42 per cent. of all the dwellings in New York are tenement houses.  
There are 8,972 dwellings which contain 10 families and over each; there are 7,385 in which live from 7 to 9 families; there are 2,324 which contain 6 families, and there are 3,551 which contain 5 families. Over one-fourth of all the dwellings contain an average of over 20 persons each. The condition of things in this city so increases the totals for the whole state that, while in the entire United States the average number of persons to a dwelling is 5.45, the average in New York state is 6.70, which is more than in any other state of the Union. It is not strange therefore that this city should be the landlord's paradise. Here many a man is obliged to give one-fourth to one-third of his income to the landlord.  
The purchase of a house, even on the installment plan, becomes here an undertaking which few persons are courageous enough to enter upon. Apartments in a flat house rent for more than whole houses do in other cities, and even two or three rooms in a tenement cost as much as a little dwelling elsewhere. It is this condition of things that has contributed to the rapid growth of Brooklyn and the suburbs of the metropolis, where land is cheaper and rents are lower than they can possibly be in the city.—New York Cos. Philadelphia Ledger.

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which they are willing to be amused this may be so, and also, perhaps, in a certain disregard of conventional appearance. I remember once seeing a Russian general and a colonel—and it is noted that officers invariably wear uniform and swords, sitting on the ledge of a shop window in the principal street of one of the largest cities of the empire, discussing some matter with great animation and wholly unaware of any incongruity in their position and of my somewhat bewildered stare.  
Imagine such a scene in Regent street. My tutor, however, assured me it was nothing out of the ordinary, and laughed at my surprise. One certainly meets with little ways and usages common among the ordinary great middle class (if I may so call the class from which spring the majority of officers of the army, ordinary town vehicles or officials, students, lawyers, professors of the universities and schools, doctors, merchants, etc.), the class, in fact, among which the ordinary Englishman finds himself cast in his attempt to live in a family and learn the language) which strikes an Englishman as being "not nice," and form to a great extent the ground on which we occasionally vote them as barbarous.  
Small matters, to which it would be a pity to attach undue importance, arrest one's attention, such as frequently eating with their knives as we use a fork; no salt spoon either in hotels or in private houses, the aforesaid knife being employed to help one's self to salt, sometimes stretching half the length of the table to get at it instead of asking that it should be passed; simplifying the curving of a fowl, for instance, by a liberal use of the fingers; using the same knife and fork for the various courses, and helping one's self to vegetables, etc., by sticking one's fork into the dish and extracting what is required, and many other little points similar in kind.  
One common practice should be mentioned. The men, and sometimes the ladies, carry about a little pocket comb, which is used in the most unconcerned way anywhere—in a train, at a railway station or on entering a room, without any apology. The hair is often worn by the men without any parting, sometimes rather long, and brushed or combed back or straight up, which gives them a rather wild appearance. These are some of the peculiarities of manner and ways which, however small, somewhat jar on an Englishman. In spite of the unique opportunity for skating which their long winter gives them, it is rare to find any Russian who can skate well.—Cornhill Magazine.

**South American Horses.**  
South America is a great place for horses and horse leather is one of the staple products. It all comes to New York or to Hamburg—most of it to New York—and Buenos Ayres is the great South American market. There are so many horses in Buenos Ayres that beggars literally beg on horseback. It is strange, too, for at the time of the discovery of America horses were unknown in South America. They were imported by the Spaniards and have bred into countless herds. They run wild on the vast plains from the shores of the La Plata to Patagonia, and are caught by the Ganchos by the thousands for their hides, portions of which, under the native treatment, make the finest leather, for what is known as shell cordovan brings as high a price as French calfskin.—Interview in Brooklyn Eagle.

**Lightning in Cities.**  
The character of the soil has something to do with strokes of lightning, which are less frequent over chalky ground. Oak trees are most frequently struck, while beech trees are least liable to attack.  
Few people are killed by lightning in the cities. There is not much need of lightning rods on low houses in the city, while on church spires they might be of some use. The reason why lightning rods on low houses in the city are of doubtful utility is because in the city there is such a vast amount of material which conducts the electricity away. Telegraph poles are frequently struck. On the Virginia Beach railroad I once noticed after a storm seventeen poles within a shorter distance than a quarter of a mile struck by lightning.—Interview in Baltimore Sun.

**ODES AND ENDS.**  
A man in Paris has invented a new kind of mud made of tan and pounded baked apples.  
Parchment used for banjos, etc., is made from the skins of asses, calves or wolves, those of wolves being considered the best.  
The officials of the Chinese empire are divided into nine different grades or classes, distinguishable from one another by the button worn on the cap.  
Washington is to have a museum for all sorts of curious life saving appliances, including the earliest kinds of lifeboats, rockets and life preservers.  
A new clock ("Great Paul") is being built for St. Paul's cathedral in England. The bell upon which the clock will strike weighs seventeen tons, with a hammer weighing 680 pounds.

**THE RUSSIANS AT HOME.**  
A Visitor Who Found Them a Pleasant and Hospitable People.  
I found the Russians a pleasant, hospitable and social people, always ready to fraternize and help me in every way in their power. I was told sometimes by Englishmen in the country that they were a very childish people; in the case with



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LOCK BOX 161 QUINCY, MASS.

## FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

On the first of November the church commemorates the glorious Feast of All Saints. The year being too short to honor each saint with a special festival, our holy mother church sets apart this day to pay her tribute of veneration and praise to all the holy servants of God, who, having passed successfully their line of probation here are now enjoying their reward in heaven.

As the world has here heroes, as she holds them up for imitation and pays them honor for the deeds they have done; so does the great church of God cherish in everlasting memory the men whose names are associated with her origin, her growth and with all the thousand triumphs she has been winning from the first.

This festival is very ancient. It was first celebrated in the East on the Octave of Pentecost, as early as the fourth century. This day was selected for the feast to indicate that the fortitude and holiness of the saints were due entirely to the working of the Holy Ghost. It was introduced into the West in A. D. 606, when the Emperor Phocas donated the Pantheon to Pope Boniface, the fourth, who dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin and the martyrs. Pope Gregory, the third, transferred the first of May to the first of November.

This day, accordingly, the veil is raised and we seem to see that heavenly host amongst whom it is our dearest and most cherished hope that we one day may find a place. Patriarchs, who longed and sighed for the coming of the Just One. Prophets, who from the mountain top of vision shouted down to the desolate world the glad tidings of salvation—Apostles, who saw Him in the flesh and served His living truth in tears and blood—martyrs, who loved and died and suffered torture for love of Him—confessors, who bore His blessed image in their hearts and lives—virgins, who gave to Him their fresh young hearts before the breath of earthly love had dimmed the lustre of their purity.

They come before us Patriarch, prophet, apostle, martyr, confessor, virgin and at their head, uniting all their several merits in her single self—Mary, Queen of All Saints.

But while honoring these servants of the Most High and begging the intercession of these friends of God we are not to forget that the church in proposing this festival to her people wishes to stimulate her children upon earth to imitate the example left by the Saints. Our barren admiration of their virtues will be of little avail, if we strive not to walk in the narrow path which led them to a throne in heaven and a crown of glory. They were "doers of the word of God and not hearers only."

The Council of Trent declared as the faith of the Catholic Church "that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls there destined are helped by the suffrages of the faithful, but principally by the acceptable sacrifice of the altar." This is all that is required to be believed. As to the kind and measure of the purifying punishment, the Church defines nothing. This doctrine has been very much misrepresented and has most generally been attacked by sarcasm and denunciation. But this is a satisfactory manner to treat a grave matter of faith, coming down to us from the olden times? The doctrine of Purgatory is most intimately connected with the doctrine of sacramental absolution and satisfaction, and legitimately springs from it. That there is a distinction in the guilt of different sins must be conceded. All our criminal laws, and those of all nations are founded on this idea. To say that the smallest transgression is equal in enormity to the greatest and most deliberate crime is so utterly opposed to the plain nature of all law, and to the word of God, which assures us that men shall be punished or rewarded according to their refusal. St. John tells us that "nothing defiled shall enter into Heaven." That "there is a sin unto death, and sin unto death." Now we must put these and other texts together and give them their full, harmonious and consistent force. We must carry out the principles laid down to their fair and logical results. Suppose, then, a man speak an idle word, and die suddenly before he has time to repent and confess his sin, will he be lost everlastingly? Must there not, in the very nature of Christ's system, be a middle state where such a soul and others like it, can be purged from the stain that until purged must debar them from heaven?

Of all the divine truths which the Church teaches, assuredly none is more acceptable to the pilgrim race of Adam than that of Purgatory. It is, beyond conception, dear and precious as one of the links that connect the living with the vanished dead, and which keeps them fresh in the memory of those who loved them on earth, and whose dearest joy is to be able to help them in that shadowy border-land through which, in pain and sorrow, they must journey before entering the Land of Promise, which is the City of God, seated on the everlasting hills.

The prayers that ease the pangs of Purgatory, the Requiem, the Miserere, the De Profundis—these are the golden stairs upon which the souls of the redeemed ascend into everlasting joy. Even the Protestant laureate of England, the late Alfred Tennyson, has confessed the beautiful justice and truth of this, and into the mouth of the dying Arthur—that worthy knight—he put these words:

Pray for my soul! More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of; wherefore let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me, night and day; For what are men better than sheep or goats That nourish a blind life within the brain? If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer Both for themselves and those who call them friend? For so, the whole round earth is every man's neighbor, Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Oh, ye gentle spirits that have gone before us, and who are now I trust, dwelling in the gardens of Paradise, beside the river of life that flows through the midst thereof,—ye whose name are with us in our moments of prayer,—as ye look upon the lovely and shining faces of the elect, and perchance upon the beauty of our Heavenly Queen, and upon her divine Son in his glory,—O remember us who are still on this side of the Valley of the Shadow, and in the midst of sorrow and sin, and as we have murmured a hopeful Requiescat for you, so plead we now the prayer of intercession from those lips that have been purged in the burning crucible of pain.

## HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

We quote from the report of Mr. A. P. Marble superintendent of the Worcester schools. The matter treated by Mr. Marble is the one recently discussed in the Quincy school committee viz. the best method of selecting teachers for the schools. We consider the Worcester method admirable and one unmeasurably superior to the miserable makeshift now in vogue in Quincy, and so strenuously supported by Dr. Sheahan. We advise our readers to peruse carefully Mr. Marble's words, and then compare that system with the unlawful manner practised by the Quincy school board, which actually places the selection or rejection of candidates with the superintendent of schools, subject only to the nominal approval of the sub-committee which is a mere matter of form. We cannot think that the citizens elect a school board for the sole purpose of handing over their principal personal duties to the superintendent.

Though the method of examinations and appointments was adopted many years ago, and is familiar to all members and ex-members of the School Board, to all teachers, and to many citizens, there is still a larger number of people who are ignorant of the plan pursued and who may easily be led to believe that the appointment of teachers rests with ONE MAN or with a very few men. To correct such FALSE impressions, it seems advisable to present here the outline of that process, though the same has been done before.

Persons desiring to be examined—those who are named by members of this board, and such as have completed the Normal School Course—are notified of the time of the examination twice a year, near the first of January and of June, for assistant teachers in the Grammar and Primary Schools. The written examination includes Reading, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, History, Civil Government, Physiology, Psychology, Principles and Methods of Teaching, Drawing, Music, Spelling and Writing. In each subject except Reading, Writing and Spelling, a set of questions, usually ten, is presented, to which the candidate makes answer in writing. Each candidate has a number to designate his paper, known only to himself, and the results are averaged and placed opposite the number designating the person. So far as this part of the examination is concerned, up to this point it is purely impersonal; that is no one knows whose paper he is marking. While the writing is going on, the candidates are called, one by one, before the committee for reading and an oral examination; and this part of the examination continues half an hour more or less. It tests the candidate's ability to think in an unexpected direction, his self possession, his habit of mind, his aptness to teach, and any other qualities necessary to success. Each member of the committee marks the candidate independently of the other members. Finally, after all the papers have been examined and marked, and results tabulated, the committee meet and open the envelopes containing the cards with the number and the name of the respective candidates. The name is then written opposite the examination number and its mark; and then each member gives his mark for the oral examination, and these are averaged, and the result is combined with the written marks. The final average gives the general standing, or rank, of the respective candidates. The per cent of correct answers required for approval is then fixed, and the number of certificates to be granted is determined. This per cent may vary with the degree of difficulty of the questions, and the time allowed for the writing; it is fixed at each examination. Usually the candidates write about one thousand pages in all the subjects, and the per cent of correct answers is seventy-five or eighty. The time allowed is two days, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., with an hour each day for lunch.

This method has been developed by experience. It is substantially the same as that of the Boston Supervisors; and it antedates theirs. So far as the written examination goes, it is absolutely impartial. The oral part takes account of those qualities which can not be seen in the written work; and here also it is impartial; for if any member were partial towards a candidate, his arduous judgment would be largely offset by that of the other five members of the committee. The committee appointing is independent of the committee examining; hence the civil service principle applies. Under this system it is QUITE IMPROBABLE that any really poor teachers can be approved. And yet there are variations among those who receive certificates. It frequently happens that the lowest in rank of those approved is but little above the highest of those rejected. The certificate of qualification does not create ANY CLAIM for appointment against the committee any more than the Boston supervisors' certificate entitles any one to demand a situation as teacher in that city. The certificate merely makes one ELIGIBLE for appointment. There are not so many schools as certificated candidates, and no one is required

to keep the run of everybody holding these certificates; that is, it has not been so understood. In tracing some of these recently, I found that of one hundred or more holding our certificates, many are teaching in other States and in various places in this State; some have been married, I do not know how many years; and others have died.

In making an appointment to any school, NO ONE CAN BE SELECTED WHO HAS NOT THE CERTIFICATE OF QUALIFICATION; and from those the aim is to get the one best fitted for the place; and here some one must be discriminated. It would not be advisable to fix any inflexible rule—for example, that the person having the highest rank should be appointed to some school first, though this should be the rule with wise variations. There is a difference in teachers and in schools, and the teacher should be adapted to the school. Some schools are hard to discipline and others are easy; some teachers will do better in a primary school and others are better adapted to teach older pupils. It would be no more rational to appoint teachers by an absolutely inflexible rule, than it would be for a shoe-dealer to arrange his sizes in a row on the shelves and insist that the first customer shall take the first pair in the row. The shoes might not fit.

This titling, that is, a judicious discrimination, must be recognized to some extent in appointing teachers. That duty is intrusted by law to THIS BOARD. NO ONE ELSE HAS ANY AUTHORITY IN THE MATTER.

The first selection of each school is usually more familiar with its peculiarities and its needs than any one else is. In making an appointment he acts with the superintendent to represent the board; and these two must agree before they can make the appointment. This appointment is reported to the board at the next meeting, upon objection to an improper one can be made; and the candidate comes regularly before the board for their direct action, three months later, unless sooner removed by the special committee and the superintendent. This may be done, I suppose, in case of failure or for any sufficient cause.

There is another important consideration that should have weight in making the discrimination referred to above. After receiving a certificate a candidate is frequently employed in teaching elsewhere or in substitute teaching in the city. This gives an opportunity for discovering the aptitude of the person.

Knowledge so gained should have weight in the appointment. It is not impossible, also, that some moral obliquity may be discovered in one who has received a certificate, which would disqualify him for appointment. This has rarely happened. In my experience I remember only one case, and that many years ago; a girl who wanted to teach school here was discovered to be untruthful, and everybody will admit that she would not be fit to teach the young. I believe this girl had not received the certificate. The certificate has been withheld for this cause in some cases.

Various plans for a better method of appointment have been proposed; and some of them have reached my ears on the street. Several of them rest on two false assumptions. First, that the schools are kept for the sake of furnishing employment to teachers; and, second, that a member of this board can think only of securing a position for his friends.

Now, the only proper thing to be considered is, how to get the best teachers for the schools. There may be two candidates equally good; one receives an appointment and the other does not, because there is no vacancy. The last has no ground for complaint.

If it were true that as many candidates are available as there are teachers employed, then this board would not be blamable unless it could be shown that some of the candidates in waiting are better teachers than those employed; and, second, it is not true that members of this board seek only to appoint their friends. In fact, there is scarcely a case where the appointee has any relations of friendship with the committee appointing. The candidates generally meet the members as strangers. If any member has a relative among them, that is the very person whose cause he refuses to urge. Many times members have declined to act where their immediate friends are concerned.

Now, the very best evidence of the wisdom of a rule or a custom is its practical results. THE TEACHERS THEMSELVES ARE THE JUSTIFICATION OF THE MANE OF APPOINTMENT. AND NO ONE HAS PRESUMED TO QUESTION THEIR ABILITY OR THEIR SUCCESS IN GENERAL. Not even have individuals been referred to as incompetent. It would not be strange if here and there one may be found not yet up to the highest standard, but I do not know of one now in the schools who is not aiming at something better, and with a fair degree of success. If any are not good, or not improving, they should be replaced by better ones as soon as they are found out.

FOR MYSELF, I AM PROUD OF OUR CORPS OF TEACHERS and our schools. I am not ignorant of schools and teachers in other places; no doubt the schools can be improved in various ways; we are all here to do that very thing, and that is what we are working for. But I am willing to stand or fall with the schools of this city, whatever little defect they may have. THERE ARE NO BETTER IN THE COUNTRY, and this is the testimony of an expert who recently visited the Schools of a dozen States, more or less.

A. P. MARBLE, Supt. of Worcester Schools.

Miss Clara E. Thompson of Quincy, has been engaged to teach in our High School. She will teach the English branches to the fourth class pupils at the Adams school at the High school building is crowded. Miss Thompson has been teaching in the Marblehead High School.

## THE IRISH, AMERICANS, ENGLISH, SCOTCH, SWEDES, GERMANS, ITALIANS,

And all other Residents of Quincy are invited to visit the new Jewelry Store at the Corner of Cross and Copeland Streets, ONE of the finest in the State.

## Williams, The People's Jeweler.

## Fall and Winter UNDERWEAR,

Scarlet & White,

A Child's Jersey Undervest, fleece lined 37 1-2 c.

Gent's Under Flannels. Wool and Fleece Lined Hose 25 c.

A nice line of Comforters. Starlight Scotch and Ball Yarn, small wares, etc.

## THE MISSES FLYNN 12 Hancock St., Quincy.

## PRAY FOR THE DEAD.

Before the next issue of the Monitor the church will have celebrated one of the festivals most dear to the Catholic viz. the "Commemoration of the faithful departed" commonly called "All Souls Day," Nov. 2d.

Foremost among the eternal truths of the great untold world beyond the grave, stands out more clearly in all its awful reality, the dread but consoling doctrine of Purgatory. When we have seen our best beloved relatives, many of our dearest and most devoted friends, those who started with us in the "freshness of the morning" on the road of life, which then lay so deceptively fair and bright before them and us, they who shared our early hopes and aspirations, and whose words and smiles were the best encouragement of our feeble efforts, sink one by one into the darkness of the grave, leaving the earth more bleak and dreary every year for those who remain, then do we naturally follow them in spirit to those gloomy regions, where one or all may undergo that blessed purification which renders man fit to enter in to the eternal repose of heaven before the great white throne of the Lamb of God.

## ATTENTION! DEMOCRATS!

The democrats of Quincy made a superb choice in the nomination of Timothy F. Ford for Representative. Mr. Ford is one of our most widely known citizens and wherever known is most highly respected. He is a member of many societies, and during the late labor trouble, he held a very important financial position, where his gentlemanly deportment made a host of friends. The stone workers of Quincy will vote for him in respect of party lines and all other democrats will be united in his support. We confidently expect Mr. Ford's election.

## SENATORIAL CONTEST.

It is a pleasure that James F. Burke and John F. Merrill are nominated by their respective parties. The gentlemen are above reproach and each has a host of personal friends. Each is chairman of his party's city committee and each has great personal regard for the other although differing in politics. The contest will be friendly, and free from disgusting personalities and mud slinging. Either is fully capable. Mr. Burke having an unbroken record of political victories and has received great praise for his ability in the House of Representatives. Speaker Barrett personally congratulated him and assisted him in his battle against corporations. Mr. Merrill is a popular business man and will doubtless receive the full vote of his party. It will be a good natured contest but a hot one and neither candidate should think the other a weak opponent. We believe each party has nominated its strongest man.

## LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. Timothy White of Larry Place has been very sick.

The church of the Sacred Heart, Atlantic, is to have a new organ.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien of Atlantic, formerly conductor on the electric cars, is sick with slow fever.

Mrs. Michael Millham of Grove street who has been sick with typhoid fever, is convalescing.

The clerks of Quincy will appear in the parade of the New England clerks at Waltham on Columbus Day.

Since our last issue, Mrs. Duggan, mother of Mr. Cornelius Duggan and an old resident of Atlantic, has died.

Tax collector Adams will be at his office in City Hall on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, till Nov. 3, from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Columbus Day falls on Friday, but our Holy Father has granted a dispensation to all Catholics to eat meat on that day.

The Washington school has been presented by Mr. Wilton, with a new flag. It will be thrown to the breeze on Columbus Day.

The marriage is announced of Miss Catherine G. Early of Quincy and Mr. Martin of Boston. It will take place the latter part of the month.

The City Council voted on Monday evening to allow the water commissioners to extend their mains. John Cavanagh has the contract for the trench work.

Mrs. J. L. McCann of Quincy, formerly employed at J. C. S. Parache's Boston, and Miss Sarah G. Foley of Harrison St., have opened dressmaking parlors in room 21, Adams Building.

Quincy now has Sunday mails. One arrives in the morning at 9 o'clock and the afternoon mail closes at 5:30. The office at Station A, West Quincy will be open Sunday afternoon from 3 to 4.

The Sunday schools of the parish reported on the first Sunday of October. Fr. Roche has charge of St. Mary's as usual. Fr. Cunningham of Quincy and Fr. Butler of Atlantic and St. Brantree.

According to the new voting list, Ward 4 has the most voters, 652, and Ward 6 the least, 295. Throughout the city there has been a decrease in the voters since the list was taken for the last city election.

## AT FIFTY-ONE.

Jealous is over with me forever— Life is too short to fifty-one— No longer I worship the witty and clever— Things that amuse me I loathe and shun. I have come to the summit and now began To sink to the vale on the other side— I tremble to go in, and a deathlike gloom on the sun, Whose waning the vapors of Orcus hide.

And my fellow travelers, left and right, Fall away from the track, as we downward slide. To their several homes; they are not in sight, But I hear the bells as they bid goodby! How lonely I feel as I get more nigh And to my destined inn—a dismal place Shunt from all glimpse of the goodly sky And the sunshine of every friendly face!

Yet what is to dread? There's a Master there Full of pity, to welcome the weary guest, Who will bind the footsore and have good care Of every poor soul who seeks his rest. I tremble to go in, unconfessed, I bear him no letters from priest or pope, But I carry a passport within my breast Of his own sure word, and a deathlike hope. —Thomas W. Parsons in Boston Journal.

## Proper Names.

Whether it is well to keep a single name in a family for generation after generation may be doubted from several points of view. But certainly this multiplication of Georges and Williams is confusing and of small utility. Young George and old George invariably result from the fond parent's desire to perpetuate his own name, and no special good comes about in a majority of cases. Let us have a more reasonable selection that is now customary. We need a Matthew Arnold to inveigh against our "uninteresting" personal names as well as those of our towns and cities. The mental mediocrity and laziness that has scattered Jenkinses and Joneses, Homers and Virgils indiscriminately over the map of the United States is simply on a par with that which seems to take the name that comes handiest for the individual of every succeeding generation. Away with Angelina and Gladys on the one hand and with Miladias and Gershons on the other, and let us have instead the good old English names of Arthur and Harold perhaps, and the Biblical names Esther and Ruth. —Providence Journal.

## Bishop Brooks' Sermons.

Bishop Phillips Brooks devotes hardly more time to the composition of his sermons than did the late Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beecher used sometimes to delay that essential proceeding till Sunday morning after breakfast, and on occasions, when in the pulpit he would discard the material thus prepared for a new idea that had struck him after the services had begun. Bishop Brooks devotes an hour or two during the week to thinking about the text he has selected for use on the approaching Sunday, and hunts up a few references, but he makes no notes and does not even touch his pen to paper for that purpose. But when he is in the pulpit his discourse flows from his lips without hesitation and with a rapidity that strains the attention of the congregation to the utmost. His tendency then is to preach beyond the limit of time set for his sermons. —Harper's Weekly.

DO YOU EVER HAVE A

# Headache,

If so, use Bromide Caffein only 25 and 50 cents, for sale only at

## WILLARD'S DRUG STORE,

27 SCHOOL STREET, SOUTH QUINCY.

SAVILLE and JONES

## SAVE YOUR MONEY

By going to SAVILLE & JONES for Fall Hats, Fall and Winter Underwear. Boots & Shoes of every description. LARGEST STOCK. LOWEST PRICES.

SAVILLE and JONES.

## At C. S. Hubbard's

You will find the Largest Assortment of

## FALL AND WINTER UNDERWEAR,

HOSIERY, DUESS GOODS, WHITE & COLORED FLANNELS, BLEACHED & UNBLEACHED COTTON FLANNELS, WOOL SKIRTS, BLANKETS & COMFORTERS, AND EVERYTHING FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR AT BOTTOM PRICES.

### C. S. HUBBARD,

158 Hancock Street, Opposite Post Office.

## Closing Out Sale

—OF—

## Second Hand Furniture

TO MAKE ROOM FOR NEW STOCK, AT

## ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

### For Cash.

—AT—

## FRANK F. CRANE,

4 Chestnut Street.

## COLORED DOMET FLANNEL

Only 6 1-4 cts. per yard.

36 inch Unb. Cotton 6c. by pc  
40 " " " 7c. "

## Saxony Yarn

Only 8c per Skn.

## Ladies & Children Hosiery and Underwear.

## CLAPP BROS.,

Largest Dry Goods Store in Quincy.

Sensitive About It.

"I am told that your husband has lost his hearing," said one lady to another.

"Yes," was the muffled reply. "But don't whisper so loud. He doesn't like the subject referred to." —Exchange.

The highest type of character is that which is made up of feelings so luminous that the man takes a more elevated path than he could ever do if he were bound down to rules and precedents. —Henry Ward Beecher.

## MRS. J. J. PHELAN'S

17 Copeland Street.

A FINE LINE OF

## PRINTS, GINGHAMS AND WOOLENS

On Hand.

## CHILDREN'S CAPS & MITTENS

## MEN'S UNDERWEAR,

Lowest Prices in the City.

Give us a Call.

IN ABSENCE.

Through gay or gloomy hours  
Though we are far apart,  
The music of thy voice, love,  
Is ever in my heart.

By mountain-side or seashore  
In shadow or in shine,  
Thine eyes of tender blue,  
Look ever into mine.

While time and tide wait none,  
Flow to their distant goal,  
Thy purity and truth, love,  
Are mirrored in my soul.

At autumn-tide or spring  
Though we are far apart,  
The poem of thy life,  
Is written in my heart.

—William H. Hayne

## THE CLAIM.

"What's that over there?" asked Joe Scagg, pointing to an object that had made its appearance on the prairie a mile south. Bill Barnum looked in the direction indicated.

"A house, or I'm a living claim!" exclaimed Bill with emphasis on Dick Barber's claim, too, continued, with a gesture of exclamation.

"Do ye suppose he's going to Dick's claim?" asked Joe.

"I dunno," answered Joe, "guess he's not stopping on his health. If he is, I'll hell soon go 'way on the rant, won't he, Joe?"

"You bet!" sanctioned the way ter find out an see, and while ye per I'll ride over an stranger."

With this he walked of the half board shanty, where the standing, and approached a barbed wire corral near a mounted a powerful cayuse, loped away across the wind swept prairie that him from the distant shanty prairie to the south.

A few moments' ride brought the front of a little dugout that nestled in the side of the edge of a small ravine around the slight elevation prairie stood a covered "prairie schooner," as they fairly termed in the west.

A pair of sorrel mules, the rear end of the wagon engaged in heaving the of corn and dry grass wagon box. A man in shanty with a frying pan and held it over a fire dwelling.

"Hello, thart!" exclaimed the stranger, "What in the doin' hyar?"

The stranger turned the visitor a moment, and quietly, "Fryin' meat."

Joe's anger rose. "Oh, yer! Waal, as ye seem smart, mebbe ye can tell claim ye ar squatin on."

"I don't know I kin; hit's me!"

"That's the way hit look!"

"Look hyar, stranger!" Scagg, clinching his fist, "my partner over thar," he thumb over his shoulder rection of his own shanty, in this yere claim fer Dick who's comin out hyar from Injany, an we tell termore to git it."

"Taint long enuf the stranger, dell me over a liberal slice that smoked in the."

"How long do ye tell termore to git it?"

"How long does a man live on a claim before he deed fer hit?" was the reply.

"Five years," replied Joe.

"Waal, then," continued Joe, "make hit five years, bargain."

"You impudent skunk!" Joe, now thoroughly aroused, stranger's cool manner, "I'd walkin' the ground with carcass."

"Yas, ye might undertake cent, but ye'd never get money at hit," was the set the frying pan, "fronted Joe Scagg."

Joe now moved his pistol, but hesitated.

"Look hyar," said Joe, "You order me ter Is hit yurn?"

"No, not exactly. holdin hit fer a fine partner air. We've got th north of this, an we're holdin Dick Barber, an we're goin hit."

"All right," he answered, "guess hit won't need me. Hit'll be hyar when yer fr—so will I. If hit's yer claim, off, but yer can't hold hit, body else. I know the law. Yas, ye may know the ye don't know our law. A special law fer sich fellers we're goin ter go by that, I forgot hit."

"Waal, when ye for go—not before."

Angry words rose, he hesitated. The manner of the claim him.

He was about to tramp of a horse's grass behind him a role up, a Winchester across his saddle.

"Thought mebbe ye trouble," he explained, "an come over an see ye out."

"Bill," said Joe, gaining at the arrival of re-enforce, "he says he haint a goin ter 'Won't he?' Bill answered ing his Winchester down stranger. "Now, ye load traps an git."

"All right," he answered, "You've got ther advantage I'll go, but I'll git even with ye."



## IN ABSENCE.

Through gay or gloomy hours,  
Though we are far apart,  
The music of thy voice, love,  
Is ever in my heart.

By mountain side or seashore,  
In shadow or in shine,  
Thine eyes of tender blue, love,  
Look ever into mine.

While time and tide are waiting,  
Flow ye distant oaks,  
Thy purity and truth, love,  
Are mirrored in my soul.

At midnight or spring tide,  
Though we are far apart,  
The poem of thy life, love,  
Is written in my heart.

—William H. Hayne in Harper's Bazar.

## THE CLAIM JUMPER.

"What's that over thar, Bill?" asked Joe Scaggs, pointing toward an object that had made its appearance on the prairie a mile to the south. Bill Barnum looked in the direction indicated.

"A house, or I'm a livin' liar!" exclaimed Bill with emphasis. "An on Dick Barber's claim, too!" he continued, with a gesture of excitement.

"Do ye suppose he's goin' ter jump Dick's claim?" asked Joe.

"I dunno," answered Bill. "I guess he's not stoppin out thar fer his health. If he is, I'm thinkin he'll soon go 'way on the same errand, won't he, Joe?"

"You bet!" sanctioned Joe. "But the way ter find out is ter go over an see, and while ye air cookin supper I'll ride over an interview the stranger."

With this he walked from the door of the half board, half dugout shanty, where the two had been standing, and approached a small barbed wire corral near by, where he mounted a powerful cayuse and galloped away across the stretch of wind swept prairie that separated him from the distant shanty on the prairie to the south.

A few moments' ride brought him to the front of a little dugout shanty that nestled in the side of a hill at the edge of a small ravine. Just around the slight elevation in the prairie stood a covered wagon, or "prairie schooner," as they are familiarly termed in the west.

A pair of sorrel mules, tied to the rear end of the wagon, were busily engaged in eating their evening meal of corn and dry grass out of the wagon box. A man came out of the shanty with a frying pan in his hand and held it over a fire in front of the dwelling.

"Hello, thar!" exclaimed Joe angrily. "What in the blazes air ye doin' hyar?"

The stranger turned and looked at the visitor a moment, and then said quietly, "Fryin' meat."

Joe's anger rose. "Oh, ye air, air ye? Waal, as ye seem ter be so smart, mebbe ye can tell me whose claim ye air squatin on?"

"I reckon I ken; hit's mine."

"Hit is?"

"That's the way hit looks ter me."

"Look hyar, stranger!" said Joe Scaggs, clinching his fist, "me an my pardner over thar, jerkin' his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of his own shanty, 'air hold in this yere claim fer Dick Barber, who's comin out hyar in the spring from Injany, an we'll jist give ye tell tomorrow to git out o' this!"

"Tain't long enough time," said the stranger, deliberately turning over a liberal slice of "muddling" that smoked in the frying pan.

"How long do ye want?" questioned Joe, his wrath somewhat mollified by the stranger's evident intention of leaving.

"How long does a man have ter live on a claim before he ken git a deed fer hit?" was the reply of the stranger.

"Five years," replied Joe.

"Waal, then," continued the stranger, "make hit five years, and hit's a bargain."

"You impudent skunk!" roared Joe, now thoroughly aroused by the stranger's cool manner, "fer a cent I'd wallup the ground with yer onery carcass."

"Yes, ye might undertake hit fer a cent, but ye'd never lay up any money at hit," was the answer as he set the frying pan down and confronted Joe Scaggs.

Joe now moved his hand toward his pistol, but hesitated.

"Look hyar," said the stranger. "You order me ter leave this claim. Is hit yorn?"

"No, not exactly mine, but we're holdin' hit fer a friend, an my pardner air. We've got the two lyn north o' this, an we're holdin' this fer Dick Barber, an we're goin' ter hold hit."

"All right," he answered. "I guess hit won't need much holdin. Hit'll be hyar when yer friend comes—so will I. If hit's yer claim, I'll get off, but yer can't hold hit fer some body else. I know the law."

"Yes, ye may know the law, but ye don't know our law. We've made a special law fer sich fellers as ye, an we're goin' ter go by that, an don't ye forget hit."

"Waal, when ye force me ter go, I'll go—not before."

Angry words rose to Joe's lips, but he hesitated. The cool, indifferent manner of the claim jumper puzzled him.

He was about to speak when the tramp of a horse's feet sounded in the grass behind him and Bill Barnum rode up, a Winchester rifle swung across his saddle.

"Thought mebbe ye'd have trouble," he explained, "and that I'd come over an see ye out."

"Bill," said Joe, gaining courage at the arrival of re-enforcements, "he says he ain't agoin' ter leave."

"Won't he?" Bill answered, bringing his Winchester down on the stranger. "Now, ye load up yer traps an git."

"All right," he answered doggedly. "Ye've got the advantage o' me. I'll go, but I'll git even with ye some day."

Joe made no reply. Stooping down

time, see if I don't," and he began tumbling his effects together.

Bill and Joe watched him while he piled his traps into the wagon.

"Stranger," said Bill, "we don't want ter be hard on yer, an we don't mind payin' yer fer yer little shanty, seen as ye can't take hit along."

"No, hit ain't worth nothin," was the answer. "I don't mind givin a good neighbor a little thing like that."

"Waal, Bill," said Joe, "hit's gittin late, an we'd better be gittin back ter the shanty an lookin after our supper."

"Supper?" exclaimed Bill. "Thar ain't nothin fer supper, nor breakfast either, unless that onery cuss gits back from Attiey tonight."

"Don't say that," answered Joe. "Hit makes me hungrier 'an a bar ter hear ye speak like that. Hain't we got nothin ter eat?"

"No, nothin but a few pieces o' hard bread an a bit o' two o' meat. That onery cuss, John Biggs, that we sent after grub to Attiey 'll git drunker 'an a biled owl an not come back till we go after him, like as not."

With this they turned their horses around and rode away in the direction of home, leaving the stranger standing in silence looking after them.

The Dover—for such was the stranger's name—turned and entered his shanty.

"Waal, hit means pull out, I reckon," he muttered, "but I'll jist stay hyar till mornin anyhow."

The sun had gone down behind a bank of tawny, purple clouds, and an ashy pallor overspread the sky.

"Goin' ter have bad weather," observed Joe Scaggs as they rode through the fast gathering darkness.

Late that night Bill punched Joe in the ribs with his elbow, and said: "Joe, hit's gittin colder 'an all git out. We've got ter git up an find some more covers. Gee whiz! listen ter that wind!"

Bill got up and struck a light and put on his clothes.

The weather had suddenly grown intensely cold, and the wind was roaring across the prairie and sweeping through the dead grass with a sharp, hissing sound.

Bill opened the door and looked out. A great gust of wind swept into the room, whirling a cloud of snowflakes with it and extinguishing the light.

"A blizzard!" exclaimed Bill, slamming the door and relighting the lamp.

Joe had also got up and was putting on his clothes.

"We must see ter the horses," he said, drawing on his heavy boots. "They'll freeze ter death in that shed if they ain't blanketed."

He opened the door and went out, and in a few moments returned.

"The horses air gone!" he exclaimed; "broke loose an been driven away by the blizzard."

"One ov us must go after 'em," exclaimed Bill. "Hit won't do to lose 'em. They'll die in this storm if they don't find shelter."

"Yes, an ye'd die a dozen times 'ore ye'd find 'em in this storm."

"Poor animals!" exclaimed Bill, "but hit can't be helped."

Bill handled a fire in the little sheet iron stove in the corner.

The air was growing colder and colder every moment, and the circle of heat around the stove grew smaller and smaller with each surge of the wind as it shook the loose boards on the roof and sent the sleet and snow hissing through the crevices.

The two men drew their chairs near the stove, after replenishing the flame from a pile of coal in the corner of the room.

Morning came at last, gray and desolate, with blinding clouds of snow and sleet sweeping across the prairie. The storm showed no signs of abating, but was increasing in its fury.

"Joe," said Bill, breaking the silence, "nobody can't come from Attiey today, an the perversion-ther's nothin in the house ter eat."

Joe got up and looked out at the small window.

"He's as ye say, Bill; thar can't nobody come from Attiey today!" and then, buskily, "Hit may be a week 'ore they can."

The two men looked at each other, and each read the other's thoughts.

"Thar can't nobody git nowher now, an mebbe not fer a week. Bill, we air in a bad fix."

Bill made no reply, but filled a large black pipe, lit it, sat down by the fire and began puffing away in silence.

Joe brought more fuel from the corner and filled up the stove.

The day passed and night came down, and still the storm raged and the snow fell in blinding clouds.

It was at the close of the fifth day, and neither Bill nor Joe had tasted food for four days, and as they looked out across the desolate, snow covered plain their hearts sank within them.

"Bill," said Joe, buskily, "we can't hold out much longer. Hit'll be more 'an a week 'ore any one could git hyar or we could git away."

"Yes, an that will be too late," answered Bill, an ashy pallor overspreading his thin face.

The next morning Joe arose, kindled the fire in the little stove and sat down in silence.

Bill did not get up, but remained in bed, a pained look settling over his features. It was getting late in the afternoon when he called Joe to the bedside.

"Joe," he said, feebly, "I hain't got much longer ter stay with ye. This yere cold is freezin my thin blood, an I'm gittin weaker an weaker."

"Come, come, Bill!" said Joe, a great lump rising in his throat. "Cheer up; mebbe somethin'll turn up, mebbe!"

"Tain't no use, Joe. We've all got ter go some time. Tain't no use hopin when thar hain't nothin to expect."

Joe made no reply. Stooping down

presently he drew a little box from under the bed and took out a small piece of dry, hard bread and laid it by the side of Bill.

"I saved hit fer ye, Bill," he said, turning away.

"No, no!" said Bill; "hit's better fer one ov us ter go 'an both ov us. Mebbe, as ye say, somethin'll turn up, an."

A muffled sound like footsteps in the snow came from the outside, and something like the sound of a human voice mingled with the hissing wind.

Joe listened, but the sound was not repeated. He opened the door and looked out.

A few feet from the threshold, half buried in the drifting snow, was the prestrate figure of a man, a large bundle of something at his side.

A moment, and Joe was stooping over the prostrate figure. He shook him, but he did not speak.

Then by a series of heroic efforts he dragged the unconscious man into the dugout. As he did so a bundle that was strapped about the shoulders of the unfortunate became detached and rolled over on the floor, displaying a small bag of flour and a chunk of bacon.

"Hit's John Biggs come back!" exclaimed Joe, "an he's brought over provisions ter carry us through, thank God! but, pore feller, he's almost dead fer!"

He hurriedly stirred up the fire in the little stove, and then, turning to the unconscious man, he brushed the snow from his wan face.

"Bill," he said, starting with surprise, "hit ain't John Biggs—hit's the claim jumper. He's saved our lives, Bill, an after we was goin' ter run him away."

"My God!" exclaimed Bill, struggling feebly out of the bed, new strength coming to his feeble frame.

"We must save him, Joe, if he hain't already dead. We mustn't let him die."

The two men, shivering with cold and weak from hunger, worked as they never worked before. By their combined efforts they lifted the poor frozen squatter from the floor and laid him tenderly in their only bed.

He opened his eyes and muttered something in an incoherent manner. The two men bent over him and listened.

"Hit ain't much funder," he muttered. "Waal, I heard 'em say they didn't have nothin to eat over thar—an, like Dover, hit's yer dooty ter help 'em. No—no—they war goin' ter run me off—hit can't be much funder—Oh, if I could only sleep a little—hit ain't cold now."

Joe took hold of his hands and held them in his own. They were frozen as hard as icicles. He looked at Bill and uttered a groan.

"He can't live, Bill," he said, chokingly.

Bill bent over the bed, his face close to that of the dying man.

"Pardner," he said, his voice husky with emotion, "ye've thar's word—ye've lived yer life fer us that didn't deserve nothin but yer hate. Ye've froze them pore hands fer us onery wolves that would 'a' drive ye 'way from yer claim. Oh, if ye could only live ter tell me how mean an onery I've been ter ye—Here Bill broke down and wept like a child."

Presently the dying man muttered, "Hit's all right—I see hit now—thar is the cabin, right ahead!" And with these words his spirit fled.

For a long time the only sound that broke the stillness of that desolate prairie home was the sobbing of the two men and the hissing of the winter wind—Will Lisenbee in Frank Leslie's.

In Memory of an Alderman.

Aldermen have evidently not fallen from their high estate in England, as in some parts, at least, of the United States. In one of the rural towns, while strolling about the streets, I chanced upon a stone shaft in the base of which was a drinking fountain. Inscribed on one side were these words, "Erected by public subscription to record the services of Alderman \_\_\_\_\_, to whose untiring exertions this town is chiefly indebted for its supply of pure water."

—London Cor. New York Tribune.

A Bamboozle.

First Dude—How much did you pay for this cane?

Second Dude—Three dollars. It's genuine bamboo.

First Dude—The man who sold it to you bamboozled you very nicely. It's only imitation.—Texas Siftings.

MARVELOUS FAHYAHS.

They Lay in the A's Hundreds of Feet Above the Ground.

The Fahyahs are the greatest leg-endarism, necromancers and hypnotists in the known world.

One of their practical feats is walking in the air. The Fahyah who performs it lays flat down with his face toward the earth for a minute or a minute and a half, then arises, and forcing his arms against his sides stands very erect, deliberately walks into the air as far as his power of endurance will permit him, at times reaching an altitude of from 250 to 400 feet, when he simply walks down again.

At first I could hardly believe my eyes, and I thought I had indeed seen a miracle performed. It took me over a year to understand this feat, at the end of which time I discovered that it was accomplished by a thorough knowledge of the electrical powers.

They thoroughly understand the laws of changing their electrified form from the positive to the negative by inhalation, and by that means, just the same as this universe is held in place by a congeniality of those two forces, so they utilize them in the performance of this feat.

To try to make it even clearer I will go into the philosophy of the trick, starting from the first principles of electrical law, congeniality. Two persons are introduced to each other. Instinctively each party to the introduction knows whether there

is a feeling of perfect congeniality or not. If there is a congeniality that proves that it is the positive and the other is the negative; if that feeling of congeniality is wanting, then they both possess similarly electrified forms and naturally are repellant.

Of course after associations may sometimes make two such similarly electrified forms friends, but 'tis very rarely the case. The same law precisely that governs the feelings of these men who have been introduced to each other is that which controls and keeps the universe in place.

The world is supposed to be 25,000 miles in circumference, 10,000 miles more or less in diameter; it revolves only once around the sun every twenty-four hours.

This is a pretty rapid rate of speed, it must be admitted, and naturally some force of electricity must be evolved; call it positive. Then if the world is positive space must be negative; otherwise it would be repellant to the other and we could not hold our place in the terrestrial firmament.

Now if the world does hold its place by that law of electrical congeniality, why is it not possible for the man who possesses the knowledge of changing his electrified form from the negative—which we who inhabit the earth all are—to the positive by a process of inhalation, which he does when he lies upon the ground, and then walk into the same space, by the same laws that hold that tremendous globe and all the other planets and stars in their place?

This is the way, and the only way, by which the Fahyahs perform this most wonderful feat.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dumas and His Pedigree.

The stumbling block in pedigree building is the occasional cropping up of a disreputable ancestor whom you have a special reason for not remembering. Sydney Smith used to say "that several members of his family disappeared about the time of the assizes," and most people remember the story of Alexandre Dumas, the elder, who had a considerable dash of the tar brush in his veins, and who was pestered about his pedigree by some antiquarian Snell-fungus.

"Your father, M. Dumas, said the bore, "was, I take it, a mulatto."

"Yes, sir," "Thus your grandfather must have been a negro?" Precisely so.

"And your great grandfather, cher M. Dumas?" "A monkey, sir," thundered the exasperated Alexandre.

"My pedigree ends where yours begins."—G. A. Sala in London Times.

Loss of Caste.

In the year 1766 the late Lord Clive and Mr. Verelst employed the whole influence of the government to restore a Hindoo to his caste who had forfeited it, not by any neglect of his own, but by having been compelled by a most unpardonable act of violence to swallow a drop of cow broth.

The Brahmins, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, were very anxious to comply with the wishes of the government. The principal men among them met at Kishanagar and once at Calcutta, but after consultations and an examination of their most ancient records they declared to Lord Clive that there was no precedent to justify the act. They found it impossible to restore the unfortunate man to his caste, and he died soon after of a broken heart.—Sydney Smith's Essay on Indian Missions.

The Most Unlucky Day.

A statistician of the German government has come to the rescue of those persons who do not share the widespread superstition that Friday is the most unlucky day of the week.

A short time ago he determined to make a scientific investigation of this question. The most fatal or unfortunate week day, according to the investigator, is not Friday, but Monday.—Exchange.

The Voice of a Dog.

My dog not only shows a perfect comprehension of at least a score of different things I say to him, but I verily believe can communicate to me any idea his mind can grasp.

When he is tied up I can instantly understand whether he is calling for water or merely whining to get loose. When he comes up stairs to tell me that there is a strange man in the kitchen he by no means uses the same phraseology as when he announces his conviction that the time has come to take a walk.

He expresses doubt or hesitancy by one growl, a threat by another, disgust, e. g., at my differing with him on the walk question, by yet another.

There is no difficulty whatever in distinguishing between his bark of anger and his bark of joy. His apologetic whine when scolded is used to apologize and "beg off" from punishment and for that purpose only. Its tone is exactly that of a child under similar circumstances.—Cor. New York Times.

Pastil to Prevent Fatigue.

Much has been heard of late of drugs, leaves of plants, etc., with the property of conferring upon mankind the power to withstand fatigue. A pastil which is said to take the place of food and drink was lately tested on a company of Roumanian soldiers who completed a march of seventy-five miles in twenty-seven hours, and whose sole food during that time was in the form of these pastils. First, each man had a pastil every four hours, and later on, three every hour; at the same time the pastils dissolved in a small quantity of water were supplied to the horses which accompanied the march. Both men and officers declared that they felt no fatigue whatever, and spoke highly of the sustaining powers of the new preparation. The pastils are said to contain a large quantity of caffeine.—Exchange.

## AMAZONIAN FLOODS.

## FEATURES OF THE ANNUAL DELUGE OF THE GREAT RIVER.

Then the "Wild Hog River" becomes a Paradise of the Swamp-Loving Brutes. Floating Islands Filled with Refugees of the Brute Creation.

The eastern frontiers of Louisiana and eastern Arkansas are but spring freshets compared with the monster floods that visit the Amazon valley every year with a regularity equaled only by astronomical events and tax collections.

The rainfall of northern Brazil is about three times that of the wettest foot of Oregon, and in midsummer the thunder showers that drench the woods every afternoon resemble a daily cloudburst. On the Northern Pacific no other word would be applied to an atmospheric waterfall, darkening the air like a London winter fog for hours together, and swamping a house, if the roof should leak, through an aperture of a few square inches.

Rains of that sort are apt to occur day after day for a series of weeks, and their effect on the lowlands can be only imperfectly indicated by the fact that the Amazon river drains an area of more than 2,000,000 square miles. The Mississippi, too, drains half the eastern slope of a country larger than Brazil, but its largest affluents are dwarfed by the third class tributaries of the South American father of waters.

Not such flowing lakes only as the Rio Negro and the Madeira, but the Purus, the Yavari, the Quana, the Ilingo, the Papajao and dozens of other streams rarely mentioned on this side of the isthmus, enter the main river through a delta miles in width and deep enough for the largest river steamers of the St. Lawrence.

South of the rise of these streams begin to rise those from the northwest first, those from the north and north a few weeks later, and a fortnight after the arrival of the second supplement the valley of the Marañon, the "wild hog river," as the early colonists called the Amazon, becomes a paradise of swamp loving brutes.

The tapir, the peccari and the fish eater celebrate the picnic season of their summer life, and herds of wild deer begin their westward exodus. Near Monte Beira, in the province (now state) of Mato Grosso, the woods in midsummer get full of game as a hundred years ago the foothills of the Southern Alleghenies swarmed with wild pigeons when the forests of the north were buried in snow.

A more than usually sudden rise of the flood cuts off many of these fugitives, who are then reduced to the alternative of making for the highest accessible ground, further east, till every knoll becomes a hill of refuge, crowded with timid brutes whose survival depends on their escape from the giant cats and bears who may approach their stronghold by swimming, if the water should have submerged too large a portion of the continuous forest.

About two months after the beginning of the rainy season the deluge of the lowlands reaches its maximum. Thousands of square miles are submerged so effectively that canoes can be paddled through forests apparently free from underbrush, since only the taller trees, with their network of climbing vines, rise like islands above the surging waters. The swollen rivers have found new currents; the broad gutting streams twist and eddy through the leafy wilderness, tearing off whole groups of trees, with all their roots, but making amends by depositing hillocks of driftwood, which soon get covered with tufts of new vegetation.

The pressure of the surging flood against these mounds of alluvium soon becomes enormous, but the deep rooted trees may resist till new deposits of driftwood consolidate a number of mounds, thus forming good sized islands, with a down stream base of perhaps half a mile, but a narrow head deflecting the current left and right, like the wedge shaped front of a stout bridge pier.

At the time of their incipience these new islands may be tenanted only by river lizards, but necessity is the mother of successful exploration, as well as of invention, and a week after its birth the driftwood hill swarms with animal refugees, hogs, deer and capybaris jostling each other in their struggle for a base of operations, thus getting noisy enough to attract the prowling carnivora.

The climbing talent of the great cats saves them the trouble of emigration. The jaguar and the ocelot become entirely arboreal, traveling like monkeys from branch to branch, and making themselves at home in the tree tops—so much indeed that some of them go to housekeeping and raise a litter of cubs in the cavity of a hollow tree.

Their lair is replenished by all sorts of pheasants and wood hens, who make their headquarters in the underbrush, but who are now obliged to take up lodgings on the lower branches of the submerged trees. By climbing around the stem and rising suddenly in view an ocelot can scare a roost of gallinaceous fowl out of their nests and strike down two or three of the clumsy youngsters before the whole flock contrives to take wing.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Scouring a Widow.

Young Walter de Unfraville, son of Gilbert, had lost a widow, Emma, presumably in the very blush of her charms. Peter de Vaux had fallen at her feet, but he declined to obtain her in border fashion, and this fact is the earnest pledge of the chivalry of his love. If he would not steal her he was bound to buy her, and coin with the de Vaux was always a scarcity. So he offered the king five palfreys for her, "if she wished it," and with what would read as a graceful acknowledgment of the borderer's pure chivalry, John absolutely drops the commercial from his reply and simply orders Robert Fitz Roger, the sheriff, "to permit it to be done."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Whittier's Red Necktie.

The poet Whittier, strange as such a defect appears in one who made such effective use of color in his poetry, was color blind. He was able to describe with as much accuracy as beauty the tints of the evening sky at sunset, the hues of cloud and forest upon the side of a mountain, or the changing purple, blue and violet of the twilight sea.

His peculiarity of vision betrayed him into an error, although an error not discoverable by his readers.

The Quaker poet shared in all respects the quiet tastes of the sect into which he was born, and shared them no less by temperament than by breeding, being naturally one of the simplest, sedatest, most retiring and least showy of men.

His friends were therefore naturally astonished when he



## BREVITIES

## CHATS ABOUT MEN.

Murat Halstead, the veteran editor, is sixty-three years of age.

Benjamin Franklin was the earliest American china collector.

Senator David B. Hill has bought the J. K. Emmet mansion in Albany for \$100,000, and will reside there hereafter.

Senator Gorman successfully cultivates a fine 600-acre farm in Maryland, and does it so that it is a paying investment.

The Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, the Catholic priest, resembles his late father, General W. T. Sherman, very strongly in appearance.

James Mayfield and wife, of Cincinnati, have had twenty-one children, all but one of whom are living. Nineteen of them reside at home. There are three pairs of twins in the lot.

Senator John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, is tall and spare, with thin white hair, and is partial to a tall white hat and light colored clothes, always with a frock coat, which he keeps tightly buttoned.

Mr. Skene, the queen's historiographer for Scotland, who has just died at the age of eighty-four, enjoyed a wide reputation as a scholar, historian and archaeologist, and was the author of many valuable works.

Louis Aschenfelder, of Cheyenne, has asked to have his pension of eight dollars a month stopped, because he no longer feels any pain from the injuries he received during the war, and for which the pension is granted.

Captain Albert Barnes, of the agricultural bureau in Washington, lives in Maryland, and in his daily trips from his home to the railway station has discovered several rare orchids and presented them to his department.

Archduke Albrecht of Austria is looked upon as one of the best generals of the Austro-Hungarian army. His military talent became apparent in 1866, when he commanded the Austrian army in Italy and defeated the Italians at Custoza.

Henry Packard, of Rockland, a veteran of the war of 1812, in which he served as a drummer boy, has just received from the General Society of the War of 1812 a bronze medal. Mr. Packard is lame from a wound he received in a skirmish.

## RECENT INVENTION.

A mechanical counting machine for typewriters.

A hot water vessel for sterilizing dental instruments.

A tilting device for barrels when their contents run low.

A portable dental chair which will collapse at every point.

A match safe which yields one match at a time by pressing a knob.

A crosscut saw with cutting teeth arranged in pairs, with a drag tooth between the pairs.

A curling iron by which the hair may be either curled or crimped, and a single curl made in one operation.

An automatic feeder for cattle by which a clock releases a weight that frees a lever to open the feed supply to the managers.

A fire-escape consisting of a pliable metal ladder wound on a reel on the roof and a means of quickly unwinding it when desired.

An extension table with extra leaves placed underneath the table and connected with the stationary leaves, so that pulling the table brings them into position on top.—Philadelphia Record.

## RAILROAD JOTTINGS.

The pay of firemen on the Chesapeake and Ohio has been increased 2½ per cent.

The Midland railway of England has adopted the Pintsch system of gas lighting in its cars.

One of the most beautiful, as well as artistic, railroad stations recently erected in this country is that at Laconia, N. H., by the Concord and Montreal company.

Among the recent orders received by the Pullman Palace Car company for rolling stock was one from the Baltimore and Ohio Western for twenty side door cars.

An illustration of how the Canadian Pacific proposes to monopolize English traffic is shown in the fact that it has an exclusive contract for all British officers and soldiers between England and Australia.

The Washburn, on its system of 1,294 miles, has earned since Jan. 1, \$708,264, an increase over the corresponding period of 1891 of \$295,256. Its earnings for August were the largest in any month since the present lines were consolidated.

## WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

The king of Siam has been asked to send something to the World's fair.

The British building will have among its decorations flags bearing the arms of the principal cities of the United Kingdom.

The women of La Salle county, Ill., are raising money for the purpose of paying the expense of some 600,000 women and girls during a visit to the World's fair.

Building material dealers will make an exhibit at the World's fair. They will also hold an international congress for the discussion of matters of interest to the building trade.

The proposed building for a collective exhibit by merchant tailors will probably be near the Fisheries building. As planned it will be fifty-five feet square, with a portico extending to the lagoon.

## Full Dress Mouchoir.

With the dress suit the fine white linen handkerchief holds precedence. A colored handkerchief would throw the full dress ensemble completely out of joint. The plain white hem-stitched mouchoir is indeed appropriate upon all occasions. Although the handkerchief is for use primarily, and in a strict observance of the code of good manners should never be exploited, there is a strong masculine penchant for the fancy handkerchief for informal wear.—Clothing and Furnish.

## SELECTIONS

## ROMANCE IN A HOSPITAL.

The Bride on Crutches and the Groom Walking with a Cane.

Some matches are made in heaven. One has been made in the Cook county hospital. A man with a sprained ankle met a young woman who had been crippled by inflammatory rheumatism and they felt sorry for each other. The result was a wedding yesterday afternoon, and a very happy wedding it seemed to be.

Charles Choquette is a sturdy Frenchman who has a good job as foreman of the delivery wagons of Reid, Murdoch & Co. He has been with the company about ten years. Last month when he sprained his ankle he was taken to ward 11 in the Cook county hospital and there he remained for several weeks. Mme. Arabella Root de l'Armitage, who is interested in charitable work, called often at the surgical ward to distribute flowers or lead in singing hymns.

Many of the patients, including Choquette, were not able to attend the concert for convalescents and they enjoyed these visits. Choquette became known to the visitor, who about the same time was deeply interested in the case of May Hayes, a pretty convalescent and an orphan girl. The girl had been at the hospital several months suffering from rheumatism. The surgeons had performed an operation on her knee, and she was crippled for all time, but she managed to get about on crutches or a cane. Her ward was No. 7, but she went with Mme. de l'Armitage to ward 11 to help sing the hymns, and there she met Choquette, the Frenchman, who was propped up on his pillows waiting for his ankle to get well. Between verses they sympathized with each other.

May was obliged to leave the hospital to make room for some one else. The surgeon said she could not be helped any further. Then Mme. de l'Armitage, who is trying to found a home for convalescents, came to The News-Record and told of May's case and asked if any one would care for the orphan girl for a short time. Within a few days a lady on the south side offered to give May a home until she could find some light employment such as sewing. Within a day or two after May went to her home on Thirtieth street a friend of the family came to make a visit. It was Choquette, still hobbling about with his tender ankle.

After that there were many surprises. The crippled girl and the lame man were surprised to meet. The lady of the house was surprised to find that they knew each other. May was surprised to hear that Charles had fallen love with her. Mme. de l'Armitage was surprised last evening when she visited the house and witnessed the marriage of her protégée and the man from ward 11. The pastor, the Rev. W. F. Black, was more surprised than any one when called upon to unite a man with a cane and a girl with crutches. It was a pretty wedding with flowers and the kind hearted woman who cared for the orphan girl has let her best rooms to the bride and groom.—Chicago News-Record.

## A Piece of Good Advice.

A piece of practical advice which girl students away, perhaps, from home care for the first time, will do well to heed is the counsel to be prudent and regular as to meals and exercise. Much has been written from time to time about the importance of having a proper mid-day repast, and the folly of women who habitually perform a long day's work on insufficient nourishment, and it is to be hoped that few are unwise enough to deliberately risk the undermining of their constitution by disregarding medical advice and authority on this point. The other requisite to good health—namely, adequate exercise and recreation—is no less important.

The close application and the mental exertion entailed in art work demands daily relaxation, and if possible outdoor sports, or at least plenty of walking, but preferably with some object in view and with a companion, for a solitary constitutional is with most of us a poor antidote to nervous fatigue. Some kind of recreation which takes the thoughts entirely away from one's work—giving change of occupation to the mind as well as to the body—is recommended by all doctors in giving advice for a healthy rule of life.—Maudie Haywood in Ladies' Home Journal.

## Summer Travel.

The extremely humid weather made the summer on the Atlantic coast an exceedingly uncomfortable one for sufferers from rheumatism. A gentleman who had been completely laid up with it was asked by an acquaintance, on his reappearance on the street:

"Have you been traveling this summer?"

"Not exactly," said the other. "You see my rheumatism did all the traveling this time."

"Why, one day it was in my neck, the next it was in my legs, then it went to my back and thence around to my hip joints. Oh, it took a regular excursion every day, I assure you!"—Youth's Companion.

## The Asot Scarf.

The Asot is cut from piece fabrics, and partly self made to the extent of being in the folded straight form ready for adjustment. Owing to this feature it is a more convenient and less arduous scarf to affix than the De Joinville. It is tied in the cross over fold or in the four-in-hand shape, some indisputably artistic and realistic conceptions being achieved in the latter. The Asot is the popular high grade form of today, more particularly the flowing end effect, from which the most natural and unmistakable knottings are obtained.—Clothing and Furnish.

## FAST OYSTER OPENERS.

Workmen in New York City Who Take Oysters Out of Their Shells.

The crack oyster openers of New York can easily hold their own against the rest of the world as "lightning operators," as they are called.

One of the veterans is Dick Balmer, who has opened 9,000 oysters in a day of twelve hours, and he can now average 7,500 in a day of twelve or thirteen hours' work.

Mike Foley, who may well be termed a lightning operator, and is now in his fifties, has opened as many as 9,500

oysters in one day, and on ordinary days, if he pushes himself, he can easily get away with 8,000 oysters. Of course the oysters opened are large and small, just as they come, as if they were all small and round the opening could be done much more rapidly.

John Lahey is good for an average of 8,000 a day, and so is an open known among the oystermen as "Deaf George." In a trial of speed in opening 500 oysters John Lahey probably cannot be beaten.

To open oysters rapidly of course requires a great deal of experience in the handling them, but there also seems to be a knack about it that every oysterman cannot acquire. Some men, for instance, can only open 4,000 oysters a day and they will not go much above that after years of work in this line.

The twenty-seven men employed by Alex. Frazer on the North river will average 5,000 oysters a day, which is a much higher average than is reached by the majority of the crews around New York. These men also can turn out, when required, 150,000 oysters a day in all, which is 15,000 oysters above the average of 140,000 a day. There are very few oyster scows in the market can equal this average from week to week. It must also be considered that on some days work begins at 5 o'clock in the morning and on others at 6 or 8 o'clock.

There was an oyster opening match about a year ago between Mike Foley and Jack Gillon. The match was to decide which was the quicker at opening 1,000 oysters. Gillon won by 55 minutes, beating his opponent by only seven oysters. Foley has opened 11,300 oysters at one time.

Dick Balmer has appeared in sixteen oyster opening matches and lost only two of them. Most of the contests were over the opening of 100 oysters. At one time Balmer opened 100 oysters in 4 minutes and 22 seconds, which is now the best "straight knife" record. Balmer has also opened 1,000 oysters in 55 minutes. The two matches in which he was defeated he lost to John Gillon. The first match was best two out of three records in opening 100 oysters, but owing to a dispute Balmer retired from the contest, leaving the match to Gillon. At the second match Balmer was beaten by eight oysters.

Among the lightning operators on William Foster's scow the most conspicuous undoubtedly is "Black Frank," as Frank Barrett, who is known as a man as any other white man in this country, is dubbed by his associates. Mr. Barrett has spent a good many years in the south, and from his association there in a business way with the darkies he came to be called "Black Frank."—New York News.

Discarded India Rubber Utilized.

It is a matter of common knowledge that India rubber goods even of the highest quality are perishable. Although not subject to any great wear and tear the time comes when the rubber loses its elasticity and becomes soft and rotten. Hitherto such perished rubber has represented a waste material for which no use could be found, but by a process recently invented the perished rubber can be made, it is said, more serviceable.

By incorporating the waste rubber with certain hydrocarbons and with a proportion of Trinidad asphalt, by adding to the mixture certain vegetable oils and submitting the product to heat, there is produced a substance to which the name of "blanberry" has been given. It can be made hard and dense or soft and pliable by modifying certain parts of the process, and it seems to be applicable to most of the various purposes for which pure rubber is used.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## The Cutaway Coat.

The cutaway frock coat may be worn at any time during the day, and is really the most useful all around garment in the vocabulary. The man in the black cutaway of dark finish cloth is dressed for any emergency that may arise during the hours of the day. It is suitable for the afternoon tea and for the morning stroll. It has been worn with excellent effect with the top hat at the noon wedding—indeed its efficacy and becomingness is so apparent that many of the more conservative swells have been deterred through their fealty to this garment of semidress from pinning all glances to the more distinguished but trying lines of the long tailed double breasted frock.—Clothing and Furnish.

## A Valuable Clock.

There is no further need for the noisy little alarm clock, for a Swiss has just invented a clock that talks. It is much pleasanter than the grating br-r-r of the bell that always rings ten times as loud as necessary to have a clock that will stand the test of time and the remarks: "There are eggs, and a nice juicy steak, and a cold melon and milk and toast and fried potatoes and coffee down stairs for you, John Henry, and this is the day when Archimedes McGonigle promised you the twenty dollars he has been owing you so long. Besides, today tomorrow is Sunday, and you can finish your sleep then." That's the sort of a clock to have in the family.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Information Wanted.

"Do birds think?" asks a writer in opening an article on the intelligence of the lower animals. "If they do, I would like to know what a canary thinks of a woman who stands up on a chair and talks baby through the bars of the cage."—New York Recorder.

## No Wonder.

"It's my first offense, judge," pleaded the prisoner. "I never got drunk before. I'd won seven dollars at the races, and—"

"What?"

"I'd won seven dollars at the races, and I—"

"Officer," said the astonished police magistrate, "discharge the prisoner. Call the next case."—Chicago Tribune.

## No Advantage to Him.

Saidso—I got acquainted last night with a girl who has an impediment in her speech; she can't say no to save her life.

Herdso—You might stand some show if you proposed to her.

Saidso—I didn't; I asked her if she had any objection to marrying me.—New York Sun.

## Needs Explanation.

Mr. Chali to one of his clerks:—So you missed the train yesterday morning, did you?

Mr. Crash—Yes, sir.

Mr. Chali—Then I wish you would explain to me how I happened to receive your telegram announcing that fact the night before.—Harper's Bazar.

## Swallows—Why, waiter, what the deuce is the trouble with your head?

Waiter—Nothing, sir. Hab a tooth-pick, sir? I carry 'em dar fo' handiness!—Truth.

## He Wanted to Be Directed.

When the porter of the hotel approached the heavy set man, with a drooping black mustache, had washed his face and was applying the towel briskly. At the further basin, glaring at himself in the glass, was a slim party, with finely chiseled lips and an apathetic cast of countenance.

## HUMOR

## JUST AS SHE EXPECTED.

The Old Lady Knew What Would Happen When Wilbur Was Jilted.

She sat stiff and prim close to the window, but the hardened newsboy was not in the least awed by her chilly manner, and when he reached her side he stopped and rested his stack of books on the arm of the seat and addressed her in the easy, confidential manner peculiar to his genus. "Want any reading matter?" he queried languidly, as he let his gaze wander toward the window. With-

him knew that she did not want any. "All the popular stories of the day," he persisted, offering one of the novels for inspection. "Maudie's Letters," "Her Beautiful Face," "The Belle of the Glen," "Philip Wilbur's Crime."—There was an awakening over by the window.

"Whose crime was that, young man?" piped a shrill voice. "Philip Wilbur's, ma'am," replied the youth, and this time the book that he had offered for inspection was snatched from his hands in silence at the big letters in which the title of the book was printed, but finally she spoke. "Well, well," she said, "I wonder if that's the same Philip Wilbur I used to know?"

"Old Mrs. Wilbur's son, ma'am," said the boy.

"Oh! Mr. Wilbur, of Gillingville?"

"Well, well, and so he's committed a crime, has he?"

"A terrible one, ma'am."

"You don't say. All for some woman, I'll be bound!"

"Well, well! I'll take that book, young man—Philip Wilbur's Crime. But I ain't a bit surprised to hear he's done something. He said when that high school girl jilted him that he didn't care what became of him, and at last he's gone and committed a crime. Well, well!"

And when the newsboy had picked up his stack in trade and moved on she settled back in her seat and prepared to inquire into the particulars.—Rochester Democrat.

## Not So Long After All.

The fat man entered a Broadway car on a rainy day, beaming as usual. The seats were heavily filled, and when he sat down he great discomfort on both sides of him, but he still beamed. Suddenly an idea struck him.

"Ah, a good trick," he said, beaming at the young man beside him and arising. He placed his dripping umbrella behind his seat in the space into which the window is lowered.

"You see it's out of the way and does not get you wet," he went on, half soliloquizing and half addressing the young man.

When Twenty-seventh street was reached the fat man got out, forgetting his umbrella. The rain had stopped and he was not reminded of his loss. When he got home his wife greeted him with: "Of course you've lost your umbrella again. I told you you would this morning."

The man studied awhile, and then it occurred to him that his idea of stowing the umbrella in the car wasn't so brilliant after all.—New York Tribune.

## Fashion Note.

"Great Scott! Another hat!" exclaimed Mr. Harlowe Flat when his wife threw out a hint. "You are the most extravagant woman in this part of town. I believe you have a different hat for every day in the week."

"Why, of course I have. That's just it. I have one for every day in the week, but none for Sunday."—Texas Siftings.

## Wouldn't Burn Hers.

"Burnham! Burnham!" called the brakeman on the Maine Central train into that village one day this week. "Don't leave your umbrellas or packages in the car!"

"Well," said one lady, "I shan't burn my umbrella. I brought it clear from Lowell."—Lewiston Evening Journal.

## Too Cheap.

Some people value a pet grievance far above money or anything which money can buy. A gold many years ago there lived in Washington a United States naval officer who thought himself unjustly treated by the naval retiring board and made incessant complaints about it to his brother officers.

"Well, Sam," said one of his friends, who was a little worn out by hearing the same story over and over, "why in the world do you submit to it, if it is so unjust?"

There is a man here who will investigate it for twenty dollars and may correct it."

"What?" ejaculated the complaining officer, whose reasoning powers had evidently become a little confused through meditation on his wrongs. "Do you suppose for one instant that I would take twenty dollars for a grievance like this? You don't know me!"—Youth's Companion.

## Handy and Safe.

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"Ahem," coughed the porter. The heavy set man made no sign. "Excuse me," the attendant persisted. "Whichever want?"

The heavy set man was savage. "Are you a guest of the house?" The heavy set man dropped the towel and pondered. Presently he shook his head.

"No," he replied deliberately. "I am not a guest of the house."

The porter bowed. There lurked in his eyes a gleam of triumph, a sort of my worst suspicions are confirmed expression.

"I must respectfully remind you," he declared, with mock deference, "that this washroom is for guests of the house."

The heavy set man sighed and gathered his collar, necktie and coat in his arms.

"Will you kindly direct me," he gently inquired, "to the washroom set apart for victims of the house?"

A tremor passed through the frame of the slim party with finely chiseled lips, and upon the latter the close observer might have detected a smile.—Detroit Tribune.

## A Baron's Wooing.

Banker—So you want to marry my daughter, Baron? Well, all I can say is that I will not consent to her marriage with any man who is not free from debt.

Baron—You are quite right, sir, and I am assured of your sanction on those conditions, I am quite ready to wait until I am free from debt.

Banker—Really? In that case my youngest daughter will just suit you. She is three years old and can wait several years for you.—European Exchange.

## As True Now as Ever.

An oriental legend tells of a dervish who, in traveling over the desert, met the cholera, and said, "Where are you going?"

"I am going to Bagdad to kill 20,000," replied the cholera.

Some time afterward the same dervish met the cholera returning, and said, "You vagabond, you killed 90,000."

"No," said the cholera, "I killed 20,000; fear killed the rest."—Boston Herald.

## Not Observing Enough.

An intercepted letter: MR. BARBERS—Your declaration of affection for the 17th has been received and would have not a more favorable reply but for the accompanying poem, beginning, "Thine eyes so blue and tender." My eyes are brown. Inclosed find your letters and presents thus far received. Respectfully, MARIA MORLEY.

## Chicago News-Record.

## Headresses in Africa.

The married women and the men of the upper Mobangi wear their hair long and in braids, which are profusely adorned with colored beads woven in and out among the locks. This coiffure excites the astonishment of all travelers who see it. Coquetry is the privilege of the sex under the tropics as well as in civilized lands, and the women are very proud of their headress. The arrangement of their hair requires a number of days, and while it is in progress, or when they fear that it will be disarranged, they cover the hair with a finely woven net of wood fiber. Ivory needles, handsomely carved, keep the arrangement in position, and give it, some explorers say, a truly artistic aspect.—New York Sun.

## He Lost No Time.

After landing on the south coast of England, Lord Tollenache put his wife and children in a cab and himself walked to the station. Stop- ping suddenly before a barber's shop, he said to the shopman: "I like the look of that wig in the window. How long would it take to shave my head?"

"A quarter of an hour, sir."

"I can give you twenty minutes, and I shall then have five minutes to catch the train."

When he joined his wife and children he had the wig on.—Lionel Tollenache in London Spectator.

## Feeding French School Children.

In the French primary schools the children pay for their midday meals by means of counters, which are bought by their parents at so much a dozen, but in case of poverty, either chronic or occasional, these tickets can be obtained without payment, though when the children give them in they do so just as the others do, and none of their companions know whether it is by the care of the state or of their own parents that these little ones are fed. Before we exclaim at the cost to the taxpayer we must remember that the French have no poor law like ours and that this is simply one of their methods for distributing relief, and probably less costly than our own.

It is something to be able to feel that there hardly can be such a thing as an absolutely starving child in Paris within the limits of school age, and this not in winter only, but all the year round. One meal a day at least the state insists upon, and it seemed to me that this vigorous, and the health of the young, this determination to take off for them the sharpest edge of extreme privation without marking them with the brand of pauperism, must in time have visible effects on the physical well being of the entire population. What an untold relief to many mothers it must be to know that on school days at any rate their children are sure of at least one good meal a day. It is even on temporary tables formed with boards and trestles—Macmillan's Magazine.

We would call the attention of the readers of the Monitor to the Sick Call Sets for home use advertised



# Quincy Monitor.

VOL. VI. NO. 8.

QUINCY, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1892.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

1877 1892  
**JOSEPH S. WHALL, APOTHECARY,**  
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The great Blood Purifier.  
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For Beautifying and Preserving the Hair.  
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Cures without injury to the Teeth.  
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It is safe, and sure death to Corns, big or little.  
Whall's Vegetable Cathartic Pills. Price 25c.  
A Mild, Efficient Cathartic, purely Vegetable.  
Whall's Original Syrup of Orange. Price 35c.  
With Ice-water, makes a Delicious, Cooling Drink.

## Thanksgiving Dinner.

Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chickens, Fowl  
etc., and all the fixings.

Nuts, Raisens, Oranges, Figs, Dates to be found at

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## FALL and WINTER CLOTHING.

We Invite All.

Old Customers, New Arrivals in our  
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1 Holy Water Bottle with Immaculate Conception Top. 1 Abolition Cup. 2 Wax Candles. 2 Lines. Book of Instructions and Regulations to be observed at the administration of the last sacrament.

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a nice likeness of yourself or a friend for a Holiday  
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We are having a run in a heavy Working Shoe, Tap  
Sole, three rows stitching, for

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pair warranted. Look at them in our Window.

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quality and at lowest Boston Prices.

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WE PUT UP PRESCRIPTIONS WRITTEN BY  
ANY PHYSICIAN WHETHER WRITTEN UPON MY  
BLANKS OR THOSE OF SOME OTHER DRUGGIST  
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CRACKERS at Wholesale and Retail.

WEDDING CAKE a Specialty.

BEANS AND BROWN BREAD Every Sunday Morning.

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## LITTLE MYRTLE.

Dear, my Question, babbled all the day!  
"What am I? Tell me ere my curls grow  
old!"  
I cannot tell thee, sweet, though curls be gold,  
And thou reiterate till they be gray.

O little Query, like a rose unblown,  
With folded mysteries in pink and white,  
Love cannot solve thee in thy morning light,  
Nor Wisdom when thy thirteenth years have  
flown.  
—Wiley Martin in London Athenaeum.

## MRS. MAYO'S SECOND.

Mrs. Mayo's first husband was  
stretched upon his dying bed.  
The doctor had told him so kindly  
but frankly, and advised him to  
make his will.

He lay thinking how he should di-  
vide his small fortune between his  
wife and their two pretty children,  
when suddenly it occurred to him  
that his young wife might marry  
again, might have a second husband.

He gasped, and looked at her sit-  
ting close by the bed, her fair face  
worn with watching and grief, the  
tender tears in her dark blue eyes.

The blood that had been coursing so  
sluggishly through his veins sud-  
denly bounded forward in a burning  
tide.

He had realized more forcibly than  
ever before the noble beauty of his  
wife. He had carried her off seven  
years before from a score of lovers,  
and she was still young, still char-  
ming. History might repeat itself.

You would not have thought that  
a dying man could feel jealous, and  
yet a pang of cruel envy tore Hunter  
Mayo's heart.

Elinor's small, white hand—the  
one that wore his wedding ring—  
was nestled in his own. He pressed  
it feebly.

"Darling, you have been a good  
wife to me," he murmured, and her  
soft eyes beamed through her tears.  
"Oh, Hunter, I've tried to be. I'm  
glad you realize it at last," she  
sighed, in a plaintive tone.

He continued tenderly:  
"You have been so faithful—you  
have never refused any wish of  
mine. And now, Elinor, I have one  
dying request to make."

His glance was so eager, his tone  
so pleading that she gazed into his  
thin, worn face in surprise.

"I know you will grant me your  
promise, dear heart, for it is only  
this, when I am dead, that you will  
always be true to my memory—that  
you will never marry again."

A little startled cry came from Eli-  
nor's lips, the color rushed into her  
cheeks, her eyes turned on him with  
a gentle reproach that touched his  
heart.

"Have I grieved you, my dear, by  
even hinting at a second marriage?  
Forgive me. I know you can never  
forget me, but I can die easier with  
your promise. Oh, my Elinor, I can-  
not bear that any other man should  
possess you, ever have the chance to  
ill treat my darling, whom I have so  
fondly cherished!"

His voice was quite strong and im-  
passioned for a dying man, and his  
large, gray eyes searched her face  
eagerly. Was it fancy, or did her  
lips curl, ever so slightly, at his last  
words?

He repeated anxiously:  
"I cannot die in peace without  
your promise never to marry again!"

Why did those burning tears  
sparkle out upon her pale cheeks be-  
neath the drooping lashes? She  
murmured plaintively:

"Oh, Hunter, you are cruel!"  
"Cruel, Elinor! Do you mean that  
—that you will refuse?"

And the most cruel blow his ego-  
tism had ever received came with  
her faltering answer:

"Forgive me, dear, but I cannot  
promise."

The shock was so great that he  
closed his eyes and gasped feebly,  
believing that his last hour was at  
hand. In a moment Elinor was on  
her knees at his side, bathing his  
face with her warm tears.

"Oh, Hunter, do not die. I love  
you; I love you!"

The blood leaped quickly through  
his veins again. His eyes unclosed  
longingly.

"Then you will promise me?" he  
pleaded.

"Oh, Hunter, I cannot, must not!  
How can you wish me to blight my  
whole future?"

"And you really wish, then, to  
have a second husband?"

The dying man's voice was strong  
with scorn of her inconstancy.

"I—perhaps, Hunter, but only  
after a long, long time," and Elinor  
kissed him and clung to him loving-  
ly, a strange proceeding when she  
had just rung his heart by her de-  
claration that she would not live out  
her days a widow.

He pushed her away in a sudden  
gust of jealous anger.

"You have never loved me, Eli-  
nor!"

"I loved you always—love you  
still," she sobbed. "But, Hunter—it  
—is—just the other way! You have  
never loved me!"

He was speechless with surprise  
at this strange charge. "Never  
loved her?" Why, then, had he  
made her his wife and the mother  
of his beautiful children?

Elinor went on speaking low, but  
clearly, like one under the stress of  
some overmastering emotion.

you, Hunter, but yet I would like to  
justify myself. They say that dying  
eyes see clearly, because the dying  
are already beyond the reach of

earthly prejudice and passion. So,  
dear, will you let me speak out  
plainly now what has been in my  
heart for years?"

"Go on," he answered, in feeble  
wonder at the fire and passion of her  
lovely, tear stained face.

"I must tell you some of my in-  
most thoughts, and perhaps you will  
laugh at them," breathed the plain-  
tive voice. "But, Hunter, I believe  
that God creates men and women as  
soulsmates for each other, but they—  
they do not always find each other,  
and then, blindly, they wed as  
chance or fancy dictates, and dis-  
tention and lack of harmony result.

This has been our fate, my poor hus-  
band. We were not intended for  
each other, and each has failed to  
realize the other's ideal."

"Speak of yourself," he answered,  
with unnecessary earnestness; "I never  
had an ideal."

"Oh, yes, you did, dear, though  
perhaps you did not realize it. Every  
one has an unconscious ideal. I  
think. You had yours, Hunter,  
but you did not find it in me," she  
answered, in that sweet, plaintive  
voice that always touched an echo-  
ing chord in the hearer's heart.

"When the honeymoon glamour was  
off you wearied of me. Do not think  
I did not see it, dear, even though  
my eyes were full of tears when I  
found how far you fell short of my  
ideal."

"What was your ideal?" he asked  
smilingly.

Although he was dying, he could  
still sneer at a woman's romantic  
fancies, derived, he thought, from  
novels.

She sighed wearily, and answered:  
"It was very simple. Just a loving,  
appreciative companion. I have some-  
where read that men and women are  
created the perfect complement of  
each other, fulfilling in their wedded  
life the qualities separately lacking  
in each. I expected that my hus-  
band and I would be much together,  
so contented in our mutual love, so  
interested in the same things, so ten-  
derly united, that we could never  
feign quite happy apart. That was my  
fancy, and I know I was not wrong,  
for I have seen a few wedded lovers  
like that, and they were happy—  
happy as I had hoped to be, as I  
might have been, only—I married  
the wrong man!"

"Elinor!" he cried, in angry re-  
monstrance, but she had the courage  
of her convictions. She would not  
pause.

"It is God's truth!" she said. "We  
are not soulsmates, or we should have  
found more happiness together.  
dear. I call you dear, for I love you,  
Hunter, in spite of the mistake of  
our marriage."

"It was no mistake," he muttered,  
with angry resentment.

"You are good to say so, but you  
flatter me." Her exquisite lips curled  
in spite of the dew on her long  
lashes. "But, Hunter, I have not  
been blind, and I have seen how little  
you cared for my companionship,  
how eagerly you sought pretexts for  
leaving my side and joining your  
male companions, in whose company  
you took such keen delight. Busi-  
ness, you always said, when I com-  
plained of loneliness, and yet I knew  
that it was only a subterfuge, for  
you were well to do, and I lived a  
life of elegant leisure."

"My society was irksome to you,  
and you released yourself from it all  
that you could. Why, I wondered,  
for other men always seemed to find  
my company agreeable, and I could  
have played the role of the married  
flirt if I had wished. But I did not  
choose, for I loved you well, in spite  
of your neglect. But it grew worse  
and worse. You ceased going out  
with me at all until in very shame  
I remained closely at home that the  
world might not observe and censure  
my indifference. Desperate with  
misery I reproached you, appealed to  
you, and you grew angry, called me  
unreasonable and hysterical and grew  
colder and more indifferent than  
ever. Then I turned for solace to my  
two little ones, but I could not find  
the comfort that I sought. I grew  
hopeless and bitterly resentful, but  
suffered on in silence, realizing that  
I had missed my soulmate and could  
expect no joy in my life."

He had listened in resentful silence  
to the passionate arraignment of a  
tortured woman's heart. Now he  
cried out impatiently:

"Elinor, I was always true to you.  
I never had a thought of another  
woman!"

"I know that, Hunter. I was jeal-  
ous of men, not women. You were  
so fond of your own sex, you spent all  
your time with them, you enjoyed  
their society more than mine, and so  
—I was left alone, the gladness went  
out of my life, I grew bitter and re-  
bellious. I wanted to get full meas-  
ures of joy out of this life of mine,  
but my ill judged marriage had  
wrecked it—eternally, I thought.  
But now—oh, Hunter, do not think  
me hard and cruel, for I am but just  
to myself and you."

"Now it seems to me that when  
you are gone, and I am over my  
grieving, I may yet retrieve the past,  
may yet find my twin soul, the one

God created for me, and be happy.  
And so I cannot promise what you  
ask me, for it would be a wrong to  
myself and to my ideal, who may  
yet be mine. I have a right to some  
happiness in my life, Hunter, and  
why should I sacrifice all my future  
to you, who would not give me the  
past years that were rightfully mine?"

And her cheeks burned and her eyes  
gleamed with the truth of her words,  
as she arraigned her selfish, egotisti-  
cal husband.

He lay gasping and soul stricken  
before the fire of those vivid homo  
truths. His self love had received a  
cruel wound.

Despite his selfishness he had loved  
Elinor well after his own fashion,  
and he was not willing to admit that  
he had any cause of complaint.

In a way it enraged him that his  
fair, gentle young wife had dared to  
think out a problem of life for her-  
self, had so individualized herself as  
to claim for herself a future of bliss  
in which he could have no part.

And just then she murmured pa-  
thetically:

"All this would have been differ-  
ent, Hunter, had you but loved me  
truly, and sought my happiness in-  
stead of your own. It was my right  
and your duty. And you can see,  
now that you have been ill for so  
many weeks, how little you were  
cared for by men in whose society  
you took your chief delight. Have  
they been near you to comfort or  
console? No, they scarcely give you  
a thought. It is I, your neglected  
wife, who have been your devoted  
nurse! And, Hunter, had you been  
as devoted to me these past years, I  
would have remained, your inconsol-  
able widow to my life's end, but as  
I have said, it is—different."

Anguish flashed from his eyes as  
he cried out:

"I am glad you have been so frank  
before I made my will. I shall not  
leave you one penny more than you  
can claim under the law. The rest  
shall go to my children. I will not  
leave my money to be squandered by  
your second husband."

She smiled patiently, but she an-  
swered firmly:

"But I have no ambitions. I do  
not want my husband to be great,  
only good and loving, and always  
loath to leave my side. Yes, and to  
tell me sometimes that he loves me.  
You have forgotten for a moment  
to tell me that, dear, but perhaps you  
did not guess how a woman's heart  
hungers for affection. I have often  
wished you were quite poor, Hunter.  
Then you would not be popular, and  
you would appreciate the true hearts  
at home. We would work hard  
for our little children, and have a  
simple love life, finding our greatest  
joy in each other's company."

He put out his weak hand extreat-  
ingly.

"Nor would I sacrifice my hopes  
of the future for so poor a price as  
your gold."

Then, as if realizing suddenly that  
she had wounded him in his help-  
lessness, she threw her arms about  
him, sobbing tenderly:

"Oh, forgive my wild words, for I  
am starving for a love as warm and  
tender as my own. My days have  
been so lonely while you staid away  
from me by day and pore over  
your papers by night. I have been  
so jealous of everybody and every-  
thing that could interest you more  
than I could! Perhaps I was selfish.  
Do you think so, dear?"

He only answered bitterly:

"I hope your second husband may  
realize all your ambitions."

"No more. I cannot bear it," said  
he in a subdued voice. "It is time  
for my lawyer now. Do not mind  
my jealous ravings, dear! You  
shall have a fair share of the money,  
even if you give it to my rival, your  
second husband."

The lawyer thought that Mr.  
Mayo's voice was quite strong for  
that of a dying man, but the doctor,  
who happened in soon after he will  
was made, and the patient seemed  
asleep, ascribed it to the effect of ex-  
citement.

They talked a few minutes softly,  
and Dr. Gray whispered, undreaming  
that he was overheard by the patient.

"I'm glad that he provided so well  
for that noble little wife. He has  
had a hard struggle with fever these  
six weeks, and if anything could have  
saved him it would have been her  
devoted nursing. I'm certain he did  
not deserve it either, for he was one  
of those nobby pampered husbands who  
don't know how to appreciate a good  
wife, and only go home to eat and  
sleep, and this fellow, they say, more  
often than not took dinner and sup-  
per at his club in town, leaving poor  
Elinor alone in their country home."

But life lingered on strangely in  
that wasted frame, and at last the  
doctor said the patient was improv-  
ing, and must go off very soon to the  
mountains.

"It will do you and the children  
good, too, my darling," he said ten-  
derly to his wife.

And she looked at him in honest  
surprise.

"You do not mean that you wish  
to take us? You know you would  
enjoy it better alone, or with some  
gentleman friend."

The shamed crimson flushed into  
his cheeks as he kissed her little hand.

"Elinor, forgive me all the rest,  
—

Continued on 4th Page.



## QUINCY MONITOR

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## CITY POLITICS.

Now that the national and state elections have been concluded, city politics begin to be agitated. Quincy is doubtful as to which party it will prefer. Although on the last election the city was democratic, there are so many personal differences, ward jealousies, cliques, wire pullers, so much that is unworthy of public officials, so much narrow political trickery—all these existing in each camp make the result problematical. There is intense dissatisfaction with many of the deeds committed by public servants and considerable disgust at the failure of these to perform their duty to those who elected them. In order to have a chance to win, either party must present clear, straight forward men—men who will not descend to postpone or oppose public benefits for the sake of political or personal spite. Now more than ever is public office a public trust, and now more than ever do people demand from their servants a strict account of the manner in which they men comply with their obligations.

## WATER.

There are yet many streets in town particularly in West Quincy that are not supplied with sufficient protection against fire—and while the good people in that ward are wondering why the pipes are not put in their street, petitions from Wollaston or Atlantic walk right into the Water Commission and are heeded and the pipes laid in those localities. Some energetic citizens who have at heart the good of their ward as well as of the city, should organize, draw up petitions for water service, get them signed and present them to the Commissioners so that these officials can go to the city council and ask for money for extension of water pipes in the localities designated. It seems to us that people are not aggressive enough to ask for their rights and to persist until they get them.

## GOLDEN SILENCE.

In reply to the unworthy and unprovoked bigotry exhibited by Mr. Charles Francis Adams in his so-called address on Columbus day, some caustic reflections had been prepared for this issue of the Monitor. Since that time we have learned that his wife, Mrs. Adams has been and probably ever is dangerously ill. Although we cannot repress our indignation that Mr. Adams should have shown such an intolerant spirit towards his fellow citizens, we must sincerely sympathize with him in his affliction. Public utterances are public property to be dealt with as they deserve. Personal sorrows are sacred, before which public feeling must bow and be silent.

## NO LICENSE IN BOSTON.

A very ugly feeling pervades the ranks of the loyal democrats of Boston. It is claimed that the liquor dealers were goaded on by Police Commissioner Osborne to work for the defeat of Gov. Russell as well as that of many other Boston candidates for the various offices. It is charged that their work was done openly. The democrats think that the liquor dealers are practically granted a monopoly that is not accorded to any other business, because any body can enter and carry on any other trade, while the law limits the number of liquor sellers and thus grants a monopoly of the business to those who get license. License in Boston depends upon the toleration of the democrats and many of these think they have borne just about too much treachery from the liquor dealers. It would not be at all surprising if Boston voted for prohibition, at its city election. It will be a blessed day for the democrats when they get ugly and shake from their party, the disgrace of being associated with the liquor interests and of subjection to their domination.

## "NO IRISH NEED A P."

The recent presidential campaign has produced one gratifying result—it has eliminated bigotry from the republican policy. Even Whitlaw Reid, who has been one of the loudest in his denunciation of foreign influences, was compelled by the force of political necessity to court the patronage of Pat Egan, and this refugee, was an honored guest at the home of Mr. Reid, with the most honored members of the republican party. Not only was the aid of the Irish sought with the most abject entreaty by the republican press, but the orators of their party vied with each other in seeking the Irish; on every platform it was told how much the speaker sympathized with the Irish cause, how many home rule meetings he attended; how much he contributed to the Irish treasury, and what he intended to do for the Irish people. Not only was the aid of the Irish voters solicited, but the Swedes, the Scotch, the Germans were freely welcomed into the republican ranks, and received every favor they asked for except the right of the line. This in itself is a great improvement, but any help is welcome in time of need.

We hope that our Democratic friends will take a lesson of warning from our republican brethren, and not be so apt to forget marking a cross against an Irish name when they meet it on a Democratic ballot. "A stitch in time saves nine."

## THE LESSON OF THE ELECTIONS.

The election of Grover Cleveland has removed the shadow of a doubt from the mind of every thinking person, that the republican party has outlived its usefulness, and now must follow the course of so many great organizations which have

passed into oblivion. It came into power as the party of reform, but in time it lost sight of principle, and its only object seemed to be to keep in office for the purpose of enriching the followers and supporters of the party. One by one the great men who founded the party left its ranks, driven from the party by the corrupt practices, and tyrannical methods of the managers. Sumner, Schurz, and Seward, were succeeded by Quay and Reed; the eloquence of Phillips; the honest independence of Thurman; the statesmanship of Adams, were in marked contrast, with the open bribery of Wadsworth, the dishonest sophistry of McKinley, Mr. Harrison may be a very good hearted man, but he surrounded himself with a set of bigots, and gave his sanction to all their mean actions in the Indian territory, which, when they all become known to the people, will cover with obloquy his official record as President. The American people have taken the matter in hand, and have closed the career of the Grand Old Party for ever. The Democrats, now, for the first time in a generation, have full control of the Government.

During Cleveland's administration, he was handicapped by a republican senate, the members of which forgot official decency, and made petty, personal spite a standard to judge appointments that should receive calm and dignified decision. Mr. Cleveland, and the Democratic party must from the fourth day of next March, be held responsible for the good government of the nation. There can be no mistakes made, no flattery or indolence. The Democrats must adopt a policy that will insure to the nation good laws that will favor no class at the expense of another, that will as far as may be in its power, abolish all monopolies, and prevent the formation of new ones. Keep intact all the rights of the American people, keep out of our foreign relations the hypocrisy and sycophancy of Blaine and Harrison, and regain the ascendancy of the American flag among the nations of the world. We hope that before Mr. Cleveland's second term of office expires, and another Democrat takes his place, to see the stars and stripes floating from American ships in our own harbors, a rare sight under republican legislation. A tariff enacted, that will give equal and exact justice to all our people, rich and poor alike; make it impossible by law, for any myrmidon

of wealthy men, or of official power to debauch public conscience, and degrade the American people by purchasing votes in the open market.

It was to put an end forever to these crying evils that the people on the seventh of November used to destroy the republican party, by that terrible weapon—the ballot, which

"Like snow flakes falling on the sod"  
"Did execute the people's will."  
"As lightning do the will of God."

## SENATORIAL VOTE.

The vote by towns is summarized below, and is compared with the vote of 1891 when there was a Democratic majority:

	1892	1891
Quincy	1433	1471
Weymouth	1433	1471
Weymouth	1433	1471
Weymouth	1433	1471
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## LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. Smith of Crescent street is suffering from a stroke of paralysis.

There are about 125 members attending night school at the Willard school.

Miss Maria L. Gardner, a teacher at the Willard school, is to teach in Newton.

Many of our young men who are away at work, visited Quincy on Tuesday to vote.

The public schools of the city will close for their Thanksgiving vacation on Wednesday, the 23d. at noon.

The Sacred Heart church, Atlantic, is to have electric lights. Mr. J. I. Condon has the contract for the wiring.

Miss Frances Sullivan, who has been assistant teacher at the Lincoln school, goes to the Willard for the same position.

The new organ at the Sacred Heart Church, Atlantic, was heard for the first time on All Souls' Day. It is a very fine instrument.

Miss Nellie Boyd of Centre street, for some time past assistant teacher at the Willard school has gone to the Lincoln school to take the room made vacant by Miss French of Rockland, who goes to Newton at an advanced salary.

## Result of the Election in Quincy.

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## THE

IRISH,  
AMERICANS,  
ENGLISH,  
SCOTCH,  
SWEDES,  
GERMANS,  
ITALIANS,

And all other Residents of Quincy are invited to visit the new Jewelry Store at the Corner of Cross and Copeland Streets, ONE of the finest in the State.

## Williams,

The People's Jeweler.

Fall and Winter  
UNDERWEAR,

Scarlet &amp; White,

A Child's Jersey Undervest,

Fleece lined 37 1-2 c.

Gent's Under Flannels. Wool

and Fleece Lined Hose 25 c.

A nice line of Comforters.

Starlight Scotch and Ball

Yarn, small wares, etc.

THE MISSES FLYNN

12 Hancock St., Quincy.

Since the introduction of Sunday mails, Quincy has quite extensive ones. On last Sunday there were sixteen bags of mail received.

The marriage is announced of Miss Annie Colbert and Mr. Peter Bonclair of Atlantic. It will take place the latter part of the month.

The flag was raised on the John Hancock school for the first time on Tuesday Nov. 1. The children of the building passed into the yard to salute it.

The Norfolk County Teachers' Convention was held in Berkeley Hall, Boston, last Friday. Our teachers attended and the children enjoyed a holiday.

We would call the attention of the readers of THE MONITOR to the Sick Call Sets for home use advertised by Flynn & Mahoney, 18 & 20 Essex Street, Boston, Mass.

Since our last issue Mr. Richard Walsh, a much respected citizen of Ward 4, died from injuries received by a fall into the Granite Railway quarry. He was buried from St. Mary's church. The St. Francis Church of Foreresters attended. May his soul rest in peace.

On Tuesday, Nov. 15, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Corbitt of Wollaston, tender a reception in honor of Sept. and Mrs. Lull, to the teachers of our public schools, and to the members of the school committee and their wives, at their residence on Grand View avenue.

Mr. James P. McGovern and Miss Mary L. Ring were married at St. John's Church on Wednesday morning, Nov. 9, by the Rev. F. A. Frigoglietti. Mr. Henry DeCosta was best man and Miss Annie Ring a sister of the bride was bridesmaid. After the Mass a breakfast was served at the home of the bride's mother to the immediate relatives and friends.

## RECORD OF MAYOR FAIRBANKS.

As our municipal year is drawing to a close, and the choice of city officials for the coming year must be made soon, we should put aside all the petty differences of opinion, all campaign talk, the grumbling of the chronic political kickers and of a few disgruntled sore heads and the citizens of Quincy have a right to review the work of the past year with satisfaction and to feel that on the whole the interests of the city have not been neglected, but rather that fair play and candor compel the admission that the work of Mayor Fairbanks' administration has been highly creditable. The purchase of the Water Works is now regarded by all our citizens as a measure of the greatest wisdom. We all know it was brought about principally by the active and unceasing labor of Mayor Fairbanks. He is entitled also to the full credit of almost forcing a hostile council to grant money for the extension of the pipes so that the property of the citizens in all parts of the city shall be protected against fire and their health preserved from the dangers of diseases arising from polluted wells. He likewise showed splendid business qualities and in the prompt manner in which he erected the new Lincoln School in Ward 3 at a cost of about \$6,000 less than the amount allowed by the Council, Quincy has been widened and completed until it is now one of the best streets in the city. The adoption of the policy of placing permanent sidewalks around School Buildings, will be appreciated by the parents of the children. The excellent condition of our streets. The widening and paving of Water Street had the Council complied readily with the Mayor's request this street would have been completed months ago. Of course the Railroad Company opposed and delayed the work hoping to evade the expense of tearing up their track, laying down a new one, removing and changing their wires, posts, etc. It was only natural that they should fight. But the Mayor cannot be held accountable for this delay. He did all in his power to have the street built during the labor trouble but certain Councilmen thought he would become too popular on this account, so they joined hands with the Railroad and fought the Mayor until finally he forced them all to yield. The workmen cannot forget the earnest attempts made by the Mayor to settle the labor differences. He did all in his power to get and arrange a settlement and when unable, he wanted the Council to appropriate money to extend the Water pipes, with the purpose and full determination to put the citizens at work so that they might not suffer during the suspension of the granite industry. Mayor Fairbanks has given an honest, faithful administration of the City's business and if he will accept the nomination is almost certain of triumph.

## "INDEPENDENT."

## DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

There is some talk of nominating Mr. Wm. N. Easton for Mayor. This candidate's friends however claim that he is not in the field. Hon. James F. Burke is mentioned and would be a very strong candidate. Mr. James H. Shide, Mr. Fred F. Green, Capt. Edward S. Huntington, and Mr. Wm. A. Hodges are all earnestly mentioned. We think that any of these would be an excellent selection, but Mr. Hodges seems to be the idol of the democracy and will probably receive the nomination. He is probably as capable as any man in Quincy of conducting the city business as it should be. He is highly successful in everything he undertakes, and his admirers think that if elected, he would give so good an administration that he would be retained in the office for years. He is very popular among the republicans and always gets a large vote from them. If Mr. Hodges will consent to stand, he will make a stubborn fight, with the chances strongly in his favor.

## "TRUE BLUE."

## How He Regarded Caterpillars.

A naturalist, spending his vacation at the house of an old Berkshire county farmer, undertook, in the kindness of his heart, to interest his host in some of the wonders of natural science.

He called his attention to the common caterpillar, described its habits of life, its methods of breathing through its sides, and dwelt at some length upon sundry other interesting details of its animal economy. The farmer listened.

"Well," said the professor at last, pausing for breath, "don't you find it wonderful? Do you ever suppose there was anything so remarkable about a caterpillar?"

"Waal, no," said the farmer, "I supposed they was mostly skin and squish."—New York Recorder.

## Naturalized Voters in Four States.

The four states in which a majority of the voters are foreign born are Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nevada, and California. In Wisconsin the foreign born voters, mostly Germans, Scandinavians, and Belgians, outnumber the native born voters by 67,000. In Nevada the excess is but 600 votes and in California it is 2,000.—New York Sun.

## Legislating Against Hoopsticks.

In Spain, about 1630, the hoopsticks became so monstrous that an edict was issued commanding their reduction and ordering the confiscation of hoopsticks above the regulation size. The attempts to carry out the edict caused innumerable riots and were finally abandoned.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Growing Into a Coat.

Customer (to Mr. Isaacstein)—The coat is about three sizes too big.  
Mr. Isaacstein (impressively)—Mine friend, that coat make you so proud you will grow into it.—Exchange.

## DO YOU EVER HAVE A

## Headache,

If so, use Bromide Caffein only 25 and 50 cents, for sale only at

WILLARD'S DRUG STORE,

27 SCHOOL STREET, SOUTH QUINCY.

## FOR BARGAINS CALL

At C. S. Hubbard's  
Ladies', Children's & Boys' Winter Underwear, all sizes and Prices.

LADIES' WOOL SKIRTS. All Prices in WOOLEN HOSE for Ladies and Children. PLAIN and PLaid WOOL SHIRTING FLANNEL. Our Stock of Goods and assortment is so large it would be impossible to mention them all but we would be pleased to show our goods if you will call at

C. S. HUBBARD,

158 Hancock Street,

Opposite Post Office.

## Closing Out Sale



## SELECTIONS

AN ELECTRICAL WEDDING.

The Guests Were Served with Something Beyond Usual Entertainment.

That was a wonderful electrical display at the wedding of Miss Lydia Miller and Mr. David Rosenbaum on Tuesday evening. After the marriage ceremony had been completed the bride and groom took their positions against a background of potted plants and flowers set against a screen of evergreens. Tiny incandescent lamps were concealed in the foliage of the screen, and glowed and disappeared irregularly like fireflies in among the trees. Electrical butterflies and birds perched among the leaves and flowers. Overhead was a crown of Chinese lanterns, each containing a 16-candle power lamp.

The bridal arch of evergreen under which the newly married pair stood to receive their friends was provided with a row of electric lamps in red, white and blue. On top of the arch was perched an American eagle, and on the shield of pink velvet which formed the keystone of the arch was outlined in incandescent lights the figure of a heart, the initials of the bride and groom and the date 1892. Two bronze statues stood guard at the entrance of the room, and their helmets were illuminated by incandescent lamps.

The electrical wonders did not stop here. The most ingenious feature of this unique wedding reception followed in the scattering of rice and imitation snow flakes by two electric fan motors, placed in the gallery overhead. As the guests entered the supper room there was a sudden outburst of electrical bells and musical entertainments. As the guests were seated there was a blaze of light, and at the completion of the first course the words "Good luck" appeared over the heads of the newly married couple, and an electric harp, a gift to the bride, became incandescent and surrounded her head with halo of light.

Wine bottles were suddenly transformed into glowing candelabra. The feast was one long continued series of electrical surprises, and however the guests at ordinary weddings may feel, the guests at this wedding must have thought that they were amply recompensed for their outlay in wedding gifts. The bridegroom attempted to make wedding entertaining and to give the guests a better return than is customary for their trouble and expense may or may not be elsewhere initiated. Democrats may object that such weddings would tend to the increase of luxury and extravagance. Nervous people may not relish the startle and confusion with which lampets are made to bloom with a blaze of light, or the mysterious ringing of bells or the sounding, unidentified music. Nevertheless a good many people besides the bride will remember this wedding for many a day.—Baltimore Sun.

## Where the Scotch Go.

A Glasgow paper prints the statistics of emigration from that port to foreign countries for eight months of the year 1892, or up to the month of September. Of the whole body of emigrants 43 were bound for Australia, 1,856 for Canada, and 30,000 for the United States. Glasgow is a British port and Canada and Australia are British colonies, yet but one-tenth of this year's emigrants sought new homes under the British flag, while nine-tenths of the whole body sought them in the American republic. Why is it that Canada and Australia cannot get the emigrants whom they are anxious to obtain, while millions of foreigners are desirous of coming to the United States? There is far more unemployed land in these British possessions than there is in this country. Canada and Australia must throw off the British yoke, establish free democratic governments, adopt an independent policy, strive to develop their own resources and give their people the opportunity of keeping up with the march of modern enterprise.—New York Sun.

## Who Pays for the Protection?

A curious question has arisen in Manitoba in connection with the efforts of the local government to prevent the threatened epidemic of smallpox. When the disease broke out in Morden a shopkeeper was attacked by it and died. His stock was seized by order of the government, and is still held. The merchandise is valued at \$90,000, and besides being the security for what is due the creditors is the sole estate left to the widow. She is the claimant, but the government denies that it has incurred any liability. The goods were seized for the protection of the public and the public, through its representatives, refuses to pay for being protected.—Toronto Mail.

## The Kaiser's Wardrobe.

The German emperor's wardrobe consists of 1,000 suits. They comprise military costumes of all kinds, court dresses for all sorts of state functions, civilian dresses, bathing, riding, driving, hunting, sleighing and skating costumes. Besides these there are twelve dozen of every item of underclothing and fifty dozen of socks and handkerchiefs, these being made mostly of silk and marked with the Kaiser's coat of arms and initials. Gloves of every description are to be found in the wardrobe, which is under the management of two specially appointed servants.—Detroit Free Press.

## Improvement in Billiard Tables.

An improvement in cushions for billiard tables consists in inclosing or embedding in the nose of the rubber cushion a cord or wire so located that it receives the direct concussion or impact of the billiard balls. The effect of this stiffening of the acute nose of the cushion is to return the ball with greater energy than before, and thus lessens the friction caused by friction of the cloth.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## WILLIAM COBBETT'S WIFE.

A case where true love, though it did not run smooth, conquered at last. From the day that I first spoke to her I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man more than I. And of her being transformed into a chest of drawers, and I found my resolution at once to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could, so that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in a book of fate. At the end of about six months my regiment, and I along with it, were

moved to Fredericksburg, a distance of a hundred miles up the river of St. John. And what was worse, the artillery was expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment. The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover.

I was aware that when she got to that gay place Woolwich, the home of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I did not like besides that she should continue to work hard. I had saved 150 guineas, the earnings of my early hours in writing for the paymaster, the quartermaster and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay.

I sent her all my money before she sailed, and wrote to her to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with some respectable people, and at any rate not to spare the money by any means, but to buy herself good clothes and to live without hard work until I arrived in England, and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

As for the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time; Mr. Pitt (England) did not bring so much time as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Norfolk sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka sound, and poor, bawling Pitt, too, I am afraid! At the end of four years, however, home I came, landed at Portsmouth and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then major of my regiment.

I found my little girl a servant of all work (and hard work it was at five pounds sterling a year in the home of a Captain Boscawen, and without hardly saying a word about the matter she put into my hands the whole of my 150 guineas unbroken!—"Advice to Young Men," William Cobbett.

## Labor and Wages in London.

The trades unionist operatives of London belonging to such guilds of artisans as the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, the Carpenters and Joiners, the Bricklayers, are the aristocracy of labor, better off on the whole than the other workmen of Europe, as well off as the best of those working in the United States or Canada, inferior in their social position among the workmen of the world only to those of the Australian colonies. The problems which we cannot solve in London concern the unskilled laborers and the women workers, for even skilled or half skilled women are ground down by competition to wretched wages.

There are skilled needle women employed on "fancy" apron making paid the standard rate of a dozen a day, four dozen in a day by good work. The matchbox makers receive 2½d. for 144 boxes, they finding the tow and paste and fuel for the drying that is needed in damp weather. They work hard for twelve to fourteen hours a day, and their earnings average 6s. to 7s. a week. Sackmaking, tobacco sorting, paper bag making, book folding, rag sorting are on the average no better paid, and there are in London in these and similar employments and in confectionery factories vast numbers of women earning but from 10d. to 1s. a day, although they have to display some skill.—Sir Charles Dilke in Harper's Weekly.

## What She Thought of Slinkins.

Slinkins was a creature who wore trousers. He was rich and respectable. He didn't have to earn his own living. He was a butterfly of fashion. That's why trousers looked queer on him. He went to teas. He never led a German. He hadn't the capacity for it. He did have the capacity, though, for falling in love. As usual in such cases, he fell in love with a superior girl. Dreams and duces go by contraries. So did the girl. She wouldn't have it a little bit. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" he moaned.

"You might commit suicide heroically," suggested coldly.

"But that would be murder," he exclaimed, horrified.

"I think not," she said assuringly. "Any jury in the country would call it justifiable homicide without leaving the box."—Detroit Free Press.

## Why Electric Lamps Blacken.

One of the most interesting results indicated by an investigation was that the blackening of the lamp bulbs is not entirely due to the deposition of carbon particles from the filaments, but is largely owing to vapor of mercury left in the lamp chamber by the Sprengel pump. The vapor was far less apparent in lamps exhausted by pumps which did not involve the use of mercury. The reason of this blackening is a point which should be cleared up by chemists. It is suggested that minute quantities of sulphur may exist in the filament, and may combine with the traces of mercury vapor, forming, after a time, black, solid mercury sulphide.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## Lumbering Methods in Maine.

The methods of lumbering have so greatly improved in Maine in recent years that there is scarcely an idle interval now between the driving time when logs are floated down to the saw mills, at the end of the season, and the chopping time, at beginning of the next season. Men now go into the woods in August.—Exchange.

## An Interesting Phenomenon.

An amusing story is told in connection with Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian institution, who died some fourteen years ago. It is told by a gentleman who once traveled from Montreal to Boston with the professor. He says that while they were waiting for a steamer the professor was talkative and communicative in his quiet way, and was full of incidents of travel and adventure. Soon the steamer appeared in sight, and while she was approaching us the professor sat upon the wharf, looking dreamily at her. Presently he aroused himself and said:

"I see a peculiar sparkle of the waves near the side of the steamer, where the sun shines upon her." (It was almost sunset.) "I wonder what the cause of it? I have seen phosphorescent light before, but never exactly like this. And see, there it is also upon the other, the darker side of the steamer. Well, certainly that is very curious!"

We all looked. Indeed it did seem remarkable. First upon the bright side of the steamer and then upon the darker side would appear these curious flashes of light and disappear almost instantly. They seemed to come at regular inter-

vals, and it was a strange and beautiful sight.

Our reveries were presently disturbed by the approach of one of the customs inspectors. He glanced at us with some curiosity and then said, "Look in at them flashes?"

"Yes," replied the professor, rousing himself from his absorbed meditation of the phenomenon: "I wonder what they are."

"Oh," said the inspector carelessly, "them's hot ashes they're throwin out of the ash pits."

The professor was nonplussed for a moment. Then he recovered his senses and said quietly, "Well, well, live and learn—live and learn!" and lapsed into silence.—Youth's Companion.

## A Serious Case.

Uncle Silas was a very honest and pious old colored man who preached on Sundays and had a great influence for good upon the others in the settlement. During one of his revival seasons, among a dozen or so at the monniers' bench was a black boy called Eph, about twenty years old and for a long time unregenerate. Uncle Silas was greatly rejoiced to see him come forward, and at once went to him. Eph was crying.

"Hain't no use in my comin up," he sobbed. "Ise sinned away de day ob grace."

"No, you ain't, brudder," protested Uncle Silas. "You am de kin what de Lawd wants to save. All you got to do is to gib up sin."

"Ise dun dun dat, Uncle Silas," sobbed Eph, "but dey ain't no salvation fer me."

"Yes, dey is, too, honey. Dey ain't no sin so black dat hit ain't washed white as snow."

"I done stole fow' chickens las' week," confessed the penitent.

"Dat's all fuggib, Eph'm."

"But den two was y'uns, Uncle Silas. Den fat pullets you low'd so much sto' by, Uncle Silas."

"Wha' dat?" exclaimed Uncle Silas suddenly.

"Dem las' two wuz y'or pullets, Uncle Silas," sobbed Eph.

"I reckon, Eph'm," he said slowly. "you' case needs advisement wud pra'r. I can't sho dat dese watter be chertied up de kingdom ob hebbes wid chicken thieves, an you better stay right on dem'mers' bench till de meetin am done, and we kin dezanime you state ob sin fer perticklers."—Detroit Free Press.

## Queer Food.

The hedgehog figures frequently in sylvan repasts, though he is hardly big enough to be sent to table as a piece of resistance. The primitive manner of cooking it supersedes the most costly refinements of elaborate batteries de cuisine. The elephant's foot, or rather the slice below the pastern, which is a famous dainty in eastern hunting camps, is treated on precisely similar principles, which shows that the simplest cookery of all nations has much in common, like their folklore.

Shakespeare's British hedgehog, like its cousin, the porcupine, is shrouded in a plastic tenement of clay. Then he is laid to temporary rest in a bed of smoldering coals. When cooked, the skin is done to a turn, the dwarf pig is dug up, and then the prickly skin is detached with the splitting of the case of clay. All the generous juices, with their bouquet, have been confined and transuded.—London Saturday Review.

## The Girl Has Achieved Much.

Miss Edith Emily Read has just beaten the record in Gorton girls. She is now doing some responsible work on the labor commission, which comes as the climax of a singularly successful career. Here is a bare record of her achievements: Goldsmith and Clothworkers' scholarship from the North London Collegiate school to Gorton (fifty pounds, each for three years), wrangler, 1891; first class moral science tripos (after only a year's study), 1892; Therese Montefiore memorial prize of fifty pounds 1892 for most distinguished student at Gorton; prizes of twenty pounds each from Goldsmiths and Clothworkers' companies in recognition of her scholarship.

Miss Reed is, we believe, the only lady who ever took first class honors in two triposes. One of her principal tutors at the North London Collegiate school was Mrs. Sophie Bryant. D. Sc.—London Letter.

## Effect of the Sun on Monuments.

The perpendicularity of a monument is visibly affected by the rays of the sun. On every sunny day a tall monument has a regular swaying leaning away from the sun. This phenomenon is due to the greater expansion of the side on which the rays of the sun fall. It has been placed inside say Nelson's column, in Trafalgar square, would be found to describe an every clear day an ellipse of nearly half an inch in diameter.—English Mechanic.

## THE COAL SUPPLY OF THE WORLD.

There is a Limit Which Some Day, Say 300 Years Hence, Must Be Reached.

The bottom pit is not inexhaustible. The bottom may be in sight, nor its future cleaning up by any means immediate concern, but its eventuality is none the less a predetermined fact. It may or may not be of any appreciable concern when its last contribution to human service is dumped in a coal bin, as in the unseen process of its manufacture and storage it has evidenced a creative design, in which the provision of fuel for man's use was not limited to an exhaustive article. The formation of fuel was not arrested when anthracite and bituminous coal became a mineral fact, nor was the process of formulation stopped when what is known as the creative week had its Saturday night. This may qualify but it does not annul the fact of a limit to future coal supplies.

The world's annual output of coal has, it is estimated, reached a total of 485,000,000 tons, and the countries contributing to that enormous total were as follows, together with the amounts they produced in 1890: Great Britain and Ireland, 128,000,000 tons; America, United States (estimated for 1891), 141,000,000 tons; Germany, 90,000,000 tons; France, 28,000,000 tons; Belgium, 20,000,000 tons; Austria, 9,000,000 tons; Russia, (1888), 6,000,000 tons; others, 9,000,000 tons. During the last twenty years there has been a marked increase in the consumption of coal, which was no doubt commensurate

with increased industrial activity. Thus, comparing European countries alone, the average annual output for the period of 1880-90 was upward of 62,000,000 tons greater than during the previous decade, and that rate of interest bade fair to be maintained, so that the world's consumption of coal would soon reach 500,000,000 tons per annum, if it had not already done so.

In an investigation made by a royal commissioner as to the ascertainable sources of coal in Great Britain, it was discovered that not more than 146,773,000,000 tons were available at depths not exceeding 4,000 feet from the surface—a reserve which at the present rate of increase of population and of coal consumption would be practically exhausted in less than 300 years.

The law of limit in this, as in all other mineral products, is of course without exception. It is simply a difference in tonnage. Industrial activity, to which under present conditions the use of coal is indispensable for steam and power purposes, is not only multiplying the demands of consumption, but has a widening area of use, to which the map of the two hemispheres is the only limit.

We cannot add a pound of coal to nature's deposits or build an addition to the planetary cellar, but it is possible to economize a product in the use of which civilization has been ignorantly wasteful.—Age of Steel.

## She Preferred His Rival.

A story is told of Lord Melbourne in his character of premier asking the young Queen Victoria whether "there was any individual for whom she felt such a preference that she would wish to have him associated with her in the cares of sovereignty." The queen, a little astonished, asked whether the question was put by Lord Melbourne in his character of a minister of the crown, and he replied that under no other circumstances would he have presumed to address such a question to her majesty.

"Then," said the queen, "I must admit that there is one individual for whom I entertain a decided preference, and that individual is the Duke of Wellington." The length of Lord Melbourne's face may be imagined, the duke being of course his great political adversary.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## A Unique Log Hauler.

One of the most unique mechanical devices resorted to is that for inclining and hauling log hauls, as at a Hudson river paper pulp mills. The arrangement consists of an endless detached chain running in a recess at the bottom of a trough, having special links with log teeth every five feet, and passing over sprocket wheels whose centers are 200 feet apart. The head wheel is twenty-five feet above the foot wheel, and the head end of the chain swings and can be raised or lowered by means of a small wheel to suit the depth of the water.

The logs are floated to the haulup, and, as they come around the foot wheel, are caught on the teeth of the chain and carried up the incline at the rate of 125 feet a minute. On arriving at the top they are discharged into the mottos. When both hauls and foot wheels nearly 600 feet apart, the whole being similarly constructed to the inclined haul—the return chain supported by toothed idlers—and a deflecting piece is placed across the horizontal conveyer, by which the logs, elevated by the chain, are thrown out of the trough and rolled over the side upon long skids.

Great saving of time and cost is thus effected, twenty-five horse-power being employed, though some of the logs are of immense size.—New York Sun.

## About Receiving Visitors.

The latest story that is told about Phillips Brooks is to the effect that he is, recently, being engaged in work, he left on orders with the servants that on no account was he to be interrupted. But shortly after he had retired to his study the door bell rang and a friend from New York sought admittance—Stockbroker Nichols, who had been a classmate of Bishop Brooks in college. This early caller did not fancy the idea of being turned away, and while he was remonstrating with the servant, lo and behold, Phillips Brooks emerged from his study, welcomed the visitor with open arms, bade him enter and talked with him an hour or so. The servant felt deeply mortified and made bitter complaint to the bishop after the caller had departed.

"I remember distinctly," said the bishop, "that you told me that you would be so busy that you wouldn't see the Angel Gabriel if he called."

"Yes," answered the bishop, "I did say that, and I meant it. But there's all the difference in the world between Gabriel and my friend Nichols. I'm bound to see Gabriel anyway in the next world, but as there is some doubt about my seeing Nichols there it was only right that I should see him here, when he took the trouble to call upon me."—Chicago News.

## Tips and Attendance.

A charge for attendance is made in some restaurants and other places, but no pleasant looks will follow the departing guest if he should omit to remember the person or persons who attended him. One morning when the rosy checked maid brought us our bills at the little hotel where we passed the night, my friend, observing a charge for "attendance," remarked:

"Well, Lizzie, does that mean you?"

"No, sir, it don't," was the answer, with a becoming blush and an air of self-consciousness that was delicious.

that it need not be a large one. A penny or two would be gratefully received, where the average American at home would never think of offering less than five or ten cents.—London Cor. New York Tribune.

## When Coal Was First Dug in England.

It was to supply the wants of smiths and lime burners that English coal began to be systematically dug, about A. D. 1200. This mineral fuel suited the requirements of their crafts even better than wood. An unworked and widespread demand for fuel for these purposes doubtless sprang up at this period, in connection with the numerous feudal castles and ecclesiastical buildings which were being erected throughout the kingdom. Not only were smiths and lime burners the sole patrons of coal at this early stage, but for a long time subsequently they continued to be its principal consumers.—Contemporary Review.

## While Examining a Throat.

The practice common in Europe of holding a glass plate between the physician and his patient while examining the throat is recommended. By this means the lodgment of particles of the secretion coughed from the throat upon the face, beard or person of the physician, which might be a source of danger to the latter or be conveyed to other patients, is avoided.—Exchange.

## How Cardinals Exercise.

The etiquette of Rome forbids a cardinal to be seen on foot in the streets; he must always drive, or if he is walking exercise must take either by pacing in a private garden or else take his carriage some way outside the walls, and let it wait for him until his walk is over.—Rome Letter.

## One Poor Malden.

"People may go on saying that a man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she looks," said an irate dame the other day, "but I say that a woman is just exactly as old as her aunt makes her out. What do I mean? Well, I'll tell you. I'm twenty-four, and I maintain I'm remarkably well preserved. You'll agree that I'm rather too youthful looking for a chaperon. But here's my dear Aunt Jane has asked me to look out for Cousin Virginia while she does some shopping in New York. Virginia is eighteen, and she's a good deal of an ingenue. Well, I go shopping with her and she asks me if I think twenty-five suits a yard too dear for muslin, adding that her mother says I always had such good judgment."

"In the evening there are callers and I wear black lace, but Virginia comes down in white muslin and pink ribbons. She won't play, because mamma says I must never, never play when you are a fine, old, cousin. She says you have such a fine technique and such a really professional touch, not a bit like my school-girl performances." Then I feel about forty. When we pass an ice cream soda place and I propose refreshing drink, Virginia giggles and says, 'Why, cousin! I never thought you'd be so silly as to be fond of ice cream soda.' I tell you," concluded the dame mournfully, "on learning to feel desperate, and some day I shall be ruled by Virginia about Aunt Jane. And then that relative of mine will soothe her daughter by remarking that she mustn't mind, for of course I'm getting old and a little crabbed."—New York World.

## Campaign Banners.

Sign painters, portrait painters and sailmakers all take part in the manufacture of campaign banners. The two sides of a campaign banner are easily made in stencil factories, but are very troublesome when done by hand. The names and portraits are painted on muslin sized with glue, and the sign painter paints the mottoes. When both sides are completed one section is placed on the floor, painted side down, and over this a net is placed; then the other part is fitted to this above the net and the two parts are sewed together with waxed thread by the sailmaker.

Banners range in price from \$75 to \$500, the cheaper ones bearing only the names and principles of the candidates, and having no portraits. There are three general sizes in banners—15 by 20 feet, 20 by 30 feet and 30 by 40 feet—the price being regulated mostly by the size. It takes about a week to make a banner.—Public Opinion.

## Can the Cholera Bacilli Be Destroyed?

Professor Clesinger, in his article on bacteria, microbes, bacilli and kindred forms, says: "They multiply very rapidly and in a strange way too. A single one breaks in two, and each half grows to be as large as the original. These in turn subdivide again, until from a single one many thousands are produced in a short time. One can calculate at some rate that in forty-eight hours it can produce 280,000,000,000 individuals of its kind!"

Is it any wonder that such disastrous consequences result from the lodgment of one of these minute, but terrible, nites in the human intestines?—St. Louis Republic.

## A Narrow Gauge Railroad.

A railroad with a gauge of but twenty-four inches is now building in North Carolina. It is to run from Hot Springs, near the Tennessee border, to Laurel river, a distance of twenty-four miles. Its course is through a very mountainous country, touching also a fine farming section. The main purpose of its construction is to get out the timber on about 70,000 acres of land. A type of iron rail engine is built for the little road. There is a railroad of the same small gauge now being operated in Maine, and one or two in western states.—New York Sun.

## Dumas Is Like Reads.

Alexandre Dumas, the younger, in his recently published utterances in connection with audiences, first night cabals, prejudiced critics and the lost art of hatred, irresistibly reminds his readers of our own Charles Reads. Both combined a wild intemperance of invective with the most charming and amiable disposition.—London Telegraph.

## A Great Improvement.

Kingley—I hear your wife has been ill. How is she getting on.

Bingo—Much better. She is strong now that we have a servant girl.—New York Herald.

## CHINESE GROCERIES.

AN ORIENTAL STORE WITH QUEER KINDS OF EDIBLES.

What a Chinaman's Delicacies Is Like. A Veritable Museum of Gastronomy—A St. Louis Firm That Sells Things That the Chinese Eat.

On the corner of Tenth and Locust streets is a little Chinese shop that has about it the red and white air of a laundry, but it isn't. The sign in front of the store says "Chinese and Japanese groceries." Sun Yeh See & Co. It was at one time a fancy goods shop, but the owner concluded groceries would pay better. "People are compelled to eat," he says, in explaining the change. The owner's name is not Sun Yeh See, however, and there is no company to the concern at all, but it is run by a single proprietor. The proprietor's name is Jen Hon Yee, and he put "Yeh See" on his sign because he saw it on several other signs in the neighborhood, and thought it had an air of business about it. As for Sun Yeh See, that is not the name of any personage whatever, but is simply a motto chosen by Mr. Yee. Its literal meaning is "Believe in Jesus," so that any one passing along the street and translating the sign would be surprised to see a grocery store run by "Believe in Jesus & Co."

Mr. Yee sells groceries, but none of the kind that are seen upon the table of an American, if we except a little rice and tea. The kinds he sells are those which tickle the palates of the dwellers in the land of Confucius.

The writer yesterday had the pleasure of witnessing a shipment of freight unpacked which had just completed its long journey from China. The ten or twelve large boxes covered with the odd but well known green paper and imitable characters, all securely wrapped with strips of cane, had at a glance a foreign look about them. When the boxes were opened, however, and some of the goods taken out, the foreign appearance was increased many times over.

Everything was stored away in a very careful and compact manner, each article being separated from every other by little improvised but effective partitions in the large boxes. There were strange looking nuts of all sorts—some from the marshes along the Yellow and Blue rivers, and some from the rugged mountain region between the Yangtze and its great tributary, the Min. The water nuts from the low lands, growing in the ponds and the swamps like lilies—the root forming the nut—had the soft black mud from their eastern home still clinging around them. When cut open with a knife the pulpy white meat was evidently as fresh as it was the day it had been taken from the faraway banks of some lonely swamp.

There were dozens of kinds of dried mushrooms, numerous kinds and qualities of macaroni, jars of the most delicious (2) sauce, boxes of queer red raisins, casks of dark brown oysters, which, it is said, would, many times their size when cooked, ginger root so strong and biting that none but an accustomed tongue can endure its taste, dried fish in endless variety and appearance, sticks of sugar cane, which were really quite palatable, beautiful little bamboo baskets of the finest tea, kegs of long, slender cucumbers in a thick black sauce, vegetables something like carrots and radishes, but really like none of them; black seagrass or seaweed, which, when "washed" in fresh water, is supposed to become a most luscious auxiliary cooked with stewed meats; and last, but not least (in price), the inevitable birds' nests, wrapped in tissue paper and inclosed in delicate half pound and quarter pound paper boxes—at four dollars per pound.

Indeed, while the amount of each kind was not very great the variety seemed almost endless, and the prices were a revelation. The water nuts, which looked like buckeyes, sold at thirty cents a pound. They are used, sliced up very fine, to cook with meats, etc. The mushrooms are eighty cents to a dollar a pound, and look very much like our own. The lowest priced dried fish are thirty cents a pound, and the best kinds a dollar. They are shipped in great numbers during the summer months, when other meats cannot well stand the journey. There is a kind of duck, however, whose legs are dressed, placed in tin cans, which are filled with oil, and shipped to any distance. Packed in this oil these legs will keep fresh indefinitely and are considered a wonderful delicacy, retailing at ten cents each. The black seaweed which is cooked with meats sold at seventy-five cents a pound and other things in proportion, while the little yellowish sticks known as birds' nests bring four dollars a pound. Mrs. Yee says it is an excellent thing for children and a magnificent ingredient for soups, as no doubt it ought to be.

In explaining the different articles and their characteristics Jen Hon Yee had to show considerable dexterity with the English language. He would call over nouns a rate that in forty-eight hours it can produce 280,000,000,000 individuals of its kind!"

Is it any wonder that such disastrous consequences result from the lodgment of one of these minute, but terrible, nites in the human intestines?—St. Louis Republic.

## Still There.

"There's gas escaping," said Bunting, sniffing the air.

"No," replied Larkin, also taking a sniff, "it seems to be here yet."—Exchange.

## How It Feels to Lead a Procession.

"If you want to experience a novel sensation," said a gentleman who sports a colonel's uniform as member of a governor's staff when over seas, "just get on horseback and take part in some great procession like those which marked the Columbian festivities."

"It is the most curious feeling that you ever experienced, I will wager a hat. It beats hashheesh or opium smoking all to pieces. It is unlike

any other thing that you ever saw or heard of felt."

"At first you are all right, and you hear the bands and see the great furrows of humanity on either side of the way as distinctly as you ever saw anything in your life. But after awhile things begin to grow blurred to your senses. The music dies away and there is nothing but a dull roar in your ears, while the crowd becomes merely a dull and indistinct mass without form or meaning in your eyes."

"But now you begin to see single figures—men hanging from the eaves of high buildings, boys perched on chimneys or signboards in some hazardous place. You watch one of them with fascinated eyes, expecting every minute to see him fall and be dashed to pieces on the pavement. You are constantly filled with an overwhelming feeling that you are to be witness to some dreadful



# Do You Want—BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, UNDERWEAR.—OVERALLS?

The "LITTLE MONITOR" Spring Heel,  
Childs' \$1.50 Misses, \$2.00 Ladies', \$2.25

The "LITTLE TROGAN" School Shoe.  
Look at this Shoe for Misses and Children.

## THE PRINCESS,

A Misses Shoe. Heel or Spring Heel.  
Coat or Dongola, \$1.50

Cameo Bais. for Boys' \$1.50

Flint Rock Working Shoes \$1.50

A Full Line of Men's Shoes, all  
grades, from \$1.50 to \$5.

RUBBER BOOTS,  
RUBBER SHOES,  
RUBBER COATS,  
RUBBER GLOVES.

Heavy Felt Boots, with Heavy Buckle  
Rubbers, Complete, \$2.50

## LADIES' SHOES.

The Phelan, - - \$2.00 Line.

The Straight Goat Walk Boot, 2.50

The Straight Goat Piccadilly, 3.00

The Well Known Duchess Boot, 3.00

## OUR OWN SHOE.

LADIES' STRAIGHT GOAT, Front Lace, \$2.50

This Boot is made especially for us and is the  
best boot for the money to be found in this city.

IT CAN BE OBTAINED ONLY AT THIS STORE

Ladies' Rubber Shoes and Boots

of all Kinds.

## UNDERWEAR.

White Shirts and Drawers, - - 50 Cts.

Gray Random Shirts and Drawers, 50 Cts.

Fine Natural Wool Shirt and Drs.  
75c. and \$1.00

Camels' Hair Improved Two-Thread Underwear, \$1.25

ALL WOOL, White or Scarlet, \$1.50

Heavy Blue Ribbed Goods,

75c. and \$1.00

The Well known "Contocook A" Blue Ribbed all wool.

\$1.50

WORKING SHIRTS,

A Full Line from 50 cts. to \$2.50

We carry THE LEBANON Wool Shirts, full  
size, all made 36 inches long.

## HATS.

Stiff Hats, \$1.25 to \$3.00

—WE CARRY THE—

Lamson \$3.00 Hats.

Caps of all Kinds.

Children's Hats and Caps.

When you buy Overalls or Jumpers buy the  
celebrated

CARTER & CHURCHILL LEBANON GOODS.

Sold in Quincy at this Store only.

Working Pants,

A FULL STOCK FROM \$1.00 to \$3.00

# SAVILLE & JONES.

## THE OLD JERSEY CITY STEEL

CAN BE BOUGHT AT

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BOSTON PRICES PREVAIL WITH THE BOYS.

## GEO. F. WILSON & Co.

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A Good Assortment of

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Civil Engineer  
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LAND Surveying, laying out of Real  
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tions. Plans and Estimates furnished for im-  
provement of property, and work superin-  
tended. Quincy, May 17.

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Cotter, 199 Washington St., Boston

Continued from 1st Page.  
MRS. MAYO'S SECOND.

and let me try to make it up to you,"  
he cried. "I never knew how well  
I loved you until I began to grow  
jealous of your probable second hus-  
band. It was that awful jealousy, I  
think, that snatched me back from  
the very grave. I am to realize your  
ideal, to be my own successor in  
your heart, to fulfill all the promise  
of your second husband. Will you  
let me try, my darling? Come with  
me—you and the babies—and let us  
begin our new, sweet love life now!"  
"Gladly," smiled the forgiving  
wife.—Atlanta Constitution.

LOCKS AND THEIR HISTORY.  
Interesting Facts in Relation to Their In-  
vention and Evolution.

Since man became secretive or  
covetous locks and bolts have been a  
necessity. To keep a would be in-  
truder on the right side of a door and  
the fingers of a thief from the object  
of his cupidty our ancestors improv-  
vised the wooden bar and designed the  
mysterious lock. The latter was  
of course the later product as involv-  
ing mechanical skill and a knowledge  
of metals. The ancient Egyptians  
are credited with the manufacture of  
the original lock, which was simple  
in construction and by no means  
proof against the ingenuity of the  
primitive burglar. They were mostly  
made of wood, with an occasional  
example of iron or copper. The  
warded lock was a further evolution  
and during the Middle Ages, in which  
so much of mechanical work was  
associated with sacerdotal instincts  
and objects the products were char-  
acterized by elaboration and the  
highest style of finish.

The religion of mechanics in those  
medieval times was conscience in  
work and faith in its thoroughness,  
to which in modern days we cannot  
honestly make so valid a claim. The  
result in the art of lock making was  
the production of specimens, of  
which it is said that history and  
antiquarians tell of no finer spec-  
imens, art and handwork being hap-  
pily combined. The tumbler lock is  
Mongolian, and has been in use in  
the Celestial empire for centuries.  
The ancient Chinese being artists in  
mechanical devices, and by no means  
the blackheads so liberally scandal-  
ized on the sand lots and platforms  
of modern times. The combination  
padlock has also a venerable record,  
and is attributed to the genius of a  
French locksmith, the opinion, how-  
ever, being held by antiquarians that  
its inception dates back to a remote  
period.

Be that as it may, it is evident that  
in locks as in everything else in pure  
mechanics, we are but improvers on  
our predecessors. Ingenuity has  
adapted itself to changing conditions.  
The lock is more a necessity than  
ever. It has more values to pro-  
tect, and better educated rogues to  
frustrate, and we are getting emi-  
nently rich in both articles, while in  
the skill of the locksmith as much as  
in the valor of the police we place

the faith that leaves no headache in  
our nightmares, and keeps our bonds  
and fetters safe. We have evolu-  
tionized in lock manufacture from  
the Egyptian article to the modern  
combination mystery of which, as  
far as burglars intentions are con-  
cerned, there is no key but a deposit  
of giant powder or a pinch of dynamite.

It is, however, to the four types of  
locks named that we owe all subse-  
quent evolutions, and are not per-  
haps, except in improvements, so  
far ahead of elderly skill as we some-  
times assume. It is simply a matter  
of pedigree, and in mechanical in-  
geniuty, as in a family calendar, we  
could as reasonably expect to be on  
the census roll without a grand-  
father, as to be where we are  
in manufactures without our ante-  
cedents. In the matter of locks  
we care more about practical  
protection than in making their  
brass and iron manures of a  
canonized man or act, and in this  
sense we are in keeping with the age  
that is more anxious about its de-  
posits than its biographies. It is,  
however, none the less a fact that in  
the ingenious mechanism of the  
modern lock we are but simply am-  
plifying the discoveries of our prede-  
cessors.—Age of Steel.

Write Interestingly.  
In writing letters to your friends  
or acquaintances, make what you  
say not only worth reading, but as  
free as possible from all affectation.  
Say very little about the affairs of  
others, and be guarded in what you  
write of your own private concerns,  
but apart from this do not pick and  
choose words, nor feel obliged to  
consider how each sentence shall be  
"rounded." Your letters will, in  
case you are constantly considering  
your mode of expression, be dull and  
stupid and not worth their postage.  
Write to your friends as you would  
talk to them.

In the last century letter writing  
was a fine art, and as a result we  
have the most charming and perfect  
pictures of the times. Horacio Wal-  
pole, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu  
and Miss d'Arbly are three among  
a hundred famous letter writers of  
that day, when to send a letter any  
distance cost some shillings, and  
therefore all "the news," as well as  
the social and domestic events, was  
chronicled.—Harper's Young People.

Public Buildings as Objects of Art.  
If our government could place the  
designing of its buildings in the hands  
of architects who have proved their  
ability to do justice to such great op-  
portunities for professional distinc-  
tion, the art of architecture would  
not only receive the encouragement  
which is due to it from one of the  
most enlightened nations of the  
world, but our public monuments  
would at last adequately express our  
civilization. In England, in France,  
in Germany, and indeed in all the  
great European countries, the public  
buildings are their highest and most  
characteristic efforts in art. It is the

ambition of every architect to make  
himself worthy to be employed upon  
them. They constitute the great  
prizes of the profession.

We cross the Atlantic to see the  
cities which they have made beau-  
tiful. In our own country enough of  
treasure has been appropriated for  
national buildings and spent on them  
to make our cities equally noble and  
attractive. But under the present  
system these opportunities have been  
worse than lost, for they have en-  
couraged an unnecessary extrava-  
gance of expenditure without ade-  
quate return, and they offer no higher  
type to be accepted as the expression  
of our civilization than respectable  
conventionalized and organized com-  
monplace.—Century.

Fees of a Great Criminal Lawyer.

What does it cost to go to law? It  
costs sums widely varying in size.  
We make the rich pay for the poor.  
Many of our most celebrated criminal  
suits are entirely for sweet charity's  
sake, because the client is unable to  
pay a cent. We take them because  
we feel that we can acquit them and  
score a victory where others have  
failed. Where our clients are rich  
we charge them large sums and  
make them pay all in a lump. The  
lowest fee for a divorce suit is \$200  
where we charge anything at all.  
The highest we have ever received  
for conducting such a suit is \$32,000;  
the average is about \$500.

People who have once been our  
clients have a great affection for us,  
as indeed they do for any lawyer  
who brings them out whole. And  
so a lawyer's life, instead of being  
filled with stories of ingratitude and  
falsity, very often has many a chap-  
ter crowded into it of love and grate-  
tude for successfully carrying an in-  
nocent man or woman through an  
evil accusation and for helping the  
guilty to take advantage of every  
means offered by the law of the  
country.—Abc Hummel in New York  
Press.

Reading in Railroad Cars.

A great improvement in English  
railway carriages consists of a pro-  
vision of a separate light for passen-  
gers desiring to read, in addition to  
the lamps in the roofs of the cars.  
The mechanism of the lamp is ex-  
ceedingly simple, and is contained in  
a box five inches by three inches. On  
the top of the machine is the inevita-  
ble slot, and when a penny is inserted  
therein and a knob is pressed an elec-  
tric light is obtained which burns  
for half an hour, at the end of which  
time the light is automatically ex-  
tinguished. It can be relighted by  
the insertion of another penny.

The light, which is of three candle  
power, is concentrated by a shaded  
reflector, which may be turned with-  
in certain limits so that a light may  
be directed to suit the position of the  
passenger. A remarkable feature of  
the machine is its honesty, as it is so  
arranged that in case of a failure in  
the supply of electricity the coin is  
automatically returned to the op-  
erator.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## J. F. Sheppard & Sons,

DEALERS IN—

The Best Quality Lyken's Valley Franklin, Red  
and White Ash, and Cumberland

COAL! COAL!

Pressed Hay,  
Hard and Soft Wood,  
and Split Kindlings.

Wharves at East Braintree and Quincy Point.  
Yard on Granite Street, Quincy.  
Telephone Numbers—Quincy, 53-3; East Braintree, 68-2; Quincy  
Point, 53-2.  
Post Office Box—19 Granite Street, Quincy; Weymouth, 102; East  
Braintree, 6.

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Confectionery, and Fine Cigars, Fruit,  
Nuts, Ice Cream and Cool Drinks.

GENERAL VARIETY STORE.

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Geo. H. Brown & Co.,  
Insurance, Real Estate & Mortgages.

Choice House Lots in all parts of the city For Sale on easy terms, and  
money advanced to build. Care of property and collec-  
tion of rents a specialty.

Adams Building, - - - Quincy.

Branch Office at Williams' Jewelry Store, West Quincy.



FALL and WINTER  
STYLES.

Having received a Fine Line of Im-  
ported Goods, they are now  
ready for inspection.

For Workmanship and Fit we  
cannot be beat.

OUR PRICES ARE LOW.  
Gentlemen's Own Material Made Up  
Reasonable.

CLEANING AND REPAIRING.

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Durgin & Merrill's Block.

VOL. VI.

1877

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PHYSICIANS PRES

Whall's Compound Elixir Sarsa

The great

Whall's Golden Hair Oil.

For Beautifying an

Whall's Old Colony Toothache

Cures without injur

Whall's Old Colony Glycerine

For the prevention

Whall's Old Colony Corn

It is safe, and

Whall's Vegetable Catha

A Mild, Effec

Whall's Original Syrup

With Ice-wat

Chris

Turkeys, Geese,

etc., and

Nuts, Raisens, Oran

Pratt

25 S

HEADQ

Men's Launder

Rob

UMBRELLA

ever shown.

CLOVES. An ex

Men and Boys.

Mufflers a

in buying your

Bags, in Grain

Oxford Cloth

Don't wait until th

it a point to buy a

best satisfied.

Largest

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HOLIDAY GIFT

There is nothing

a nice likeness of

Gift.

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# Quincy Monitor.

VOL. VI. NO. 9.

QUINCY, MASS., DECEMBER, 1892.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

1877 1892  
**JOSEPH S. WHALL, APOTHECARY,**  
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**PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS' A SPECIALTY.**  
Whall's Compound Elixir Sarsaparilla. The great Blood Purifier. Price \$1.00  
Whall's Golden Hair Oil. For Beautifying and Preserving the Hair. Price 25c.  
Whall's Old Colony Toothache Drops. Cures without injury to the Teeth. Price 25c.  
Whall's Old Colony Glycerine Emollient. For the prevention and cure of all Irritations. Price 35c.  
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Whall's Vegetable Cathartic Pills. A Mild, Efficient Cathartic, purely Vegetable. Price 25c.  
Whall's Original Syrup of Orange. With Ice-water, makes a Delicious, Cooling Drink. Price 35c.

## Christmas Dinner.

Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chickens, Fowl etc., and all the fixings.

Nuts, Raisens, Oranges, Figs, Dates to be found at

**Pratt & Curtis,**  
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## HEADQUARTERS FOR,

Men's Laundered, Unlaundered Shirts, Night Robes, Collars and Cuffs.

**UMBRELLAS.** The largest and finest stock we have ever shown. Prices from \$1.00 to \$6.00

**CLOVES.** An extensive line to select from for Men and Boys.

## Mufflers and Handkerchiefs.

in buying your presents don't forget our line of

**Bags, in Grain Leather, Real Alligator, Oxford Cloth Sides and Calf Lined.**

Don't wait until the last minute before buying. Make it a point to buy at once. Those who purchase early are best satisfied.

**Largest Stock. Lowest Prices.**

**GRANITE CLOTHING CO.**

ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY, MASS.

## HOLIDAY GIFTS! HOLIDAY GIFTS!

There is nothing better or more appropriate than a nice likeness of yourself or a friend for a Holiday Gift.

Pictures of Children and Old People a Specialty.

OLD PICTURES COPIED AND ENLARGED TO ANY SIZE AND FINISHED IN CRAYON, WATER COLORS OR PASTEL.

FRAMES OF ALL KINDS AND STYLES AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

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## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!



We have the Largest Assortment of

**Watches, Jewelry and Silverware**

Ever shown in Quincy. These are all New Goods and will be sold at very small profit.

**Don't Spend Your Time and Money**

in Boston when you can make better bargains at home.

**C. F. Pettengill,**

160 Hancock St. Next to Court Room Building.

## CHRISTMAS.

—We have a Full Line of—

**Fancy Slippers, all prices.**

Also the Largest Stock of

**RUBBERS,**

To be found in Quincy.

**Boston Branch Shoe Store**

Robertson Block, Quincy.

A. P. WENTWORTH, Manager.

## Save Your Money,

—BY BUYING YOUR—

**Clothing and Furnishing Goods,**

—AT THE—

**QUINCY**

**ONE PRICE CLOTHING STORE.**

When You Have

**SLIPPERS,**

On Your Mind WE ARE THE PEOPLE you want to see. Our prices are from

**50 cts. to \$2.00**

How many pairs do you suppose we have in Stock? How many lines do you suppose we carry? Call and see.

**WINKFIFIN RRNS 104 Hancock St.**

**Durgin's Drug Store.**

**"RELIABILITY"**

WE PUT UP PRESCRIPTIONS WRITTEN BY ANY PHYSICIAN WHETHER WRITTEN UPON MY BLANKS OR THOSE OF SOME OTHER DRUGGIST SKILLFULLY, ACCURATELY AND PROMPTLY OF THE BEST MATERIAL OBTAINABLE.

**A. G. DURGIN.**

In extending to our many customers and friends our wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and prosperous New Year, we would also take occasion at this time to thank all such for kind favors during this year, and to assure them that so far as our efforts go we shall endeavor to deserve a continuance for 1893.

We shall make our usual Christmas spread of fine Confectionery, Fruits, Nuts, Figs, Raisins, Florida Oranges, Malaga Grapes, etc. Any assortment and prices will be favorable so that no one need go to Boston to buy their Christmas supplies in this line.

We have fine **California Fruits**, in glasses. Very handsome goods at reasonable prices.

Our stock of **Canned Vegetables and Fruits** is unusually large and the assortment includes everything in that line that you can think of or ask for.

Christmas dinner is not complete without a good cup of Tea or Coffee, and in either we aim to give the very best for the money. Our large sales of these goods is best evidence of our success.

Best brands of Flour is, and has always been, one of our specialties and prices are now bed-rock. In order to reduce our large stock of flour for our annual stock taking Jan. 1st, we shall offer for a short time only our brand White Lion Flour at \$5.25 per bbl., and with each barrel a guarantee will be given of perfect satisfaction or no sale.

**Boston Branch Grocery.**

**Durgin & Merrill's Block.**

## THE CABIN ON THE CLAIM.

Lonely, you say, with mighty arch  
Of sky so grandly bending?  
By bright blue clouds and glittering stars  
A tender message sending?

Joyless? When out of crimson cloud  
The sunrise pours its glory,  
Morn after morn repeating well  
Aurora's cheerful story?

Peaceless? When night with noiseless feet,  
From fields of herbs and flowers,  
Sweet odors in her mantle dark  
Bears to this cot of ours?

Like faintest sounds of distant seas  
Pounding some castle hoary,  
We hear the great world's roar and fret  
And trace her changeful story.

So, thankful, where the kindly stars  
Turning a bend of river,  
A noble deed with radiant flash  
Makes every heartstring quiver.

So, thankful, where the kindly stars  
Turning the blue with beauty,  
We look and breathe the fervent wish  
That all may do their duty.

Boston Transcript.

Gloves at Afternoon Tea.  
Gloves, the crowning finish of a well  
Dressed woman's costume in public, have  
been of late years greatly missed in  
American society. One sees them worn  
at tea tables by the woman elected to  
represent the hostess in pouring tea, and  
even at dinner tables, where the wear-  
ers have been known to sit through  
many courses with their right hands  
bared, the hand of the right glove  
tucked under the wrist, and the entire  
left glove kept on. From time immemorial  
the habitual dinner goers of good  
society have removed both gloves imme-  
diately after taking their places at the  
table, and have resumed them upon re-  
turning to the drawing room, or after  
using the finger bowls, and before aris-  
ing from the feast.

Any departure from accepted custom  
that has only eccentricity or a desire for  
innovation to recommend it should be  
avoided; hence there seems no cause for  
taking up the curious fashion just men-  
tioned, probably set in a heedless mo-  
ment by some leader of vogue or by an  
unfortunate woman of rank whose hand  
was made conspicuous by a disfiguring  
injury.

Home Journal.

Woman's Nerve.

Miss Florence McKee, a young  
saleswoman living in Chicago with her  
mother and brothers, about 3 o'clock  
one morning recently was awakened and  
was horrified to find a man's eyes peer-  
ing down into hers. She endeavored  
to rise, but the burglar held her down,  
and tried to kiss her. "If you make any  
noise, I'll kill you," he said. Miss Mc-  
Kee, who was at the top of her  
grasp of the intruder. He was a power-  
ful fellow, and twisting her arms until  
they seemed to be on the point of dislo-  
cation, he said again, "I'll kill you if  
you don't keep quiet," and then he  
added, "What's the use of struggling?  
I only want to kiss you."

By this time the young lady's screams  
had aroused the house, and hearing peo-  
ple moving in adjoining rooms he bolted  
through the door. Miss McKee  
sprang out of bed in her nightdress, and  
without shoes or stockings followed the  
burglar. Down stairs went the intruder,  
with Miss McKee after him, three  
steps at a time, yelling like a Conan-  
thee, and awakening her whole household.  
Through an open window bolted the  
now terrified intruder, the young lady  
just missing his coat tails as she went  
through after him. In the yard she  
caught him, but he broke away and  
dashed down Peoria street. At Jackson  
boulevard he turned west, and for two  
blocks the young lady followed him.  
Then her strength gave out, and she de-  
serted.

Her brothers, who had been awakened  
by her cries, had followed, and throw-  
ing a shawl around her carried her  
home. When the family examined the  
house they found the burglar had taken  
twenty dollars in money, and then visit-  
ed Miss McKee's room. Here, after  
taking a pair of diamond earrings, he  
determined to add to his crimes by steal-  
ing a kiss. A year ago, while on her  
way home one evening, a thief snatched  
Miss McKee's pocketbook and ran.  
After chasing him four blocks she seized  
and held him until help arrived.—St.  
Louis Globe-Democrat.

Queer Actions of South American Birds.

The singular waddled, wing spurred  
and long toed jacanas have a queer kind  
of meeting. They usually go singly or  
in pairs, but occasionally, in response to  
a call by one of them, all who are within  
hearing leave off feeding and fly to one  
spot, where they walk about with their  
beautiful wings erect or half open, or  
waved up and down with a slow and  
measured motion.

With these two species both sexes join  
in the display, but that of the spur-  
winged lapping is altogether peculiar,  
inasmuch as it takes place with three  
individuals only. These birds live in  
pairs, and at intervals during the day  
or on moonlight nights one bird will  
leave his mate and fly to another pair a  
short distance away. These will receive  
the visitor with signs of pleasure.

First going to meet him, they place  
themselves behind him and all three  
march rapidly, uttering special notes.  
Then they stop, the leader stands erect  
with elevated wings uttering loud notes,  
while the other two, with pulled out  
plumage, standing side by side, stoop  
forward till the tips of their beaks touch  
the ground, and with a low, murmuring  
sound remain for some moments in the  
strange posture. Then the visitor goes  
back to his own mound and mate, and  
later on they receive a visitor which they  
treat in the same ceremonious manner.  
They are said to be so fond of this form  
of visiting that they indulge in it all the  
year round.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Susceptibility to Drafts.

It is strange the difference there is in  
people about sitting in a draft of air.  
Some persons can sit or lie in a draft and  
not suffer the slightest inconvenience,  
while others would catch their death of

cold in a few minutes. Why is this? It  
cannot be wholly due to the relative  
strength of the individual, nor solely to  
the conditions of particular organs of  
the body. Judging from observations  
it would seem that, other things being  
equal, those who have the best capillary  
circulation are the ones least likely to  
suffer. But this, again, depends upon  
certain other conditions. A person who  
has a very feeble pulse, showing low vi-  
tality, cannot have a good circulation in  
the capillaries. The surface is easily  
chilled, hence the danger of taking  
cold.

But you will see another individual  
with a strong pulse, good vitality, who  
is apparently as susceptible to drafts as  
the one who is feeble. The untanned  
circulation is sluggish, owing to normal  
conditions. It may be due to an error  
in diet or something which interferes  
with the surface circulation. One who  
lives largely on oily foods may have a  
skin so torpid that the capillaries in it  
cannot do their work properly. Or if  
there is an excess of bile in the blood  
this fluid may be so thick that the fine  
network of capillaries cannot carry it.  
The surface circulation will be sluggish  
and the skin easily chilled.—Home-  
maker.

A PROFESSIONAL "WEEPER."

A Young Scamp Who Finds Begging More  
Profitable Than Working.

"Jack the Weeper" is well known  
about the lower part of the town. He  
has been exploited in the newspapers in  
connection with arrest and incarceration,  
has been interviewed and had his  
picture taken, and on various occasions  
has sworn off from professional weep-  
ing. "Jack the Weeper" is a diminutive  
looking specimen of a seven-year-  
old boy with a twenty-year-old face and  
a stock of experience and cunning rarely  
accumulated by making this side of  
fifty. He is ostensibly a newsboy, but  
the fraternity hold him in great con-  
tempt or know him only to thump him.  
His "racket" has been to get a bundle of  
papers together late in the evening and  
weep at the foot of the elevated stairs  
down town.

Sympathetic people cast him pennies  
and nickels and dimes, and sometimes  
an occasional quarter or half dollar  
found an abiding place in the weeper's  
made pocket—all on the supposition  
that he was an honest lad who had been  
"stuck." Thus the weeper found that  
tears could be coined into cash more  
easily and profitably than by the ordi-  
nary course of the news trade. But just  
as Jack had worked up a fairly regular  
club, and broke up business by arrest,  
examination and consequent publicity.

At the foot of a down town station  
of a Sixth avenue elevated station in the  
most fashionable part of New York re-  
cently occurred a scene which demon-  
strated that "Jack the Weeper" had not  
only not gone out of business, but had  
vastly improved upon former methods.

It was about the fashionable shopping  
hour and the swell women and dilet-  
tante young men were flocking to the  
town trains. A delicate lad, with a con-  
sumptive cough and a bundle of cast-off  
morning newspapers, stood shivering at  
the foot of the stairs, two great big  
homemade tears ploving their way  
through the dirt on his cheeks as his  
madly weeping eyes sought the  
sea. Several of us stopped out of sym-  
pathy and began to question the boy.

At the same time nearly every hand  
in the crowd instinctively sought for  
change. An exceedingly sharp eyed lady  
impulsively pulled out a bill and pushed  
it into his trembling fingers, accompa-  
nying the act with an appealing look  
around upon the rest of us. It worked.

Everybody in sight gave silver, and an  
old lady who came in later on the scene  
pressed a two dollar note upon the child.  
I missed two trains to note the goodly  
sight, and I felt proud of my fellow  
creatures and the beautiful sympathy of  
my kindred. The boy never said a word.  
He merely coughed and wept and scooped  
in the coin. In the excitement of the  
moment I forgot an errand I had at the  
next station and went past it. Then I  
got out, went up the other side and rode  
back.

There was a little mob gathered on  
the down town side at the foot of the  
stairs. So nearly like the other mob  
was it that at first I thought I had made  
another mistake and gone back to my  
starting point. But no; it was the next  
station.

Well, "shiver my timbers" as the old  
salt says, if there wasn't the same boy  
with the same graveyard cough, the  
same weep, the same old papers, and,  
what was more astonishing, here was the  
same sharp eyed, benevolent lady in the  
midst of a group of sympathetic women,  
just starting a liberal subscription.

My first impulse was to jump in and  
grab her and yell for the police, but I  
conquered it and walked away, wonder-  
ing how much money there was in this  
new snap of the woman and the weeper.  
—New York Herald.

Are Scott and Dickens Obsolete?

Who reads Scott and Dickens now?  
To that question what is the true an-  
swer? The implied answer of course is  
that no one reads them or that their  
readers are getting yearly fewer. It  
may be said at once, and it may be said  
flatly, that it is not the case. They are  
not only still read by many people, but  
they are read by more people today than  
they ever were before. This fact is sub-  
stantiated by the copies of their works  
that are sold; indeed it stares us in the  
face at every railway book store.

Scott and Dickens, if measured by the  
number of their readers, are growing in  
popularity, not declining. I should cer-  
tainly say that, so far as my own ob-  
servation can inform me, no two writers  
are more universally familiar at this mo-  
ment than Scott and Dickens. The old  
have read them; the young are reading  
them, nor need any one doubt the fact  
because they are not discussed like nov-  
elists.—W. H. Mallock in Forum.

THE LIGHTNING ROD GRAZE.  
Recollections of the Time When It Swept  
Over the United States.

If any one has a mind that is at  
all antiquarian in its disposition he  
may find about many of the farm-  
houses through the country and most  
of the older houses in the city re-  
minders of a custom that can now be  
said with a fair amount of certainty  
to belong to ancient history—that of  
using lightning rods.

He will then remember what had  
almost left his mind for fifteen years,  
the lightning rod phase of history,  
when a man was generally regarded  
as an idiot who left his home with-  
out the protection of a rod, and when  
insurance companies insisted that  
each house on which they took a  
risk should be provided with them,  
until you would have thought Provi-  
dence had nothing to do but manu-  
facture thunderbolts and send their  
bolts against those unprovided with  
the articles. It was one of those  
pseudo scientific crazes that rage  
fiercely for a time, and on that ac-  
count are dropped the more com-  
pletely afterward.

Now almost no one puts the rods  
on his new home, and the insurance  
companies have turned their atten-  
tion to the far more practical ques-  
tion of the danger from electric wires.  
Old Ben Franklin was a popular man  
in every way, but he never touched  
a subject nearer the heart of man,  
and it may be added, of woman also,  
than when he gave to the world his  
ideas of protection against lightning.  
The invention started out by causing  
a furious struggle between the Eng-  
lish Whigs and Tories concerning the  
proper wiring of St. Paul's cathedral  
in London, and has caused no end of  
controversy since until it dropped  
out of sight ten or fifteen years ago.  
Yet it was nearly so late as 1860 that  
the great American seaway first took  
practical charge of the idea and  
turned it to coining money from a  
down-trodden and abused people. For  
fifteen years the lightning rod man  
ruled the nation, until his tyranny  
aroused the public to madness and to  
shooting on sight.

The articles were made by many  
different firms, each making a differ-  
ent kind that was individually supe-  
rior to all the rest. The hardware  
stores did not handle these invaluable  
for a season of five months every  
year, beginning May 1. The winter  
seasons of these ruffian bands were  
spent in the comparatively light  
amusements of horse stealing and  
murder. In fact, the nervous sys-  
tem of the country, and especially  
the trusting nature of women, has  
never yet recovered from the shock  
given by the tales of those men con-  
cerning the fearful fate of those who  
were so foolishly as to use any kind  
of lightning rod but their own.

One band of bad men from the  
west, whose goods they made in  
Cleveland, had its headquarters for  
nearly ten years in Springfield, and  
from this devoted city eighty teams,  
with an appropriate number of men,  
scoured the country through the  
summer. The trusting farmer, hav-  
ing been shown in glowing colors his  
danger if unprotected, was induced  
to ask for estimates on wiring his  
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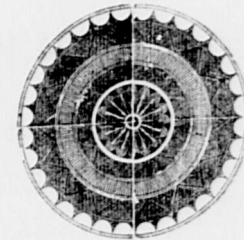
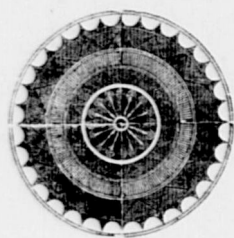








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Gloves, Suspenders, Jewelry, Hats, Caps.

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Wool Soles, Wool Boots.

**SLIPPERS.** AT THIS SEASON, AS IS OUR CUSTOM, WE OFFER OUR LARGE STOCK OF SLIPPERS, SELECTED FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.  
WE HAVE SLIPPERS FOR EVERYONE, MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS.

**If You Wish** to make a pretty, as well as useful present, call and examine these goods

Our Store will be open EVERY EVENING until after Christmas Eve.

# SAVILLE & JONES.

THE OLD JERSEY CITY STEEL

CAN BE BOUGHT AT

**Pinel Bros.**

No 94 Granite Street.

BOSTON PRICES PREVAIL WITH THE BOYS.

## EVERYONE

Knows or ought to know that we are headquarters for

**Suspenders!**

You are probably going to buy your  
Christmas ones of us. Our prices  
are from 25c to \$3.00

We can please everybody.  
WINKFIELD BROTHERS. - 104 Hancock Street.

Fashionable Tailor.



**WOOLENS**  
Ever exhibited in Quincy, to  
be made to order into  
GENTS' GARMENTS.  
Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed,  
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Cleansing Pressing and Repairing  
neatly done. Ladies' Tailoring also  
a Specialty.

WM. J. WELSH, - 123 Hancock St., Quincy.

Catholic Goods for ChristMas Presents.

Fine Prager Books, Pearl Rosaries, Statues, Crucifixes,  
Madallions, Gold Medals, Candlesticks, Pictures &c.

Our line of Religious goods is just adapted for Christmas Presents.

**FLYNN & MAHONEY,**  
18 & 20 ESSEX STREET, BOSTON.

Drafts on Ireland England and Scotland

17 Uptown agency for all the Steamship Companies.

Trying to swindle the showman.  
"It is curious," remarked "Tody"  
Hamilton, the press agent of Barnum  
and Bailey's "greatest show on  
earth," "to what trouble men and  
women, too, will go to try to get the  
better of the showman. We have  
a regular rule that all children under  
nine years old can come in for half  
price, twenty-five cents, and you  
would be surprised to see what labor  
some folks will undergo just to get  
the better of the doorman. On the  
hottest day in summer these people  
will take a fourteen-year-old child up  
in their arms and carry it as if it  
were a baby for at least a quarter of  
a mile.

"Not long ago a man came panting  
and dripping with perspiration with  
a young woman whom he tried to  
palm off as a child. I afterward  
learned that she was the man's wife.  
They seldom pass the lynx-eyed door-  
keeper, but when one does succeed  
he triumphs among his neighbors as  
one who has "done" the showman, and  
the next year there will be a double  
crop of these men trying to palm off  
an only too palpable fraud. Few suc-  
ceed. The extra quarter is generally  
charged, always paid with a slight  
reluctance, and the heated man is lit-  
tle the worse for his trouble."—New  
York Tribune.

A Ball Player "Braces Up."  
"Say," said Captain Anson confi-  
dentially as he placed his feet to  
good advantage before a radiator at  
the Richmond last night, "I can fur-  
nish you with the framework of a real  
nice romance. Listen. Once upon a  
time a baseball club known as the  
'Colts' was playing in a town called  
Cleveland. In this club was a third  
baseman. He had not been doing  
good work and started in this game  
in particularly bad shape. While I  
was thinking of something real cut-  
ting to say I saw him glance at the  
grand stand. Immediately his whole  
aspect changed. He braced right up.  
Such splendid playing I never saw in  
my life.

"Through his efforts mainly we  
swiped the earth with the home  
club. The crowd was wild. That  
third baseman never took his eyes  
off a certain seat in the grand stand  
occupied by a handsome young woman.  
I don't think he knew there was  
any one else on the grounds.  
That evening he secured an intro-  
duction, and six months later they  
were married. Moral—but wait.  
Come to think of it, romances don't  
have morals."—Chicago Tribune.

A Request to Edinburgh Infirmary.  
The late Dr. W. F. Cumming, of  
Edinburgh, bequeathed \$3,000 to the  
infirmary in that city on condition  
that the annual income derived from  
it be applied to the purchase of snuff  
and tobacco for poor patients "who  
may have been addicted to the use  
of tobacco in any shape, and are  
known to be in distress for want of  
it." Tea and sugar may be pur-  
chased for those who dislike snuff  
and tobacco.—London Tit Bits.

JOHN H. COODHUE,

SOUTH QUINCY BAKER.

BREAD, CAKE, PASTRY, ETC.

CRACKERS at Wholesale and Retail.  
WEDDING CAKE a Specialty.

BEANS AND BROWN BREAD Every Sunday Morning.

25 - WATER STREET - 25

GEO. F. WILSON & CO.

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A Good Assortment of

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Hancock St., Quincy.

Bread, Cake, Pastry, Crackers,  
Etc., of all kinds.

Orders for Wedding Cake  
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Dr. G. R. England

DENTIST.

14 Chestnut Street,

QUINCY.

Connected by Telephone.

What the Red Paper Is For.

No color, not even imperial yellow, lies so near the heart of the Chinese as red. True, they do not, as did the Hebrews, smear blood on the lintel, but they have a custom of much the same import. Any one even superficially interested in this curious people must have noticed the little pieces of red paper—red peach paper it is called by the Chinese—which, covered all over with characters, are attached to the doorposts of their dwellings. The impression is general that these bits of paper in some way indicate the business or employment of the occupant. But Ah Sin himself will tell you that they are "just lucky."

This is as satisfactory a reply as could be expected from him under the circumstances; the mystery of life is not easily expressed in a couple of words. But why red peach paper?—Henry Darden McDowell in Harper's.

Too Cold for the Races.  
Member of Firm—What! The cashier gone?  
Bookkeeper—Yes, sir, and \$50,000 short.  
Member of Firm—The rascal! He must have been buying coal.—New York Weebee

J. F. Sheppard & Sons,

DEALERS IN

The Best Quality Lyken's Valley Franklin, Red  
and White Ash, and Cumberland

**COAL! COAL!**

Pressed Hay,  
Hard and Soft Wood,  
and Split Kindlings.

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Yard on Granite Street, Quincy.  
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Point, 53-2.  
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Braintree, 6.

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Confectionery and Fine Cigars, Fruit  
Nuts, Ice Cream and Cool Drinks.  
GENERAL VARIETY STORE.

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Choice House Lots in all parts of the city For Sale on easy terms, and  
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STYLES.**

Having received a Fine Line of  
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For Workmanship and Fit  
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OUR PRICES ARE LOW.  
Gentlemen's Own Material Made  
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What's Compound Elix

What's Golden Hair Oil

For Beautifying

What's Old Colony Tonic

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What's Old Colony Glycer

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